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THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

AND

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

WITH

Copious Notes and Additions,

AND

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

THOMAS ROSCOE.

NO AUTHOR IN THE BRITISH LANGUAGE HAS ENJOYED THE EXTENSIVE POPULARITY OF THE CELEBRATED DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S. THE VIVID AND ORIGINAL POWER OF HIS GENIUS HAS SUPPORTED HIM IN THE GENERAL OPINION, TO AN EXTENT ONLY EQUALLED BY HIS FRIEND POPE, AND FAR SURPASSING ANY OTHER OF THOSE GENIUSES WHO FLOURISHED IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF QUEEN ANNE. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
DERBY & JACKSON, 498 BROADWAY.
1860.

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K974
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CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME FIRST.

LIFE AND POETICAL WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT..... Page 11

POETICAL WORKS:—

ODE TO DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT..... 197
ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE..... 203
ODE TO KING WILLIAM..... 207
ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY..... 208
TO MR. CONGREVE..... 215
OCCASIONED BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S ILLNESS AND RECOVERY..... 219
WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK..... 222
MRS. FRANCIS HARRIS'S PETITION..... 223
A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC..... 225
A BALLAD..... 226
THE DISCOVERY..... 226
THE PROBLEM..... 227
THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER..... 229
TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH..... 230
ON THE UNION..... 231
TO MRS. BIDDY FLOYD; OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY..... 232
THE REVERSE; OR, MRS. CLUDD..... 232
APOLLO OUTWITTED..... 233
VANBRUGH'S HOUSE..... 234
THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE..... 237
BAUCIS AND PHILEMON..... 238
A GRUB-STREET ELEGY..... 242
MERLIN'S PROPHECY..... 244
A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING..... 244
A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER..... 245
ON THE LITTLE HOUSE..... 246
A TOWN ECLOGUE..... 248
TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE..... 249
PHYLLIS; OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE..... 251
HORACE..... 253

TO MR. DELANY 253
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER 256
TO MRS. HOFTON OF BOURMONT 257
VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW 257
APOLLO TO THE DEAN 257
APOLLO'S EDICT 259
THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST 261
THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY 263
THE PROGRESS OF POETRY 265
THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT 266
THE DOG AND THE SHADOW 271
EPIGRAM 271
EPILOGUE TO A BENEFIT-PLAY 272
THE COUNTRY LIFE 273
A SATIRICAL ELEGY 275
DR. DELANY'S VILLA 276
ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE 277
COPY OF THE BIRTHDAY VERSES ON MR. FORD 277
ON DREAMS 280
AN ANSWER TO DR. DELANY 281
A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME 282
A PASTORAL DIALOGUE 283
DESIRE AND POSSESSION 285
ON CENSURE 287
THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND 287
CLEVER TOM CLINCH 289
ADVICE TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS 289
DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE 290
A LOVE-POEM 290
BOUTS RIMES 291
HELTER SKELTER 292
THE PUPPET-SHOW 293
THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY 295
THE ANSWER TO PAULUS 301
A DIALOGUE 304
ON BURNING A DULL POEM 305
THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE 305
AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD 309
ON STEPHEN DUCK 311
THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM 311
THE POWER OF TIME 314
CASSINUS AND PETER 314
A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED 316
STREPHON AND CHLOE 318
APOLLO; OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED 324
THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED 325
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT 325
JUDAS 326
AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY 326
TO A LADY 329
EPIGRAMS 335
ON RECEIVING PRESENTS 336
THE BEAST'S CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST 336
THE PARSON'S CASE 341
THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES 342
A LOVE-SONG IN THE MODERN TASTE 342
THE STORM 343
ODE ON SCIENCE 345
A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT 346
ON POETRY 347

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT 357
THE DEAN AND DUKE 368
WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT, ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS 368
THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED 368
THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING 369
VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN 369
ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL 371
EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS 372
TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY 374
A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HAZARD 374
TO A FRIEND 375
CATULLUS DE LESBIA 375
ON A CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY 375
TO BETTY THE GRISETTE 376
EPIGRAMS 376, 377
JOAN CUDGELS NED 377
VERSES ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS 377
EPITAPH 378
VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT 378
DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF 378
AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION 379
EPIGRAM 379
AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET 379
THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE 383
ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER 386
AN EPISTLE 386
A LIBEL ON DR. DELANY 388
TO DR. DELANY 393
DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG 396
ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK 402
DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON 404
THE DUKE'S ANSWER 406
PARODY ON THE CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY 407
CADENUS AND VANESSA 408
TO LOVE 425
A REBUS 426
THE DEAN'S ANSWER 427
STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1718 427
" " 1719 428
TO STELLA 429
" 432
" 434
STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1722 435
STELLA AT WOOD PARK 436
A RECEIPT TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH 438
STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1724 439
TO STELLA 441
DEATH AND DAPHNE 441
DAPHNE 443
STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1726 445
A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC 446
DINGLEY AND BRENT 447
BEC'S [MRS. DINGLEY] BIRTHDAY 448
ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER 449
A CONFERENCE BETWEEN A CHARIOT AND A CHAIR 449
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SIR WILLIAM HANDCOCK AND THADY FITZPATRICK, 450
BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS 452
EPILOGUE TO MR. HOPPY'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT SMOCK-ALLEY 453
THE LOGICIANS REFUTED 454
THE ELEPHANT; OR, THE PARLIAMENT-MAN 455

THE SWAN TRIPE CLUB IN DUBLIN 456
THE STORY OF ORPHEUS 466
ACTÆON; OR, THE ORIGINAL OF HORN FAIR 468
THE FAMOUS SPEECHMAKER OF ENGLAND 470
PARODY ON THE RECORDER OF BLESSINGTON'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ANNE .. 475
JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION 477
THE GARDEN PLOT 479
THE VIRTUE OF SID HAMET, THE MAGICIAN'S, ROD 480
THE RECORDER'S SPEECH TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND 481
LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED 483
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG: BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE 483
THE WINDSOR PROPHECY 485
CORINNA, A BALLAD 486
THE FABLE OF MIDAS 487
TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL 488
PEACE AND DUNKIRK 489
HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII 490
THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF 493
THE FAGOT 495
IMITATION OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE 496
HORACE, BOOK II., ODE I., PARAPHRASED 499
HORACE, BOOK I., EP. V 501
IN SICKNESS 505
THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES 506
HORACE, BOOK III., ODE II 507
ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER 507
A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH 507
A POEM, OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETON IS EXPRESSED 508
A TALE OF A NETTLE 509
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET 510
THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS 511
UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG 512
A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT 514
THE EPITAPH 515
VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S MOTTO ON HIS COACH 515
VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH 516
EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY 516
A SIMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER 516
WOOD AN INSECT 517
PROMETHEUS, ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE 518
ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER 520
WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND 520
A NEW SONG ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE 522
A SERIOUS POEM UPON WILLIAM WOOD 523
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE, 526
VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER, 528
ON THE SAME 528
EPIGRAM 528
HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XIV 529
VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL, NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN 530
ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE, CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION 532
THE DOG AND THE THIEF 533
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY 534
TIM AND THE FABLES 539
TOM MULLINIX AND DICK 540

DICK, A MAGGOT 541
CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK ... 541
DICK'S VARIETY 542
TRAULUS, PART I. 542
" PART II. 545
A FABLE ON THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS 546
ON THE IRISH BISHOPS..... 547
HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE 19 549
ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL 550
ON THE WORDS BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS 552
BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS 553
THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD 554
ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL [DR. BOLTON], AND DR. BETTESWORTH 556
ON THE IRISH CLUB 556
ON NOISY TOM 557
ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY 557
A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB 559
ON A PRINTER'S BEING SENT TO NEWGATE..... 564
A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL... 564
A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF THE PEACE..... 565
AY AND NO... 566
A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL 567
POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN 567
LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE... 568
THE UPSTART 568
VERSES ON BLENHEIM..... 569
TO THE CITIZENS..... 570
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY 570
AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, UPON HIS GRACE, OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN..... 571
TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN..... 572
PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES..... 573
BALLAD 575
THE SPEECH OF THE PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES..... 577

RIDDLES:—

PETHOX THE GREAT 579
ON A PEN..... 581
ON GOLD..... 582
ON THE POSTERIORS..... 583
ON A HORN..... 584
ON A CORKSCREW 585
THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS..... 585
LOUISA TO STREPHON 587
A MAYPOLE 588
ON THE MOON..... 589
ON A CIRCLE 589
ON INK..... 589
ON THE FIVE SENSES 590
FONTINELLA A FOUNTAIN] TO FLORINDA..... 591
AN ECHO..... 591
ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS..... 591
ON TIME..... 593
ON THE GALLOWS..... 593
ON VOWELS 593
ON SNOW 594
ON A CANNON 594
ON A PAIR OF DICE..... 594
ON A CANDLE..... 594

DR. SWIFT TO DR. DELANY 596
TO LADY CARTERET 596
A RIDDLE 596
A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM 597
PROBATUR ALITER 598

POEMS COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL:—

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE 599
THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED: WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR MALT-HOUSE 601
DRAPIER'S HILL 604
THE DEAN'S REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S HILL 605
A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN, IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH, 607
TWELVE ARTICLES 614
THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL 615
ROBIN AND HARRY 617
DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S 618
ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN AT MARKET-HILL 619
EPITAPH IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE 621
MY LADY'S LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN 622
A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN 624
TO THOMAS SHERIDAN 625
TO DR. SHERIDAN 626
THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S TO THOMAS SHERIDAN 627
THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN 628
TO DR. SHERIDAN 629
DR. SWIFT'S REPLY TO SHERIDAN 630
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN TO SHERIDAN 631
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN 632
TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN 633
ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE 634
DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE 634
JACKSON'S REJOINDER 635
ANOTHER REJOINDER 636
SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION 637
THE PARDON 638
THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DAN JACKSON 638
TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON 639
SWIFT TO SHERIDAN 641
MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER 641
A PORTRAIT 642
ON STEALING A CROWN WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP 643
THE DEAN'S ANSWER 643
A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL 643
THE EPILOGUE 644
THE SONG (A PARODY) 644
TO QUILCA, A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN 645
THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE 645
THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE 645
A FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO N—ROOM, 646
PALINODIA 647
OF THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE 648
THE BEAU'S REPLY 649
AN ANSWER TO SHERIDAN 649, 650
AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS 654
TO DR. SHERIDAN 655
DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER 655
A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR 656
PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION 657
EPITAPH 657

LIFE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

AND

DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is remarkable that the most celebrated writer of his day, during the brilliant Augustan epoch of English literature flourished under the reign of a queen, and that in the reign of a queen his works, after the lapse of a century, again appear in a cheap and popular form. To the system of publication which prevailed in his own times Swift was mainly indebted for the wide-spread reputation he acquired, by the diffusion of his writings through the greatest variety of channels, till by means of cheap and multiplied additions his masterly productions became as familiar to the readers of humble station as of high, and to those of other countries as of his own.

It was the great author's uniform object — alike agreeable to his literary ambition and to his high and liberal spirit — to give his works to the public upon as low terms as by mechanic art they could be prepared; and with this view he declined to make them a source of profit, to employ means to protect them as copyright, and more particularly to embody them in large and high-priced editions, accessible indeed to the few, but a book sealed and a fountain of knowledge shut up from the rest of mankind. The repeated restrictions placed upon the cheap knowledge system, after the accession of the Whigs to power in Swift's own times, were denounced by him with the spirit of a sage and a patriot, as inconsistent with civil freedom and the instruction of mankind. Other circumstances favored the change; fashion, capital, taste, and art, all combined to create a monopoly of expensive and select editions, and in proportion as the immortal productions of the celebrated dean were withdrawn from the masses and the great public of the world to circulate among the polite, the fashionable, and the refined, his celebrity was unfairly restricted. He was judged by partial rules; and the author of "The Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels," who had written for mankind, was made the hero of a clique, amenable to the opinions of a caste, subjected to every wind of doctrine and party caprice, now extravagantly exalted by one faction, and then as unjustly reviled by another. The sense of mankind was no longer taken upon his merits as at the period when he lived, when the wide world of politics and letters was his arbitrator, when the twopenny tracts and the old penny broadsides diffused the knowledge of his inimitable writings into the remotest corners of the United Empire.

If, in proportion as Swift's productions were extensively spread

abroad, his fame and popularity stood on a wider and firmer basis, it forms a strong argument of their superior merit, of their ability and usefulness, and of the genuine wit and entertainment as well as the instruction which they contained. Swift wrote with no object but that of honest ambition to serve the cause which he conscientiously approved, and without even the common motives to stand foremost in literary fame, of which it is evident, from the little care he bestowed upon the publication or re-editions of his works, he was far less studious than of the purpose for which he wrote.

It was with a view of replacing the eccentric dean of St. Patrick's, his character and his writings, in the fair and full light of the public eye under which they formerly appeared by the same means of multiplied cheap editions, and of appealing from the merely select and patrician order, for which he never wrote, to the general and unbiassed judgment of the millions and of their posterity, that the following edition of his entire works was undertaken, and that a new life of the author was prepared, with scrupulous love of truth and fidelity, from the mass of voluminous materials placed at the disposal of the editor.

Having thus briefly alluded to the motives which actuated him in venturing to undertake so very onerous and responsible a task, it is the editor's next duty to describe the means he adopted to facilitate his object, and the new claims which he has to advance in looking for the countenance and support of the masses, as distinguished from the possessors of the large and expensive editions, now become, we believe, very nearly and happily exhausted;—another proof of the witty dean's fame, were any wanting, among the select few who have engrossed them.

One of the first objects to which the present editor directed his attention in the outset was to the glaring inaccuracies and discrepancies which, upon close inspection, were found to deface the existing texts of the different editions, from the period of the first spurious one of the "Miscellanies," and from Hawkesworth and Sheridan, to the splendid eight guinea edition brought out by sir Walter Scott. It is well known that Swift frequently revised the first impressions of his works; in particular his "Gulliver's Travels," and his satirical poems, much more than his political tracts and other pieces of a more temporary interest; and that this circumstance in great part rendered the original copy of little value for the purpose of being collated with subsequent editions, after those of Hawkesworth and Nichols made their appearance. Any one who compares the spurious edition of the "Miscellanies" of Pope and Swift with that subsequently prepared by these great writers, will perceive the extent of the dean's care in this respect; and the appearance of a copy of the "Gulliver's Travels" in the hands of a London bookseller[1] a short time ago, by its numerous interlineations and era-

[1] This curious and valuable specimen of the dean's reverence for the judgment of posterity was seen not a great while ago at the shop of—we believe—a Mr. Booth; but is no longer to be met with.

sures, bore ample proofs of the author's desire to correct and improve his first essays to the utmost of his power.

"To write with fervor and correct with phlegm," was a maxim of his friend Pope, of which, with due leisure, Swift knew how to make an admirable use; and to this habit, founded upon a wise love of enduring reputation and profound respect for public opinion, we are indebted for the general correctness and clearness from ambiguities of thought and expression, which distinguish all the works of Swift published with his knowledge during his lifetime. To the same circumstance, favorable alike to Swift's reputation and the labors of his editor, the purity and genuineness of the early texts taken from his own corrected editions, consisting of the "Gulliver's Travels," "Political Tracts," "Miscellanies," and "Poems," by Hawkesworth and Sheridan, with the additions of Nichols, are to be attributed; and in so far as these have been departed from in the hope of farther emendations and improvements, in so much will the genuine text of Swift be found to be defaced and corrupted. It is a curious fact that, although these series of editions have indubitably been taken one from the other, and not from collating the most recent with the earliest edition and with the original copies in different institutions, there should yet occur variations and discrepancies so great as to render it matter of doubt and difficulty to decide upon the original reading. Many of Swift's separately printed works differed from the same given in the editions, and all these editions likewise varied from each other; without excepting that genuine and most valuable work of all, the "Journal to Stella," of which a fair copy, as well as of the "General Correspondence," enriches the national collection in the British Museum.

It is in these posthumous publications, which never, like the printed copies, received the revision of the dean's own hand, that many variations and discrepancies are more peculiarly observable; and for an obvious reason. Never having been written nor designed for publication — thrown off in all the confidence of friendship — very often hastily composed in the hurry of business and on the impulse of warm feelings — it is almost impossible they should not abound with errors such as we still see, and be open to different interpretations and various readings in proportion to the differences of opinion in his editors. This portion of Swift's writings, a sort of public property (for in regard to his whole literary estate he may be said to have died intestate), which never received either his sanction or revision for publication, is exactly that which is most faulty in regard to the text, and calls for the greatest lenity from public opinion upon every other account.

Accordingly upon this portion of the text the editor has bestowed special care, by engaging adequate assistance to collate and compare not only the editions with each other, but each edition with the original MSS., wheresoever they were to be met with, at considerable labor and expense. Laborious as it was, many circumstances favored this under-

taking to form as far as possible, from different texts compared with original copy, a new corrected text, adhering as closely as was practicable to the reading of the first prints and the original documents. By thus recurring to first authorities the editor conceives he has been guided by a safe rule — by a principle that must insure the preservation of correctness, and genuineness, and purity, if not superior elegance and study of expression and language, in accordance with changes in orthography and the use of particles since the days of Swift.

It being the editor's especial object to give Swift's text as he wrote and as he corrected it, where found, he formed the basis of the following one upon these original documents; and having ascertained that Sheridan, with Nichols, approached the nearest to the genuine copy, he adopted it after it had been compared also with the first printed works, with Hawkesworth, and the edition of sir Walter Scott.

Without the slightest wish to utter a word in disparagement of the great and valuable labors not less than the immortal productions of the last celebrated writer, the editor is bound to state, in justice to the previous efforts of Swift's annotators, that in no other edition are to be found so many errors, so many glaring inaccuracies, so large a portion of little interpolations and numerous strange omissions, calculated greatly to deform and deface a text which called for particular care and attention to keep it free from the gradual corruptions which invariably creep in with the lapse of time. The editor is at the same time fully aware that faults so completely condemnatory of a modern edition of the works of Swift, at a period when every opportunity for attaining to correctness at least is afforded, formed no part of the literary character and labors, and are not attributable to the immortal author of 'Waverley,' either as an editor or a biographer. They lay in the system pursued by the proprietors of great editions in bringing out so vast and expensive a publication, as a regiment is brought out on a field-day, *en masse*, to make a grand show of war, and whose evolutions may be performed with far greater facility, though with less execution, than in a battle. Sir Walter Scott's would indeed have been a noble edition, had it equalled in point of a correct and genuine text its show and magnificence, its pleasing and able biography, and interesting notices.

Secondly, with reference to the editor's arrangement of subjects, the same plan has been pursued as in the preceding editions of Fielding and Smollett, the order of precedence being regulated not by the dates of their production, but by their relative importance and the celebrity they have acquired. This plan would be open to serious objections were they not obviated by the chronological order preserved in the "Life" and the analysis of the author's works, where the dates will be found in the order and sequence of their publication; whereas, by adopting the chronological series, both the least interesting and most unconnected and trivial parts of the writer's works would be obtruded upon the reader's attention. Swift's fame chiefly rests upon his in-

genious and masterly political allegories in the form of prose fictions, which must endure as long as the language; and accordingly the "Gulliver's Travels," the "Tale of a Tub," and Swift's other prose works, will in this edition take the lead. The "Journal to Stella," the other Correspondence, the "Political Tracts," and the "Satirical and Occasional Poems," will be found arranged in pursuance of the same principle of relative excellence, as far as the public voice — seldom erroneous — has afforded a criterion of their merit. The arrangement adopted by sir Walter Scott was a great improvement upon preceding editions, but was still arbitrary and open to innumerable objections, from want of pursuing the simple plan now adhered to, in deference no less to the author's surpassing genius than to the reputation awarded him by the public voice. The best points in the arrangement of all former editions the editor has here introduced with fresh improvements.

It will be observed, with reference to the large body of annotations which had accrued from time to time in successive editions of the author's works, till they swelled to a height almost equal to the bulk of the text, only such portions have in this edition been retained as were found necessary to the clear understanding of the text.

The editor has next to return his thanks to several eminent individuals for their communications, and the new and valuable documents with which they have supplied him. It is more particularly his duty to record his obligations and those of the public to sir William Betham, knight and Ulster king of arms; to J. C. Croker, esq., of the admiralty; and to the Rev. C. Otway, of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin; — as well known by their writings as by their learning and research, their extensive collections and knowledge of the dean's published or unpublished works. The new documents for which he has been indebted to these gentlemen will be found in the APPENDIX, under their respective heads. Nor is he less bound to express his grateful sense of the valuable assistance and kind attentions of distinguished members of the families of Brabazon and Hamilton in Ireland; of sir Frederick Madden and of A. Panizzi, esq., the learned conservators of the treasures contained in the British Museum. It will be seen that to the excellent system pursued by them in regard to order and precision in the arrangement, the public is indebted for the editor's discovery of several new pieces never before published in any edition of the celebrated dean's works.

While, owing to these and other favorable circumstances, the editor has been enabled to enrich the present collection with new and well-authenticated additions, he devoted his earnest attention to detect the want of genuine character in some productions attributed to Swift in previous editions. Many poetical and other pieces contained in sir Walter Scott's edition, and of which that distinguished writer and critic himself expressed strong doubts, the editor, after mature investigation, decided to omit, as well on the ground of their very inferior character

as the intrinsic and collateral evidence of their being written by other hands.

There is one remaining point upon which the editor has ventured to exercise his discretion. It is well known that the dean of St. Patrick's was in the habit of commenting upon the books which he read, especially on history, and those works in which he felt more peculiar interest. This he sometimes did in sallies of impatience and passion of the moment, not worthy his great mind, nor possessing either reflection or wit. Never intended for the public eye, mere ebullitions of disappointment and political rage, showing his prejudice in low and scurrilous terms against a noble people;—the editor trusts that he will be thought justified in having excluded from a popular edition of Swift's Works those violent expressions written on the margins of Addison's "Freeholder" and Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

In conclusion, the editor is rejoiced to have it in his power to state that the views which he has taken of the dean of St. Patrick's character as an honest and conscientious man, have been strongly corroborated by the additional evidence it has been his good fortune to obtain from the archives of St. Patrick's, by the kindness of the Rev. C. Otway; as will be seen from the autograph letter, and the curious and interesting matter in the Appendix.

LIFE AND WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

AND DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

In the life and character of this extraordinary man and incomparable English classic, some points occur of so delicate and doubtful a nature, that a diversity of opinion must be expected always to exist respecting them; and some of such painful and unhappy interest, that they never can be dwelt upon without reluctance and regret. But of his singular genius, his transcendent talents, and his varied attainments, no question can be entertained; and by the apparently incongruous combination, which pervades his writings and his conduct, of sound good sense with piercing wit and whimsical eccentricity, he has transmitted to succeeding times more ample stores, both of instruction and amusement, than any other literary man of his age. The influence he exercised over his own times, by the unrivalled brilliancy of his powers, his masterly comprehension of the great interests then at stake, in the fierce struggle of irreconcilable parties, to both of which his principles were in part opposed, and the dexterity with which, in his caustic satires, he held up to public view their respective errors, have scarcely been estimated at their real value. His was a mind that belonged less to a party than to mankind; endowed with a firmness and a pride that prompted him in every situation to maintain an independent attitude. Supported by these feelings, he attained the highest eminence to which an individual in the ranks of private life can aspire, as the counsellor of the first ministers of state, and the strenuous supporter of the rights and interests of his fellow-men—and without them it is impossible that he could have acquired that political ascendency which he undoubtedly enjoyed, or won that popular renown which rewarded his zealous and unwearied exertions for the peace, freedom, and religion of his country.

The leading characteristics of this great man's mind are strikingly manifested throughout his works in the astonishing efforts which he made to show mankind the causes of their corruption and degradation, and to teach the people in what consisted their weakness and their strength; in the grief and indignation with which he beheld their sufferings; and in the benevolence with which he sought to inspire them with a firm confidence in their means of ultimate emancipation. It is not surprising that a man of Swift's lofty wisdom, exact knowledge of

numan nature, and keen political sagacity, should have despised the extremes of party, and yet at the same time, by his surpassing wit and talents, should have extorted the admiration and homage of men of all ranks and all opinions. The most celebrated men of their age, poets and politicians—Bolingbroke and Oxford, Pope, Addison, and Arbuthnot—freely acknowledged the superiority of that master intellect which possessed so merited a power, so strange and fascinating an influence, in directing at once the destinies of a ministry and a people, the fortunes of his private friends, or a revolution in the public mind. It is perhaps the proudest triumph of his genius that the best and greatest men have borne the strongest testimony to his merits and to the extent of his political and literary fame. The language in which he is addressed by the most distinguished persons in every class, the learned and the witty, the great and the noble, the fashionable and the gay, carries sufficient evidence of the many estimable and engaging qualities by which such general affection and respect must have been attracted and secured.

But the happier period of his life, the splendid reign of a brilliant intellect, during which he reaped the abundant harvest of his celebrity and worth, basking in the smiles of that favor which he so much coveted, and making it his delight to honor and promote his friends, of whatever party they might be, was destined to have but too brief an existence. His day of life grew dark almost before its noon. The morning had risen amidst lowering clouds, through which the beams of his genius broke slowly, till they reached their meridian power; and his evening went down with an eclipse so dark as strongly to impress on the mind the frail tenure of those great endowments which not even the loftiest genius or the purest moral worth can permanently ensure to their possessor.

Jonathan Swift was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family of the same name in Yorkshire; of which the elder branch, in the person of Barnham Swift, acquired titles of nobility, dating the 20th March, 1627, as the viscounts Carlingford, &c.; but Barnham dying without issue, they again became extinct in the same generation. The younger branch was represented by the rev. Thos. Swift, vicar of Goodrich and proprietor of a small estate in Herefordshire, eminently distinguished in his day for his chivalric loyalty and attachment to the cause of Charles I., in which he is stated to have suffered more than any person of his condition in England. For this devotion, almost to martyrdom (and complete martyrdom of estate), his memory was greatly revered by his celebrated grandson, who contemplated writing a regular memoir of this doughty loyalist, assisted by his friend doctor John Lyon;[1] and from this circumstance it is not improbable that the stern

[1] As appeared from a memorandum, labelled by Swift, with his own hand, "Memoirs of my grandfather, Thomas Swift, by Mr. Lyon, April, 1738." The portion compiled consisted of an account of the sufferings of the family in the royal cause, &c.

unflinching spirit of the clergyman had its effect in exciting the lofty magnanimity and courage so conspicuous in his descendant, and perhaps in determining his choice of a profession. There are the same traits of daring in both—the fidelity and resolution which constitute the martyr; for we are told that this royal parson was plundered by the roundheads no less than six-and-thirty times, yet contrived to secrete 300 broad pieces of gold, with which he made his escape to Ragland castle and presented them to the governor; an action, says his great descendant, which must be allowed to be the more extraordinary as it was performed by a private clergyman, with a very numerous family, of small estate, who had been often plundered and was deprived of his livings in the church.[1] Also, in his Journal to Stella (Letter 42), Swift expresses the strong interest he felt in all that related to his stout-hearted predecessor's family. "O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger with a seal of an anchor and a dolphin about it; but I think there is besides at the bottom of the picture the same coat of arms quartered with another which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamt it. My reason is because I would ask some herald here whether I should choose that coat or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write, so good night, MD." What is more, Swift raised a monument to his bold ancestor's memory, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich or Gotheridge. He had a drawing made of the monument, which he forwarded to obtain the opinion of his friend Mrs. Howard, who, having shown it to Pope, returned it with the following humorous lines written by that accomplished wit. The paper is endorsed in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery:"—

"Jonathan Swift
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige,
To come from Gutherige,
But now is spoil'd clean,
And an Irish dean.

In this church he has put
A stone of two foot;
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grand*sire*.
So, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own."

This bold church militant married Elizabeth Dryden, sister to the father of John Dryden the poet. By this lady he had no fewer than ten sons and four daughters; and, dying in 1658, was succeeded by his eldest son Godwin, then a barrister of Gray's-inn, who, by his matrimonial connexion with the noble family of Ormond, was subsequently raised to

[1] "Anecdotes of the Family of Swift." MS., T. C. D., written by Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D.

the attorney-generalship of the palatinate of Tipperary. This successful beginning induced other members of the family to follow him to Ireland, and among these four brothers was Jonathan Swift, the father of the celebrated dean. He also had been brought up to the law, and doubtless would have acquired a handsome independence; but, with the fatality which seemed to be prepared for his great but unfortunate son, even before his birth, he was cut off within two years after his marriage, in April 1667. His widow (of a Leicestershire family named Erick) was thus left with an only daughter, and pregnant of another child, with a slender provision not exceeding twenty pounds a-year, purchased during her husband's lifetime in England. It was necessary that the elder brother Godwin should do something to increase this stipend; but owing to an unhappy disposition for speculation (another name, according to Swift, for indolence and avarice) he did as little as he could, and she gave birth to this posthumous child, under no pleasing or promising circumstances, about seven months after her husband's death: and thus inauspiciously was ushered into the world the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, on the 30th of November, 1667, at the house No. 7, Hoey's-court, Dublin.

One of the first events of this great man's history seemed to partake of the strangeness and vicissitudes which marked his subsequent fortunes, for when only a year old he was spirited away — not by fairies, but by his English nurse, a native of Whitehaven, who, out of strong affection, without the knowledge even of his mother, conveyed the young Jonathan to England, whither she was summoned by a dying relative.[1] So attached was she to her charge, that she taught him to spell even at three years old, and at five he was able to read any chapter in the Bible. It was not till his sixth year that the little Jonathan was reconducted to Ireland, his mother having preferred that he should remain in England to the risk of another voyage. Almost immediately on his return he was sent by his uncle Godwin to the school of Kilkenny, where he remained eight years, and was admitted on the 24th of April, 1682, a pensioner in the university of Dublin, with the advantage however of being placed under the judicious tuition of Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards bishop of Dromore.

The first proof, perhaps, given by the celebrated dean of his sterling wit and strong sense was the decided repugnance he evinced for the scholastic learning then so much in fashion, and still abounding with so many absurdities retained from the old collegiate system of education. The under-graduate course especially was then confined almost wholly to the works of the Stagirite, or those of his commentators, including the sophistic jargon of Burgerdiscius, Smiglecius, and their followers. We are not surprised that such studies were little congenial with that

[1] Swift has oddly observed that he was brought over to England by his nurse in a band-box, &c. &c. &c.

love of undisguised truth, and that clear bold assertion of it in its naked strength and majesty, which formed so striking a feature in Swift's character. His refusal to sully his mind and pervert his intellect by entering such absurd and thorny labyrinths showed that he possessed an understanding as well as genius in advance of the age in which he lived, and which distinguished him in all the memorable events and trying junctures of his future life. But how easily he could have mastered Kechermannus, and shone, no mean star, in the old logical treatises, appeared by his repetition of the logical queries propounded to him (says Sheridan) many years afterwards; and yet, to crown the solemn jest of the collegiate doctors, the most truly profound logician and close arguer of his times was stopped on first presenting himself, as he humorously expresses it, "for dulness and insufficiency," and of course failed to take his degree of bachelor of arts. To have been condemned for contumacy would have come perhaps nearer to the mark; for, according to his own account, he was so disgusted at the stupidity of the scholastic treatises that he never had patience to go through three pages of any of them. At the first public examination he refused to reply to the senseless jargon propounded to him; and when urged by his tutor to make himself master of this special branch of metaphysic science, he is stated to have inquired what it was he was to learn from those books? "The art of reasoning, to be sure," was the answer; on which Swift observed that he found no want of any such art; that he could reason without it; and that, as far as he could observe, it had the effect of teaching men to wrangle rather than to reason; and, instead of clearing up obscurities, seemed to perplex matters that were in themselves sufficiently clear. It was his wish to employ the reason which God had given him, which he would leave to time and experience to strengthen and direct, nor run the risk of having it warped or falsely biassed by any system of rules so arbitrarily and absurdly laid down. He considered his objections founded on truth and principle, resolutely adhered to them, and devoted his time to history and poetry; yet to pass muster he so far mastered the terms, that when he went into the hall a second time he passed his examination; but, it is recorded, only through the influence of his friends. It was inserted in the college register that he obtained his degree *speciala gratiâ;* a circumstance which, in reference to his unfortunate position in other respects, must have secretly excited his anger and contempt, more particularly if we consider that his reading was at this time extensive and various, and that he had already sketched out his first masterly and inimitable production of "The Tale of a Tub." It was most probably in this mood that the refractory student—who finally showed how easily he could master collegiate sophistries—lent his aid to a production entitled the "Tripos," a satirical piece, delivered in a speech at a common court in the university of Dublin, July 11, 1688, by Mr. John Jones, but attributed by Richardson and Dr. Barrett to Swift's own pen. Scott however hazards

the more probable opinion that only a few satirical strokes were inserted to enliven the dulness of Jones's tirade, or his duller companion's wit and it has certainly not that vehement and sustained power of invective so remarkable in Swift's earlier satirical effusions, and most of any, in that splendid emanation of wit which stands without equal or rival in our language.

The three following years Swift passed at college, rather from necessity than from choice, under very depressing circumstances, dependent on the small precarious bounty of his uncle, little known, it has been observed, and less regarded. By collegiate sophists and pedagogues he was in fact looked upon as a blockhead;[1] and it would seem that he returned the compliment with interest, and, by his own admission, inserted in "The Tale of a Tub," was meditating at the very time "An Account of the Kingdom of Absurdities." This design, like "The Tale of a Tub,"[2] he may probably have communicated to the author of the "Tripos," and to other refractory students who had wit enough to enter into his views of the existing routine of scholastic education. It was shown, it is said, to his friend Mr. Waryng (though this is denied by the able Mr. Mason), among the few whose society he appears at this time to have cared to cultivate, and who were evidently under the collegiate ban — not for any open disorders, as was erroneously alleged, but for their too keen observation and satirical disposition; the indulgence of which led to the frequent suspension of some, and to the expulsion of others.

[1] The wise collegians, perhaps, regarded the rude inscription of his name in schoolboy fashion upon his form, and still shown to strangers, as an additional proof of his want of logic.

[2] Some amusing instances are given by Mr. Mason of the efforts made by Swift's enemies to deprive him of the honor of writing the "Tale of a Tub"—not excepting Johnson and the dean's little parson cousin, of whom he says, "I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go;" and challenges any person to prove his claim to three lines in the whole book: — "Let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author." The late William Hazlitt's remarks on this production are very excellent: — "The Tale of a Tub" is one of the most masterly compositions in the language, whether for thought, wit, or style. It is so capital and undeniably a proof of the author's talents, that Dr. Johnson, who did not like Swift, would not allow that he wrote it. It is hard that the same performance should stand in the way of a man's promotion to a bishopric as wanting gravity, and at the same time be denied to be his as having too much wit. It is a pity the doctor did not find out some graver author for whom he felt a critical kindness, on whom to father this splendid but unacknowledged production." (Lecture vi., delivered at the Surrey Institution.)

It is well known that Johnson in his private conversation frequently insinuated that Swift was not the author. "I doubt," he says, "if the 'Tale of a Tub' was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more color, than any of the works which are indisputably his: if it was his, I shall only say he was 'impar sibi.'" ("Tour to the Hebrides.")

Few situations in life can be imagined more painful than that of Swift about this period — smarting under supposed humiliations—stern, high-minded — beginning to be conscious of his own vast expansive talents, original genius, and inimitable wit, as already manifested in his first satirical outbreaks. The narrowness of his circumstances was such as to forbid his joining the society of those equal to him in birth and family; and the proud student, scorning every kind of obligation from the higher, with a magnanimous principle declined to associate with those of an inferior grade. Hence he lived much alone; and it is curious to observe how, from the opening of his splendid career, every circumstance seems to have combined to foster and develop the peculiar genius and the stern unflinching rectitude of character which impressed the proudest ministers of state and his greatest adversaries with a deference amounting to awe. It would appear as if every fresh obstacle, every great disappointment, served only to strengthen the native vigor and powers of his extraordinary mind; and to fit him for the exercise of those irresistible qualities which influenced the fate of nations, gave peace and security to Great Britain after a long and calamitous war, and first emancipated Ireland from the bitter curse of slavery, in teaching her how successfully to resist her oppressors. Had not this truly great man — distinguished even more for his knowledge of mankind, and his vast talents to comprehend every question connected with the interests of humanity and civil polity, than for his original genius — been thus early debarred the advantages attending birth and fortune possessed by his ancestors, received the niggardly support of a distressed relative, and been thrown early upon the resources of his own mind, the world might long have wanted the entertainment, — England the advantage and the honor, — and Ireland the political regeneration, — which they have derived from the wondrous powers of the calumniated dean of St. Patrick's. It is evident from his own words, as well as from every circumstance in his future career, that the events of his early life had remarkable influence upon his future success and celebrity; for, while a poor and distressed student, interested in courting the approbation of his tutor and the masters of the college, he had sufficient veneration for truth and the love of sound philosophy and learning, to scorn to load his lofty mind and vigorous intellect with the falsifying and exploded doctrines of the schools. It was this pertinacious love of truth and integrity which, in the opinion of his early and best biographers, did him so much honor; instead of being — as stated by Johnson and his abject followers, who felt obscured by superior powers and influence of genius like the dean's — a source of ignominy and disgrace.

The death of Swift's uncle Godwin, of a family disorder, it is stated — the loss of speech, and lethargy, very similar to that which carried off the illustrious dean — and the discovery of his embarrassed affairs, left the poor student unprovided for, deprived at once of the allowance which his misguided and unfortunate uncle could ill afford. His known hatred

to schemes and projects was derived, or at least strengthened, by the misfortunes of the elder branch of his family, and a humorous anecdote is related that, when an old sea-captain once told the dean that he had discovered the longitude, he was advised to take care that he did not get out of his latitude, and to take example by his uncle and so many others, whose fate, if he did not look to it, would be the old captain's. In fact the sterling good sense and worldly knowledge of the future dean could never hear the merits of this hopeful head of the family descanted upon with any patience; he justly considered that he had weakly brought discredit and disgrace upon the humbler branches of his own name and family, if not consigned them to hopeless obscurity and poverty by his follies. It is no wonder that he never loved or could bear the mention of one with whom his early humiliation and sufferings were so closely associated; and those who have experienced the strange depressing power and the heartfelt torture of misfortune, doomed to receive a scanty and stinted allowance from the hands of distant relatives — perhaps themselves hardly less distressed — can conceive the nature of the torments which racked the bosom of the high and independent-minded Swift. So painful indeed was the retrospect, that he sought to fly "wide as the poles asunder" from all recurrence to family relations; they were the nightmare on the otherwise peaceful slumbers of his youth, on his hopes, his future happiness, and perhaps the amenity of his genius; for in the noonday of his brilliant powers no one was more eulogised, even by his most powerful enemies, for his good-nature, courtesy, and obliging disposition. Yet unfortunately so early in life was the finer feeling of gratitude benumbed, that the grand wisdom and mighty heart which would have regenerated and embraced the world, in the spirit of beneficence which dictated his writings, (when rightly interpreted and understood,) were arrested at the source, and, like a wound bleeding inwardly, gave no sign of the pain and suffering to the eye. In the words of a great poet he might truly have exclaimed, under the distressing circumstances by which he was surrounded, often a prey to gloomy meditations, to grief, indignation, and regret, when joined in his solitary chamber by the few eccentric or refractory spirits who sought for its own sake the wit and social charm gleaming through the mental gloom —

> When from the heart where sorrow sits
> Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
> And on the changing aspect flits
> And clouds the brow or fills the eye;
> Heed not that gloom which soon shall sink,—
> My thoughts their dungeons know too well,
> Back to my breast the wanderers shrink
> And droop within their silent cell." — Byron.

Yet there can be little doubt it was only by this ordeal of dependence, self-control, and unavoidable submission to circumstances, that Swift

attained some of those qualities which raised him to an intellectual eminence from which he directed the policy of the ablest statesmen of his day, arrested the tide of public opinion, stripped the most popular Whigs, even Marlborough, of their hard-won power, and swayed the heart and passions of "the fierce democracy" to attain the particular object which he had in view.

The sense of his forlorn condition at this period was in some measure removed by the manner in which his uncle, William Swift, supplied the place of a guardian after the death of Godwin. The assistance he received was conferred with a better grace, and is said to have so far called forth the young student's acknowledgments as to obtain for him the title of the best of his relations. Yet the stipend was not increased though he had attained his twentieth year, and being barely adequate to support existence, he naturally turned his thoughts with some anxiety to his cousin Willoughby, the eldest son of Godwin Swift, then engaged in mercantile business at Lisbon. He appears to have been kindly disposed; nor was Swift's reliance upon his friendship misplaced, for no sooner was the merchant aware of his father's death than he sent by a trusty hand a sum to his cousin considerably larger than he had ever beheld at one time. It could not have arrived more seasonably: the lonely student without a penny, was gazing wistfully from his chamber window, when soon his eye was attracted by the garb of a sea-faring man, who by his manner seemed to be making inquiries for some particular chamber. The thought instantly flashed across his mind that it might be for him; he saw him enter the building, and soon had the joy of hearing a rap at the door and beholding a packet in the man's hand. "Is your name Jonathan Swift?" was the first inquiry. "Yes, it is." "Then I have something for you from master Swift at Lisbon," at the same time displaying a large leathern bag, and pouring out the silver contents upon the table. Swift in the first transports of his joy pushed a number towards the sailor; but the honest tar refused to take any, declaring at the same time "that he would do more than that for good master Willoughby." This was the first time that Swift's disposition with regard to money manifested itself; and if we reflect upon the straits to which he was sometimes reduced at college, there was both good feeling and generosity in his offer so liberally to reward the conveyer of glad tidings, and assuredly nothing to countenance the charges of a mean or covetous disposition advanced by lord Orrery and other envious maligners of his just fame. At the same time he himself observed of this special favor of an all-wise Providence, that, instead of elating him, the reflection of his constant sufferings through the want of money made him husband the gift so well that he was never afterwards without something in his purse.

Before accompanying the lonely and intractable student into the world, it will be proper, if not interesting, to notice several other little calumnies which, commencing with the microscopic powers of lord

Orrery, time and envious malice have magnified through the darkened glass of the sour and evil-dreading Johnson, who invariably most grudges his praise to the best and greatest characters, with a bold assertion and authority which warped even the clear vision and fair-judging criticism of sir W. Scott. Nearly all these charges are given upon the presumed evidence of the college records, which not one of these writers seems to have examined; and the entire account of scholastic insubordination, and of the degradation and punishments to which Swift was subjected, confessedly rests upon an *inference* drawn by the ingenious Dr. Barrett after a presumed examination of the college registers. Upon such a supposition, so eagerly adopted, was the absurd question first raised, and the mighty, heinous, yet ill-founded charges brought against the collegiate character and conduct of Swift, put into a formal statement, which even if fully substantiated ought assuredly to be considered less disgraceful than it is amusing. As a fair specimen of the whole, it is gravely asserted that no record of penal infliction occurs until a *special grace* for the degree of bachelor of arts conferred on him on the 18th of Febrnary, 1685–6; and yet the terms *speciali gratiâ* are, in the opinion of an ingenious correspondent of sir W. Scott, only those frequently made use of upon the formal admission of able candidates before the usual term; and so would vanish the "penal infliction," were it not made much more ludicrously penal and repeated many times over — with the exception of Dr. Sheridan, who says not a word of humiliation, disgrace, or kneeling for pardon before the junior dean — by Swift's numerous biographers. It will at least not be unentertaining, if not edifying, to present both sides of the question and leave it to the reader to draw his own inference, like Dr. Barrett, simply requesting him to bear in mind that the author of the "Tale of a Tub" was not quite the senseless blockhead and poor-spirited delinquent which it has been so studiously sought to make him appear. Dr. Barrett's *inferred* account, as embodied by sir Walter Scott, is to this solemn purport, not very unlike an arraignment before the high-court of Lilliput, or some heavy charge brought by one of the high-heels against the low-heels: — "The disgraceful note with which his degree had been granted probably added to Swift's negligence and gave edge to his satirical propensities. Between the periods of November 14th, 1685, and October 8th, 1687, he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance at chapel; for neglecting lectures, for being absent from the evening roll-call, and for town haunting, which is the academical phrase for absence from college without license. At length these irregularities called forth a more solemn censure, for on March 18th, 1686–7, with his cousin Thomas Swift, his chum Mr. Warren, and four others,[1] he incurred the disgrace of a public admoni-

[1] Their names may be *inferred* to have been Nathaniel Jones and John Jones, supposed authors of the "Tripos" (though Swift was the Terræ Filius)—Mishael Vandeleur and William Brereton.

tion for a notorious neglect of duties. His second public punishment was of a nature yet more degrading. On November 20th, 1688, Swift, the future oracle of Ireland, was by a sentence of the vice-provost and senior fellows of the university, convicted of insolent conduct towards the junior dean (Owen Lloyd), and of exciting dissension within the walls of the college. He shared with two companions the suspension of his academical degree, and two of the delinquents, Swift being one, were further sentenced to crave public pardon of the junior dean. The bitterness of spirit with which Swift submitted to this despotic infliction, if indeed he ever obeyed it — for of this there is no absolute proof — may be more easily conceived than described. The sense of his resentment shows itself in the dislike which he exhibits to his Alma Mater, the Trinity college of Dublin, and the satirical severity with which he persecutes Dr. Owen Lloyd, the junior dean, before whom he had been ordained to make this unworthy prostration." (Scott's "Life of Swift," vol. i. p. 23.)

The unworthiness, we think there is little doubt, would be found to be on the side of the calumniators of Swift's early life and conduct while at college, or we must otherwise consider it an extraordinary fact — almost a phenomenon in literary history — that while the writers of his own time, even his most inveterate enemies and his first biographers, make no mention of these dreadful indignities and prostrations, which they would have been too happy to do, it was reserved for the writers of an after-age to discover those minute spots and shades in the solar orb which the nearer vision and closer inspection of contemporary enemies and traducers — of Addison, Steele, and the utterers of Walpole's ingenious forgeries, and those of his creatures, to deprive the dean of his character for honor and integrity — could never enable them to see. How came it that events so recent, alleged to be so disgraceful, which on Swift's rapid rise must have formed the darling topic and common scandal both of colleges and courts, and given a zest to the malignant sneers of his titled enemies whom he had stung to the quick — his envious literary revilers were never keen-sighted enough to discover; nor had witty malignity enough to invent these, along with the other calumnies circulated by his political enemies?

We have shown that sir W. Scott qualifies his assertion of Swift's prostration with a cautious IF, yet afterwards concludes with the broad declaration that he had been ordained to make this unworthy prostration before the junior dean. Now what says an able and enlightened correspondent of the great biographer, whose arguments, if not well founded, are at least ingenious? He brings forward reasons borrowed from Dr. Barrett's "Life of Swift" itself, upon which the whole of these stupid and trumpery calumnies as to punishment have been founded, to prove exactly the contrary. Nay, he distinctly points out that from Dr. Barrett's own "Life" of the dean it appears that he graduated *above a year before* the usual time, which in Trinity college

Dublin, is four years and a half; and therefore that *speciali gratiâ* must mean that he got it by merit, or if it was afterwards suspended, as Dr. B. suggests, it might have been restored to him on intercession of friends. But there appears little to countenance the supposition that he was ordered to beg pardon upon his knees, and nothing to warrant the assertion that he submitted to such an indignity, as there is no trace of his remaining in college after the Revolution, which is the date Dr. Barrett assigns for that censure.

So much for the accurate examination of Dr. Barrett, and for the evidences upon which to rest the fine-spun theory of humiliation and disgrace, so pleasing to modern critics and to that inherent but not very honest desire, of pulling down in one age the idol which the fiat of contemporary opinion and the general assent of mankind have raised up in another. Besides, it always flatters our self-love to depreciate excellence which we cannot reach; and it is difficult to elucidate and expose these ingenious inquiries into Swift's failings, of which the motives, it is evident, are to raise us in our own good opinion, and lessen the feelings of respect and veneration we should otherwise cherish with our belief in the surpassing powers, the vigor of mind, and original genius of this extraordinary man.

"The dates, moreover," continues Dr. Barrett's refuter, "are very confused and contradictory as to the two Swifts; and while he allows Thomas Swift to have had a scholarship, and *suspects* that Jonathan had not, he forgets that very few ever remain in Trinity college, Dublin, after graduating, unless they enjoy scholarships; and that Jonathan Swift had one appears further from his remaining in commons, and being, according to Dr. B., suspended from commons by way of punishment, after graduating, which could be no punishment at all to him if his commons were not at the charge of the university." (See note to Scott's "Life.")

If further testimony were wanting to overthrow the brittle fabric of these idle old wives' tales of the dean's early degeneracy, and the strange freaks and vagaries which so long possessed him of running his head against the walls of his college, and frighting the ancient deans and proctors from out their propriety, it is to be found in a letter from Richardson to lady Bradshaigh, dated April 22nd, 1752, in which he says, "I am told my lord Orrery is mistaken in some of his facts; for instance, in that wherein he asserts that Swift's learning was a late acquirement. I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate, who was three years what is called his chum, in the following account of that fact. Dr. Swift made as great progress in his learning at the university of Dublin in his youth as any of his contemporaries." Leaving, however, these knotty points, with Dr. Barrett, to conjecture, it may be admitted that nothing short of college discipline and the heavy yoke of dependence could sufficiently have restrained Swift's stern and haughty spirit, by placing over him those two unflinching guardians,

poverty and pride, during the most dangerous period of his life. They taught him early how to regulate his mind and passions, to inure himself to thought and toil, and by calm reading and meditations on history and living manners to prepare himself for the distinguished part he was destined to perform. That such a character could at the same time have been that of a low college reprobate, brawler, and haunter of obscure taverns, rather exceeds the bounds of human belief, especially when it is admitted that there is such extreme confusion in regard to dates and the names of the two cousins as to have given rise to erroneous statements in other respects. On the breaking out of the civil broils in Ireland, Swift, then in his twenty-first year, left that kingdom to visit his mother at Leicester, anxious to consult with her in regard to his future prospects. On reaching England he proceeded on foot, his usual mode of travelling from the commencement of his career, to his mother's dwelling, without friends, interest, or money—circumstances, however, to which we perhaps owe the future author of Gulliver, whom affluence might at once have made a contented bishop or a renowned professor. He had now the pain of beholding his mother almost wholly dependent on the precarious bounty of friends. With her he remained some months, and she judiciously advised him without hesitation to communicate his circumstances to sir William Temple, the distinguished statesman, who had married one of her relations.[1] This advice Swift resolved without longer delay to pursue, and accordingly again set off on foot for Sheen, at which seat the most accomplished scholar and the wisest as well as most experienced man of his times was then residing, aloof from the intrigues and corruptions of a court. Sir William received him not only with his usual urbanity and politeness, but with great kindness, of which the fact of Swift's first residence with him during a space of two years—however annoying it may have proved, in regard to trivial circumstances, to one of his irritable disposition and pride—may be considered as a sufficient proof. His story was heard with compassionate attention, and his sensible compliance with his mother's wishes, in submitting his natural pride to the dictates of duty—his dignified and self-respecting manner, together with his friendless position—all appealed to the good feeling and generosity of a man like sir William Temple. In this elegant retreat, where he was comparatively his own master, free from the arbitrary surveillance and little inquisitorial rules of college life, Swift found what was most valuable to him—sound advice to direct the prosecution of his studies, refined society and conversation, leisure for historical researches and undisturbed reflections. With a zeal and resolution almost unprecedented in the annals of study, and only equalled by the fire and vigor of his native genius, Swift recommenced his system of self-education upon a more

[1] It was during this visit that Swift's first love affair occurred. He became enamoured of a Miss Betty Jones, afterwards Mrs. Perkins, of the George inn, Loughborough. (See his letters to Mr. Kendall and Mr. Worrall.)

regular and enlarged plan than any pursued by the sophistical heads of a college, and extended it from poetry and history, long his favorite pursuits, to other important branches of human learning, which he now prosecuted with an avidity necessary to every great writer; surpassing that attributed to Cervantes, Rabelais, Molière, and Pope; and with an unremitting assiduity in accordance with his more happy and improved circumstances. From the more known and read he extended his inquiries to the more abstruse and laborious writers; and, it is said, had the courage to encounter the profundities of Cyprian and Irenæus. No wonder the first interruption of these studious habits and intense application was the recurrence of a disorder which had attacked him at a still earlier period of life, attributed by him to a surfeit of fruit that induced a peculiar coldness of stomach, giddiness, and momentary loss of recollection—symptoms of the same disorder of which his uncle Godwin had died. His complaint became so violent that he was advised by his physician to try the benefit of his native air, but, receiving no advantage from the change, he returned to sir William Temple's, who had meanwhile removed to Moor-park, near Farnham. Here he met with the utmost sympathy from its distinguished owner, who obtained for him fresh advice; and Swift was enjoined to take more constant and more violent exercise, which he daily practised by running up a hill, it is said, near the house, and back again, every two hours; the distance being about half a mile, which he used to perform in less than six minutes. It is not surprising that, afflicted with a disorder of so dangerous and tormenting a nature, which gradually increased until it terminated in total debility and prostration of mind, he should snatch at any chance that offered to relieve him from so disagreeable a companion. But, with all due deference to medical knowledge, the writer of this may observe as a curious fact, having been a persevering pedestrian in his day, that the only unpleasant symptom of which he, in common with all other peripatetics whom he met, had reason to complain, was an occasional giddiness and a sense of coldness and weakness of the stomach after long-continued exertion. Now, if it is recollected that the dean was not only a determined student and a most rapid writer, by fits and starts, amidst all the turmoil of court visits, literary patronage, and state councils, but that he was, on economic principle and by the advice of his physicians, accustomed to perform all his long journeys (each of hundreds of miles) on foot, it is no forced or unfounded theory to assume that he either contracted or greatly aggravated the disorder with which he was afflicted, by the means he was advised to take for its removal. If a cause like this, or that of having eaten an improper quantity of fruit, is adequate to account for the affliction with which throughout life he was visited, it seems as violent as it is a harsh and unjustifiable supposition to attribute such a misfortune to early immoral excesses. Yet there are men who, in accordance with the system of defamation pursued, have not scrupled to insult the memory of Swift, and to vilify

that great and moral character which extorted the admiration of his worst enemies, and won the applause and veneration of his friends, by the magnanimity with which he provided for and protected his political adversaries, when provoked by their ingratitude almost beyond human endurance to "whistle them down the winds a prey to fortune." It is mortifying to reflect that, in order to account for a certain eccentricity of conduct usually found to accompany genius of an original and exalted kind, and for a distemper which most probably was owing to an inherent malady, a learned physician could be found, so lost to reason and science, so dead to honor and the duties of his profession, as directly to ascribe the vertigo of Swift, with all its distressing consequences, "to habits of early and profligate indulgence."

It is with feelings of unalloyed delight that the writer can in this instance record the clear-sighted views and the triumphant refutation of this cruel and absurd calumny by the immortal author of "Waverley," who, though little inclined to do more than strict justice to an author who launched his severest philippics against the Scotch nobility and people, yet holds the scales with an even hand, as far as his knowledge of the subject extended, and never consciously advanced that which he did not believe to be the strict truth. "To the hypothesis of this ingenious writer," says the illustrious biographer, "we may oppose, first, the express declaration of Swift himself that this distressing malady originated in the surfeit mentioned in the text, a cause which medical professors have esteemed adequate to produce such consequences. Secondly, his whole intercourse with Stella and Vanessa indicates the very reverse of an ardent or licentious imagination, and proves his coldness to have been constitutionally inherent, both in mind and person, and utterly distinct from that of one who retains wishes which he has lost the power to gratify. Those who choose to investigate this matter farther may compare Swift's 'Journal to Stella' with Pope's 'Letters to the Misses Blount,' in which there really exists evidence of that mixture of friendship, passion, and licentious gallantry, which the author of "Hygeia" has less justly ascribed to the correspondence between Swift and Stella. Lastly, it may be briefly noticed that the coarse images and descriptions with which Swift dishonored his pages are of a description directly opposite to the loose impurities by which the exhausted voluptuary feeds his imagination. . . . We may therefore take Swift's word for the origin of his malady as well as for his constitutional temperance. And until medical authors can clearly account for and radically cure the diseases of their contemporary patients, they may be readily excused from assigning dishonorable causes for the disorders of the illustrious dead." — (Note to "Life," pp. 25–29.)

This masterly refutation is creditable to the generally enlightened biographer of the extraordinary genius and no less wonderful wit whom he has commemorated; and it might moreover be remarked that, in all cases brought before the tribunal of public opinion, where doubts exist,

as is actually the fact with regard to some of these newly-broached aspersions on Swift's moral and political character, it is invariably allowed to give the accused the benefit of those doubts — particularly when his most intimate contemporaries and his nearest neighbors had never either heard of or raised any malicious reports of the kind. But to dismiss this unworthy discussion, obtruded only in justice to the calumniated dean — unhappy enough in the company of such baneful guests for life—and from the necessary obligation of a biographer not to shrink from the question; — it appears that about this time Temple began to discover some of the great qualities of his young relation's mind, his striking originality of remark and acute powers of reasoning and observation; so that Swift himself has recorded that he then grew still more in confidence with him. He was always admitted to sir William's confidential interviews with the king, who was then in the habit of visiting at Moor-park to consult him whom he vainly wished to make his prime minister; and the great statesman being often confined to his chamber by the gout, the duty of making known his sentiments and advising with his majesty devolved upon Swift. It must have been an amusing scene; and the entertainment was no doubt mutual; for while the king, all whose ideas ran upon the extermination of his species—war, thought it the highest honor to offer to the studious poet, then busied in composing Pindaric odes, a whole troop of horse, and to teach him to eat asparagus in the Dutch fashion, stalks and all, the views of the latter were directed to the more pacific aim of church preferment. Nor is it unlikely that he obtained some definite promise to that effect; for that he evidently counted upon it appears from a letter (1692) addressed to his uncle, in which he says, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

In the fourth year of his residence with sir William Temple, Swift went to take his master's degree at Oxford, to which he was admitted on the 6th of July, 1692. He was much pleased with the courtesy and urbanity shown him upon this occasion, and pointedly observed that he felt himself under greater obligations within a few weeks to strangers, than ever he had been in seven years to Dublin college:

> "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother university;
> Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
> He chooses Athens in his riper age." — (DRYDEN.)

The reception he thus met with in the first seat of British learning, independent of his connexion with Temple, afforded a satisfactory proof of the successful progress of his studies; and, inspired as he always appeared in his happier moments, it was at Oxford that he offered his first poetical effusions to the muse. One of these was a version of an ode of Horace (book ii., ode 18), written with considerable ease and spirit; and about the same time sir William and lady Temple pressed him to write his Pindaric odes, composed in the still prevailing taste

of that day, and which may be pronounced not inferior of the kind to those of Cowley and Donne. They are addressed to Temple, to the king, and to the Athenian Society — "a knot of obscure individuals," says Johnson, "who published a periodical pamphlet of answers to questions, sent, or supposed to be sent, by letters. I have been told," he adds, "that Dryden, having perused these verses, said, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;' so that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden." — ("Life," p. 6.)

Soon after the removal of sir William Temple to Moor-park, near Farnham, whither he was accompanied by Swift, it happened that a bill was brought into the house for triennial parliaments, to which the king was much opposed, and despatched the earl of Portland to sir William for advice, who advocated the measure, but endeavored to remove the royal scruples without effect. Having now a high opinion of Swift's talents, and of his intimate acquaintance with English history, he deputed him to wait upon his majesty, and explain and argue the matter at greater length. Of this mission he acquitted himself with great credit, though it was not attended with success; it was in vain he tried to convince the king, and when he entered more fully into the subject with the minister he was informed that the obstacle was insurmountable, and at the same time the measure was rejected by the house. This was the first time Swift had come into contact with courts, and he has frankly acknowledged that it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity.

After a residence of about six weeks at the university, having entered himself at Hart's-hall, and obtained his degree of master of arts, Swift left Oxford to pay a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor-park.[1] From this period, it seems, he became anxious to establish himself in the world, and sought to realize those promises of preferment which had been held out to him. Still he continued to discharge the offices of humanity and friendship towards his illustrious relative for the space of two years, when, justly suspecting perhaps, that he delayed providing for him from selfish views, and aware that his society had become agreeable as well as useful and necessary, he conceived it only justice to himself to remind sir William of the subject. The discussion which ensued was not of a pleasing nature. His patron was extremely anxious to have an accurate copy of all his writings, and Swift's advice and assistance would here be invaluable. Owing to the great statesman's increasing infirmities, the progress had been necessarily slow, ill adapted to one of Swift's vigorous mind and love of despatch. They are said to have parted with mutual dissatisfaction: sir William offered him some paltry employment in the Rolls-office in Ireland, of which he

[1] This fully disproves the assertion of lord Orrery, that Swift was supported at the university of Oxford during a period of three years, with the invidious conclusions which he thence draws, of the same character, and equally well founded, as those attributed to Mr. Temple, the nephew of Sir William.

was then master, worth about 120*l.* per annum. He must have known that this was quite unsuited to Swift's habits and inclinations; and he replied with spirit, "that, since this offer relieved him from the charge of being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." At the same time sir William is stated to have refused to pledge himself with respect to Swift's future promotion in the event of his consenting to remain with him; and he no longer hesitated to seek his own fortune. Upon his arrival, however (early in 1694), Swift found that he could not be ordained without a testimonial of his good conduct during his residence with sir William; and he is stated to have delayed nearly five months before he would consent to obtain such a recommendation by a kind of submission which must have been extremely grating to his feelings. This document it appears, however, was accompanied by a letter to lord Capel from his patron, the prompt arrival of which seems to throw doubts upon the article of submission, of which there is no evidence that it was ever required; and the result was that Swift was offered the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor; and to this small living, happy in his newly acquired independence, he retired. His letters for deacon's orders were dated 28th October, 1694, and those for priest's orders 13th January, 1694–5; and he was ordained into both by William King, at that time bishop of Derry.

We are informed by Mr. Monck Mason that the pathetic story, told by Sheridan and repeated by sir W. Scott, of Swift afterwards procuring this living for an aged clergyman who lent him his horse to ride to obtain it, has no foundation whatever. He is represented "as the father of a numerous family, who, on account of his poverty, was unable to provide for them. It is a pity," adds this accurate and ingenuous writer, "that, being so very interesting, it should not be true, which appears from the following circumstances. First, Swift was not in Ireland when he resigned the living, but resident with sir William Temple. He held this benefice two years, contrary to the generally conceived opinion, and was resident at Moor-park from June, 1696, till sir William's death, as appears by his letters. Secondly, the person in whose favor he resigned was not an indigent clergyman, as is well known to his family; he had himself a moderate estate in that country, and formed several respectable connexions. It appears that he was neither old, poor, nor the father of a family. That he was not old is farther manifest from the fact of his having had a correspondence with Swift so late as the year 1731."[1]

It may here not improperly be remarked, that, if so little reliance is to be placed upon an account closely connected with time, place, and circumstance, repeated by all Swift's biographers, and which redounds

[1] From the admirably written and very entertaining work entitled "Historical Annals of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick," by William Monck Mason.

so highly to his credit, how cautiously we ought to receive also those reports to his prejudice, arising out of confused names and dates at college, and from copies of letters taken from other copies, the evidence of which Mr. Mason so judiciously questions, and the original of which neither the transcribers who communicated them, nor the parties who adopted them, appear to have seen. We think an additional proof likewise that on the occasion of the presentation to his living, Swift was required to make no undue submission to his distinguished relative, is the fact of his being so early invited back by sir William, who became sensible how necessary he was to his existence. It is most probable, under all the circumstances, that the apology, or submission as it is absurdly termed, came not from the injured party but from him who had committed the error, who sought to atone for it, who now stood in need of the support and friendship which he had failed to value as they deserved, and who had in absence more truly estimated Swift's worth and talents. To the voice of friendship and suffering he could never turn a deaf ear; and in 1695 he repaired to Moor-park, where he continued to reside till sir William's death, which took place in January, 1698. There are abundant evidences both in the dean's and Temple's own letters to show that they again met upon terms of gentlemanly equality, without the most remote allusion to apologies or submission on either side beyond what the obligation thus conferred upon a dying relative and a great man, may be supposed to have awakened upon reflection in sir William's just and well-regulated mind. From that hour his friend and companion not only devoted himself with constant and unremitting care to smooth the pillow of declining age; to lighten the hours of pain, and relieve them by his social converse and wit; but he became his right arm in conducting his literary arrangements to a close, while the affection with which he regarded the dying statesman is shown in the memoranda which he so scrupulously kept of the changes and variations which marked his departure. Were any proofs wanting of the correctness of this view of the subject, they are supplied by the laudable industry and the ability of Mr. M. Mason, in his excellent work, who has given the correspondence which ensued between Swift and the representatives of the Temple family. Every word speaks highly in favor of the theory we have ventured to adopt in this "Life;" and in proportion to the genuine light obtained and which can be thrown upon the doubtful or disputed points of Swift's early history, the more unexceptionable will it be found to appear. For this purpose, and that of giving novelty and freshness to former narratives relating to this period, too much resembling each other, the observations of Mr. M. are here given at length. "Swift," he says, "was settled at Moor-park in June, 1690, and from that time forth until sir William's death in 1698 he continued to reside in his house, except when he made an occasional excursion to visit his mother, who received during this time frequent remittances from his favorite uncle

William and his cousin Willoughby Swift." Swift manifested at all times a great respect for sir William Temple; his intimacy however with the male descendants of that baronet was finally terminated in 1726 by an opprobrious letter of lord Palmerstown, in answer to one of Swift which contained a request in favor of a friend, by no means meriting so unhandsome a reply. There is no passage in Swift's first epistle that can excuse the following paragraph of his lordship's answer: — "My desire is to be in charity with all men: could I say as much of you, you had sooner inquired of this matter, or if you had any regard for a family you owe so much to; but I fear you hugged the false report, to cancel all feelings of gratitude that must ever glow in a generous breast, and to justify what you had declared, that no regard to the family was any restraint to you. These great refinements are past my understanding, and can only be comprehended by your great wits."

This vile insinuation received an answer temperate to a degree that will astonish the reader who is apprised of the irritable temper of Swift: his reply to this taunting ungenerous epistle is a *chef-d'œuvre*. He asks the noble peer "what title he could have to give such contumelious treatment to one who never did him the least injury or received from him the least obligation?" "I own myself indebted to sir William Temple for recommending me to the late king, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose if I retired to his house for any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies; for, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever; and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him." Swift's advantage, it is correctly added, in this short conflict was commensurate to the superiority of his understanding. And it was to this superiority, and to that lofty independence of character, which raised the literary men of his day so much higher in the estimation of all parties, broadly contrasting with the venality of Dryden and the writers of preceding reigns, that Swift was indebted, as well as to his sterling sense and wit, for the immense influence which he exercised upon his times.

That he at the same time possessed great sensibility and could both entertain and inspire strong affection, was shown by the manner in which Temple latterly regarded his distinguished nephew (at least in law), and may be seen from a letter by Mrs. Jane Swift (May 26, 1699), the dean's sister, who says — "My poor brother has lost his best friend sir W. Temple, who was so fond of him while he lived that he made him give up his living in this county (the prebend of Kilroot) to stay with him at Moor-park, and promised to get him one in England; but death came in between, and has left him unprovided both of friend and living."

And such in fact was the result of Swift's having complied with the invitation of sir William to return to Moor-park, a kind and generous proceeding which made it doubly incumbent upon the party benefited to lose not a moment's time in returning it in the same manly and grateful spirit; but this he neglected to do, and left Swift unprovided for as he had found him. With regard to the legacy said to have been left (100*l.* in a codicil to his will) along with the bequest that Swift should edite an edition of his entire works, we are at a loss to see more in this than the personal interest of the author and the statesman, who seems to have satisfied his conscience with the prospective advantage such a task might afford him, in addition to a doubtful promise known to have been obtained from king William of a prebendary's stall at Canterbury or Westminster. If we wished to display in a stronger light Swift's greatness and magnanimity of spirit in these circumstances, we might refer to his own words, which evince the regard which he entertained for his deceased friend, concluding with the following remarkable observation:— "He died at one o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good among men." And another memorandum contains the following high and honorable eulogy of his character as a statesman and a scholar: — "He was a person of the greatest wisdom, justice, liberality, politeness, eloquence, of his age and nation. The truest lover of his country, and one who deserved more from it by his eminent public services than any man before or since, besides his great deserving of the commonwealth of having been universally esteemed the most accomplished writer of his time."

If we consider for a moment the situation of Swift when this splendid character of Temple was written; that he owed the profession he possessed, without fortune or preferment, wholly to his own good sense and resolution; and that, had he complied with his patron's first injunction to remain with him, he must have been cast friendless again upon the world, after eight years, the most valuable of his life, the greatest portion of which he had devoted to the interest and reputation of his friend — as regards obligation on Swift's side nothing can be said. For when, by his own discerning spirit and wise energy, he had made himself master of a profession, the utmost that sir William's care is known to have procured him was an obscure living in which a genius like Swift's may be said to have been buried alive — not promoted; and where, far from meeting society congenial to his temper and habits, he beheld only the degradation and sufferings of the people, withering under the blasting influence of the then dominant Whig party, the champions at that time of war, and the originators — with the help of bishop Burnet — of the public debt, paper money, corruption, and all the fruitful calamities to which Swift even then saw they must inevitably give rise.[1] The

[1] If any evidence of this fact is required, it will be enough to refer to one of those occasional essays, written by Swift when in Ireland, and given for the first time entire in the present edition of his works, from a copy of the "Intelligencer that

public spirit and patriotism by which he seems so early to have been actuated, and for which alone he entered on a literary career, breathe in almost every line of his early poetry, in his imitations, his Pindaric odes, and satirical effusions, which possess a fire and vigor that by no means merited the doubtful and ill-substantiated condemnation—stated on Johnson's hearsay already alluded to — of his great cousin Dryden. In his humble and cheerless retirement, indeed, at Kilroot, and his subsequent residence at Moor-park, he seems to have more assiduously courted the relief of poetical composition, which he had first commenced at Oxford; and in some of these occasional effusions the tenor of his mind and thoughts is strongly depicted, bearing that impress of mingled sorrow and indignation which the aspect of things around him and his future prospects were calculated to inspire. Another feature of them is the decided hatred which he expresses against folly and vice, and the power with which he strove to expose them in proportion as they extended their baneful influence from high places: —

> "My hate — whose lash just Heaven had long decreed
> Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed."

And in those interesting verses, so honorable to his right feelings, "on the Illness and Recovery of Sir William Temple," he gives expression to sentiments evincing a lofty sense of duty, a strength of virtuous will, and a disdain of mercenary motives or mean compliances, which carry a strong presumption of his previous habits of self-command and of his uniform consistency and high principle, deviations from which were only likely to occur from the predominance of pride or ambition. They are the more remarkable as having been written in some moment when extreme suffering or other causes had given to the manner of his friend and host, Temple, a degree of distance or coldness of which Swift subsequently complained, and was heard humorously to declare "that in faith sir William had spoiled a fine gentleman," in allusion to his harsh manner. Addressing the muse in the style that was still in vogue from the days of Charles II., and which was of itself sufficient to render Swift's earlier pieces — had they possessed greater merit, — neglected and obsolete, he exclaims in an emphatic tone, —

> "To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
> Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
> To thee what oft I vainly strive to hide,
> That scorn of fools by fools mistook for pride.
> From thee whatever virtue takes its rise
> Grows a misfortune and becomes a vice;
> Such were thy rules to be as good as great —
> Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
> Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
> Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;

appears to have been in his own possession, and which contains his remarks and signature at the end of each paper.

Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,—
Know no base action, at no guilt look pale:
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou had'st hoped esteem."

In the sudden outbreaks of satirical passion, and in spontaneous unpremeditated lines like these, even more than in his letters, we seem to read his early character and feelings, the secret heart and spirit which sat alone in their self-sustained power and calm yet indignant grandeur, brooding over the philosophy, the sad moral of history, examining and arraigning before the tribunal of his judgment and conscience the motives by which he was then actuated. Before following him however from the shades of Kilroot and the elegant seclusion of Moor-park, into that active world where his genius shone with unrivalled splendor, it becomes (so soon again) the writer's painful duty to set at rest another of those absurd and calumnious falsehoods, invented doubtless long after the period to which it is referred, by some of his humbled and perhaps titled adversaries, writhing under the infliction of some of his keen satiric truths, and, unable to meet him in the field of manly argument, trying to arrest his fierce pursuit, like certain animals whose last chance of escape lies in exciting extreme disgust and nausea in their conquerors; and it is a curious fact that, with regard to Steele's baseness and ingratitude, Swift actually declared that by his shameless and impudent proceedings he had quite put it out of his (Swift's) power to do him any injury. We can only desire, in alluding to a charge so preposterous, to show that we consider it indispensable for every one who treats the life of a distinguished man not to conceal or disguise the truth, or attempt by any side-wind to edge out of a question, however difficult or however trivial the circumstances. At the same time, it is a source of regret that sir Walter Scott or some of his other biographers evinced not some spark of the fiery scorn and indignation which would have actuated the dean himself, had he been able to detect the vile calumniator, and thus have spared future biographers of this celebrated man the strong aversion they must feel in dwelling upon such mean and despicable calumnies, when so many nobler and more inviting themes lie before them. It would be enough in any other case to observe that the name of the infamous lord Wharton is connected with it; but it seems to have been the fate of Swift — from the loftier eminence which he occupied, from his vast talents and unrivalled influence, and from one or two unhappy passages in his after-life — to have offered a wider and safer mark for the shafts of calumny, and from the superior strength and vividness of his intellectual flashes to have shown more clearly the innumerable little motes in his mental sun. "Ex uno disce omnes" might indeed be adduced as a motto for the series of calumnies which spring from such a cause; but, if only as specimens of the human na-

ture which he himself painted, they are sometimes not unentertaining when the motives of the parties interested are understood. Like most others, this foul calumny carries with it its own refutation by the strong array of facts and dates which, in addition to invalidating the particular charge by circumstantial evidence, present a general body of truths sufficient in themselves before the severest tribunal of justice to exonerate the character of the dean, even upon the ground of moral reputation and public character. The account of it given by sir Walter Scott will be found in the appended note, and to this will be subjoined his masterly, but not perhaps sufficiently indignant and emphatic, reply. For there cannot be a doubt that, had not Mr. Malone and other friends of the calumniated dean's memory stood forward in the handsome manner they did, sifted the matter to its vilest dregs, challenged and compelled the utterers to confess its falsehood and to retract it, the statement would have remained, and the presumed record been referred to with the same unfounded confidence as other weak and ridiculous charges, upon the presumed evidence of copies of transcripts from original letters which no one has seen, but most probably original forgeries like the statements of lord Wharton and his creatures.

During Swift's final residence with sir W. Temple, in addition to performing the last offices of humanity with the generosity and assiduity of a friend who felt himself upon a perfect equality, or rather as the party conferring an obligation — for, as he himself expresses it after a lapse of seven years, "he found himself as much to seek as ever," and had to carve out his own course in the world — he was not only silently preparing the edition of that able statesman and amiable man's writings for the world, but defending his literary reputation and character, with the irresistible weapons of his wit and genius, from the bitter invectives of those scholastic blockheads who arrogated to themselves superior merit from appearing in the borrowed plumes — the mere husks and verbiage — of the ancients they affected so much to honor. The most disinterested kindness and the greatest service he could at that time confer upon a man whose reputation at this day belongs more to his literary tastes than to his political ascendency — for, unlike Swift, he had the credit without affording the proofs of strong political wisdom,— was to support by his voluntary act the favorite theory to which the feelings, the refined taste, and the classic education of Temple had so much wedded him ; and like some young heroic chief to defend the form of his aged sire from the assaults of his relentless foes. How grateful the dying statesman must have felt, could not be more strongly shown than by leaving a considerable legacy to his adopted son (hence the virulence of Temple's unworthy nephew), and by constituting his nephew in-law his literary executor, than which he could not give a more marked evidence of his unlimited confidence in Swift's judgment and integrity. Till that happier period arrived, and he began to appreciate the great

and noble qualities of Swift's mind, we trace the sufferings of a genius conscious of its own powers, of a frank ingenuous nature which the slighest coldness or distance could make unhappy for days, though moods probably arising only from increasing physical infirmities or the strange variableness attending the departure of the fleeting soul. In the very words of his attached friend and relative, left us upon record, in all the tenderness and purity of generous friendship, we perceive the strong regard, amounting to veneration, which influenced Swift's motives towards one whose friendship and confidence he strove to possess, and, as in most of the objects he aimed at, fully succeeded in attaining. "Don't you remember," he says in a letter to Stella, "how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold or out of humor for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons?"

As in all future occurrences of his life, Swift evinced in the controversy on ancient and modern learning the same correct taste and sound judgment which enabled him to see through the real object of Marlborough and the Whigs in prosecuting, for selfish aggrandisement, an endless and destructive war, that is, he saw that the aim of the moderns — of Bentley, Wotton, and the smaller fry, borrowed from the French controversy of Perrault and Fontanelle — had its source only in individual and national vanity, and deserved no mercy. There can be no doubt in any unbiassed and enlightened mind, in that of the true scholar and critic, on which side the balance was likely to incline; but Swift's was not a genius to rest content, in literary controversy, with a drawn battle. That which rendered the learned chivalry of Swift more valued on this occasion was that Temple had committed an error, which compromised his classical tact and reputation, by resting his authority on the Epistles of Phalaris, which he looked upon not only as genuine, but as exhibiting the antique spirit, grandeur of thought, and contempt of death, peculiar to the ancient tyrants and commanders. He had thus placed himself upon the horns of a dilemma, of which Wotton, followed by the doughty Bentley, did not fail to take advantage; and the circumstance of the hon. Mr. Boyle having undertaken a new edition of the Epistles gave rise to the two treatises, which so much amused the learned world, of Boyle *versus* Bentley, and consequently, of Bentley *versus* Boyle. Swift now threw his broad shield over his devoted friend; and the "Battle of the Books" infused a humorous spirit of happy wit and invention into the subject which it did not before possess. The design was erroneously said to have been borrowed from Coutrage's "Political History of the newly declared War between the Ancients and Moderns;" but, in fact, there is not the remotest resemblance between the two works: all the exquisite episodes and rich illustrations are Swift's own, and far beyond the merit and beauty of the alleged model; and it has been shown by Mr. Mason that he actually took not a single idea from it. The subsequent success of the "Battle of the

Books"[1] (though in MS.), with the curiosity and admiration it excited, probably encouraged the author, about the same period, to complete his "Tale of a Tub" — an astonishing production, of which the fervid vehement style, sparkling wit, and vivacity of genius, seem to distinguish it above the happiest efforts even of his own restless pen. It would seem, from a letter of Atterbury (29th June, 1704), that when this inimitable production first appeared it was given to one Edward Smith (Rag Smith) and John Philips; but by Congreve and the few wits then acquainted with the author's manner, it could not for a moment have been mistaken.

How eagerly the author had devoted himself to the study of poetry and history is evident from a list given by Sheridan; and he himself states that he had written and burned and written again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. Among other poetical pieces full of keen satire, but rough and inelegant as regards the versification, are some lines written in 1697, "Upon the Burning of Whitehall," remarkable for strong thought and vigor of expression, and a copy of verses written in "a lady's ivory table-book," which afford perhaps the first specimen of that happy vein of rallying foibles and peculiarities in which he afterwards became so expert a master.

It was at Moor-park, moreover, that Swift became acquainted with Miss Esther Johnson, afterwards known as the amiable and accomplished Stella. She was the daughter of a gentleman of family in Nottingham, engaged as a merchant in London, only in her fifteenth year, and possessed of beauty, elegance, and talents. She resided with another young lady, a niece of sir William's, in the same establishment, and the friend and companion of the statesman voluntarily took upon himself the tuition of his fair guests. As we are here about to enter upon the incipient cause of that which afterwards embittered Swift's existence, it will be proper in every point of view to give the opinions of one in whose high and liberal mind, and in whose admirable judgment, as well as accuracy of research, there is every reason to place confidence. Mr. Mason justly makes the same distinction which Swift himself did as regards the relative position of the parties, observing that she was a lady for whom he felt all that warmth of animated friendship of which his future life gives so many examples; but it appears never to have kindled into love. To that passion, during his whole life, Swift was remarkably insensible. Sir W. Scott likewise—alluding to a letter written to the Rev. John Kendall (11th February, 1691–2), in which Swift speaks of his cold temper and unconfined humor "as sufficient hindrances to any imprudent attachment; that he was resolved not to think of marriage till his fortune was settled in the world, and that even then he might be so hard to please he might probably put it off till doomsday"—also relates an

[1] "Johnson's veracity in stating that Swift borrowed his ideas from a work entitled, 'Le Combat des Livres' is not to be relied upon; it is pretty certain that no such work exists." — MASON.

anecdote (as amusing, perhaps, as apocryphal) which shows how strong was the restraint of prudential considerations in Swift's well-regulated mind. "A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the permission of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The dean, being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story. 'When I was a schoolboy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my schoolfellows and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired, and lay down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loss of my cash; but the horse dying soon after on the spot gave me some relief.' To this the young clergyman answered, 'Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case — I own I deserve such a rebuke;" and then burst into a flood of tears. The dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord-lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living, then vacant, for his immediate support; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him." This is an admirable illustration, and must doubtless have had its weight in terminating a juvenile attachment between Swift and a Miss Jane Waryng, the sister of his college companion, after it had subsisted for a period of four years — a period "in which much," says sir W. Scott, "may have happened to abate the original warmth of Swift's passion; nor is it perhaps very fair, ignorant as we are of what had occurred in the interim, to pass a severe sentence on his conduct, when, after being mortified by Varina's[1] cruelty during so long a period, he seems to have been a little startled by her sudden offer of capitulation. It is, however, certain that just when the lover, worn out by neglect or disgusted by uncertainty, began to grow cool in his suit, the lady (a case not altogether without example) became pressing and categorical in her inquiries as to what had altered the style of her admirer's letters." To this it appears that Swift's reply was even more particular and more tediously categorical, in addition to the cold and insulting tone in which it is written, as little creditable to the writer's good feelings as to his gallantry, and which must have been intended to produce the effect of terminating the affair, as no lady of sense or delicacy could have subscribed to such harsh or unreasonable terms.

It is only just, however, to Swift to give Mr. M. Mason's clear-sighted view and evidence as to this affair: — "There is enough to satisfy us that the lady's coolness was at least equal to that of her quondam lover.

[1] Miss Jane Waryng, "whom, by a cold poetical conceit," adds sir W. Scott, "he has termed Varina."

Swift writes, 'I have observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you.' And afterwards he says, there was no other way of accounting for her behavior but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for him. Some hints also at other causes of displeasure appear from Swift's words: 'If you like such company and conduct, much good may you do with them; my education has been otherwise.' I apprehend the following words of a letter, the original of which is in my possession, allude to the same business; it is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Winder, and is dated from Moor-park, in 1698: 'I remember those letters to Eliza; they were written in my youth; pray burn them. You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover; but I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me.' The residence of Mr. Winder being in that neighborhood renders it probable that the female alluded to is Miss Waryng; if so, their affections had terminated long before the letter alluded to was written."—(Historical Annals," &c.)

In December, 1699, Swift suffered another severe mortification by the hasty and imprudent marriage of his sister with an obscure tradesman, a currier—old enough to be her father—who soon broke, and, as her brother had foreseen, treated her with neglect; and finally left her unprovided for with a family. We must not forget to add that it became Swift's first object to provide for her, and that he settled upon her family an annual stipend for the remainder of her life.

Swift's first occupation upon his removal to London was to publish a full and correct edition of the works intrusted to his care by sir William Temple.[1] They were dedicated to the king, from whom it is supposed the editor had already received a promise through Temple of the first vacant prebend in Canterbury or Westminster. If so, that promise, like

[1] During Swift's residence in England he never failed to visit his mother once a year at Leicester. His mode of travelling was suited to his finances; being always on foot, except when the weather was very bad, when he would sometimes take shelter in a wagon. With the help of a strong constitution and active limbs he traversed hills and dales, valuing gates and stiles not a straw, and dining at obscure alehouses with pedlars and carriers. The language and manners of those people indulged his comic humor, and supplied him with the means of studying human nature; but although he disguised himself to the utmost of his skill, yet he was once discovered by his fellow-travellers to be a spy on their manners, and obliged afterwards to travel in better company. To this passion he never sacrificed his habitual love of cleanliness: although he usually took up his lodging where he saw written over the door "lodgings for a penny," yet he used to bribe the maid with sixpence to give him a separate bed and clean sheets. "Perhaps we are indebted," adds Mr. Mason, "to the state of Swift's finances for the entertainment and instruction we receive from his admirable works; nay, we have his own words for it: in a letter to his friend Pope he says, 'I will tell you that all my endeavors from a boy to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter: and so the reputation of great learning does the work of a blue ribbon or of a coach and six horses.'"

most court promises, was made to be broken; and Swift, during his occasional attendance on ministers, received no satisfaction whatever. His patience becoming exhausted, he sent a memorial to the king himself; and informs us that "the earl of Romney, who professed much friendship, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honor, he said not a word of it to the king." (MS. by Swift.) At length, wearied and disgusted, he was induced to accept an invitation from the earl of Berkeley, appointed one of the lords-justices, to attend him as chaplain and private secretary to Ireland. Swift officiated in his new capacity till their arrival in Dublin, when a busy intriguing fellow named Bushe, having insinuated to his lordship that the post of secretary was not fit for a clergyman, obtained it for himself. Swift's indignation at this usage was frankly and boldly expressed; and he wrote a bitter and humorous lampoon, which obtained a wide circulation, at his lordship's and the new secretary's expense. This disappointment was followed by another. The deanery of Derry having become vacant, Swift applied for it, the earl having promised him the first benefice which should fall in. Again the secretary found means to set Swift aside, upon pretence that he was too young (he had, in fact, received a bribe of 1000*l.*)—an objection erroneously stated by lord Orrery to have originated with Dr. Wm. King, who entreated that the deanery might be given to some elderly divine. "I have no objection," said the learned prelate, "to Mr. Swift; I know him to be a sprightly ingenious young man; but instead of residing, I dare say he will be eternally flying backwards and forwards to London, and therefore I entreat he may be provided for in some other place." Swift, aware that the matter must have been done with the earl's participation, insisted upon an interview with the secretary; and on being told the real state of the case, that it could not be had without 1000*l.*, indignantly replied, "then God confound you both for a couple of rascals!" and hastily left the castle. But his lordship, already smarting under the injured chaplain's satiric lash, lost no time in making due apology and offering terms of conciliation; and on the 22nd March, 1699, Swift was inducted to the rectory of Agher and vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the diocese of Meath. They were, however, not worth one-third of the deanery; but on the 28th of September, 1700, he received a further recompense by being collated to the prebend of Dunlaven in St. Patrick's cathedral, and installed on the 22nd of the following month. In his poem of the "Discovery," as well as in other effusions, Swift holds both his lordship and his secretary up to the ridicule of the reader; but he was subsequently induced to preserve friendly terms with the earl—influenced, it is said, by his high respect for the countess—a lady of exemplary virtue and piety, whom he has extolled in his introduction to the "Project for the Advancement of Religion." Of these his united livings Swift, in his account-book for the year 1700, set down the annual value at 230*l.*; and it appears that he paid between

March, 1699, and November, 1700, as much as 117*l.* for title, crown-rent, curate, &c. Indeed, it would appear from an account-book for 1703, kept by Swift, who was always extremely exact and punctual in his entries, that after these and other deductions the means left at his command were very slender, insomuch that Mr. Mason, who himself inspected the accounts, observes that it argued no very blamable ambition that he should wish to be somewhat richer, particularly as we learn from his "Journal to Stella" that his livings had in 1712 decreased, and the expense of living in Ireland was greater than before.

Upon the earl of Berkeley's retiring from the government, Swift, who had continued to exercise his duties as chaplain to the year 1700, withdrew to his vicarage of Laracor, where his conduct as a clergyman, his uniform piety, and respect for religious observances, gained him the esteem of different classes, as well as of his parishioners. An absurd and farcical description,[1] copied by some of his biographers, has been given of his journey, almost wholly destitute of truth, and of his abrupt and unfeeling manner of taking possession of his new livings. The amusing inventor (for Swift can boast of fabulists without end, before and after lord Orrery) sets out very veraciously by assuring us he performed his journey on foot; that he wore decent black clothes, with strong worsted stockings, of which he carried a second pair and a shirt in his pocket; a large grey surtout, a large slouched hat, with a pole considerably longer than himself, which he had probably procured from some country hay-maker. It is impossible to recognize in this burlesque description "any resemblance," says Mr. Mason, "to what we are told were Swift's habits of life, of whom it is said he was so attentive to exterior appearances that he never went abroad without his gown. We should remember too that he was at this time chaplain to the chief governor of Ireland — a strange season for him to fix on to depart from his usual practice. But this writer does not proceed many pages before he finds a parish clerk to act as clown to the mountebank character into which he has done us the honor to transform the great genius and chief patriot of Ireland; this is Roger Cox, of whose costume we have the following description (p. 6): — 'Roger's dress was not the least extraordinary feature of his appearance. He constantly wore a full-trimmed scarlet waistcoat of most uncommon dimensions, a light-grey coat, which altogether gave him an air of singularity and whim as remarkable as his character.' The writer, having equipped his heroes, proceeds next to relate their exploits, witty and humorous, which are about as true as the description of the characters themselves, and equally judicious and appropriate. A jest-book may be amusing, but a medley of jests ought not to be attributed to any real character; it would be more prudent for the compiler of such to fix upon a fictitious one, who may be each and everything he pleases; witty sayings attributed to a real person should be appropriate . . . . Indeed, in the case of Swift, such publica-

[1] From the "Swiftiana."

tions are peculiarly objectionable; he was of a cast of character the exact value and true nature of which it is an object of high interest duly to appreciate. The peculiarity of his humor has not been thoroughly comprehended, even by some writers who think they have interpreted it rightly; to falsify it in the way the author of 'Swiftiana' has done, by attributing to him acts that he never did, and sayings that he never uttered, is to do an injury for which his foolish jests can furnish no sufficient recompense." — ("Historical Annals.")

This high testimony upon the best and most genuine evidence, from a writer intimately conversant with the most trivial as well as the most important passages in the dean's history, does equal credit to his heart and to his judgment; nor does he less ably refute the other stories appertaining to the want of dignity, and even levity, with which Swift was accused, while residing at these livings, of performing the offices of religion. The practice of having divine service on week-days being very unusual, it was at first very ill attended. It has been related of Swift, that on one of those days, finding there was no other person present but himself and the clerk, he began by addressing him as follows: "Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places;" and proceeded in that manner through the service. This story is not however authenticated; it rests solely on the credit of lord Orrery; neither Mr. Deane Swift nor Mrs. Whiteway had heard it, until the earl's book made its appearance; and although they allowed it was like him, they believed it to be an invention of lord Orrery's to discredit the dean's respect for religion. Mr. Theophilus Swift says he read it in a jest-book, printed between 1550 and 1560. To this the writer of his life in the Biog. Brit. alludes in the following words: "This instance of levity it must be owned is sufficient to clear Dr. King, then bishop of Derry, from any particular ill-will to him in trying to prevent his promotion to that deanery."

"I have before expressed my doubt that King ever opposed the appointment of Swift, and have now to observe that this instance of levity, if it ever happened, must have occurred after that deanery had been disposed of, and could not therefore have had any influence upon the Bishop's opinion. But in truth, Swift cannot justly be accused of levity in those respects; his conduct, which was uniformly pious, should rather disprove the truth of the anecdote, than such an anecdote, ill authenticated, cast a blemish on his character; it would not be possible to adduce an instance from his works where he makes a jest of religion. There is another story, likewise related by lord Orrery, in his 16th letter, of his laying a wager one afternoon, with Dr. Raymond, of Trim, that he would begin prayers before him; that both ran as fast as they could to the church, but Raymond, who had outrun Swift, walked decently up the aisle. Swift, however, did not slacken his pace; he passed Raymond in the aisle, and, stepping into the reading-desk, repeated so much of the service as entitled him to the sum which they had wagered. This

story appears, like the others, to be a malicious falsehood, invented for the sole purpose of discrediting his character."—("Historical Annals.")

The whole of this statement is as true as it is admirable; and could the series of full and deeply studied and examined notes upon Swift's life in this distinguished writer's work appear prefixed to a new edition of the dean's writings, there can be no doubt they would form the most correct and complete biography of him that has yet been given to the world — presenting a mass of rich and most interesting illustrations in every particular, and which, from the minute investigation and comparison they display, may be relied upon, in addition to the requisite entertainment they afford. Of the same doubtful character are many of the anecdotes relating to this comparatively obscure portion of Swift's life, though appearing in the respectable character of a country clergyman, and with a seriousness and earnestness which had nothing of the frivolous and light demeanor so freely attributed to him.

"On Sundays," says sir W. Scott, "the church at Laracor was well attended by the neighboring families; and Swift, far from having reason to complain of want of an audience, attained that reputation which he pronounced to be the height of his ambition, since inquiries were frequently made of his faithful clerk, Roger Coxe, whether the doctor was to preach that Sunday.

"While resident at Laracor, it was Swift's principal care to repair the dilapidations which the church and vicarage had sustained by the carelessness or avarice of former incumbents. He expressed the utmost indignation at the appearance of the church, and, during the first year of his incumbency, expended a considerable sum in putting it into repair. The vicarage he also made comfortably tenantable, and proceeded to improve it according to the ideas of beauty and taste which were at that time universally received. He formed a pleasant garden; smoothed the banks of a rivulet into a canal, and planted willows in regular ranks at its side. These willows, so often celebrated in the 'Journal to Stella,' are now decayed or cut down; the garden cannot be traced; and the canal only resembles a ditch. Yet the parish and the rector continue to derive some advantage from its having been once the abode of Swift. He increased the glebe from one acre to twenty. The tithes of Effernock, purchased with his own money at a time when it did not abound, were, by his will, settled for ever on the incumbent of that living.

"But Laracor had yet greater charms than its willows and canals, the facetious humors of Roger Coxe, and the applause of the gentry of the neighborhood. Swift had no sooner found his fortune established in Ireland than it became his wish that Stella should become an inhabitant of that kingdom. This was easily arranged. She was her own mistress; and the rate of interest being higher in Ireland furnished her with a plausible excuse for taking up her residence near the friend

and instructor of her youth. The company of Mrs. Dingley, a woman of narrow income and limited understanding, but of middle age and a creditable character, obviated in a great measure the inferences which the world must otherwise have necessarily drawn from this step. Some whispers so singular a resolution doubtless occasioned; but the caution of Swift, who was never known to see Stella but in the presence of a third party, and the constant attendance of Mrs. Dingley, to whom, apparently, he paid equal attention, seem to have put scandal to silence. Their residence was varied with the same anxious regard to Stella's character. When Swift left the parsonage at Laracor the ladies became its tenants, and when he returned they regularly retired to their lodgings in the town of Trim, the capital of the diocese, or were received by Dr. Raymond, so often mentioned in the 'Journal,' the hospitable vicar of that parish. Every exterior circumstance which could distinguish an union of mere friendship from one of a more tender nature was carefully observed, and the surprise at first excited by the settlement of Mrs. Dingley and Stella in a country to which they were strangers seems gradually to have subsided. It is however highly probable that between Swift and Stella there was a tacit understanding that their union was to be completed by marriage when Swift's income, according to the prudential scheme which he had unhappily adopted, should be adequate to the expense of a matrimonial establishment. And here it is impossible to avoid remarking the vanity of that over-prudence which labors to provide against all possible contingencies. Had Swift, like any ordinary man in his situation, been contented to share his limited income with a deserving object of his affections, the task of his biographers would have been short and cheerful; and we should neither have had to record nor to apologise for those circumstances which form the most plausible charge against his memory."

The following remarks are peculiarly happy, evincing that sterling good sense and knowledge of life for which Swift's great biographer was, like himself, so conspicuous above all his contemporaries:—

"In the pride of talent and of wisdom he endeavored to frame a new path to happiness, and the consequences have rendered him a warning where the various virtues with which he was endowed ought to have made him a pattern.

"Meanwhile, the risk of ill construction being so carefully guarded against, Stella, with her beauty and accomplishments, was not long without an admirer. She was then about eighteen; her hair of a raven black, her features both beautiful and expressive, and her form of perfect symmetry, though rather inclined to embonpoint. To these outward graces were added good sense, great docility, and uncommon powers both of grave and gay conversation, and a fortune which, though small, was independent." — (Scott's "Memoirs of Swift," vol. i. p. 72.)

Neither were they ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person.[1] Sheridan says that Swift's affection for Stella had not at this time kindled into love. I think it proper to give some extracts from his memoir in his own words, because they tend to prove that Mrs. Johnson's removal to Ireland was not caused by any hopes or promises of a matrimonial connexion with Swift.—'Though Stella's beauty was at that time arrayed in all the pride of blooming eighteen, yet it is certain that he never dropped the least hint that might induce her to consider him in the light of a lover. In his whole deportment he still maintained the character of a tutor, a governor, and a friend.' 'The truth,' says Sheridan, 'is, that Swift at that time knew not what the passion of love was. He had long entertained a dislike to matrimony; he seems to have been under the dominion of a still more powerful passion—that of ambition. Urged by this reckless spirit, he every year paid a visit to England, absenting himself for some months from the duties of his parish and the charming conversation of the amiable Stella.' To this statement Mr. M. very appositely replies—"It appears therefore that

> "'He liked, but had a rougher task in hand
> Than to drive liking to the name of love.'

"If the passion of ambition was so powerful as to overcome that of love at this early period of Swift's life, and that he could resist the allurements of youth and beauty at a time when they have usually the greatest influence, it is not credible that his love should afterwards obtain such strength as to master his ambition—a passion which usually gains strength with years, and in proportion as the former loses its power; especially as the temptations which before existed, if they had not altogether lost their force, must have been in a great measure weakened."—("Historical Annals," p. 243.)

The preceding view is founded on close and excellent reasoning, as well as on a knowledge of human nature, and Swift's character in particular. It will also account for the conduct of the parties more satisfactorily than upon any other theory; and as a specimen of the contradictions upon this subject we may mention that Hawkesworth distinctly asserts that Mrs. Johnson was buried in solitude, and known only to Swift's most intimate acquaintance, having no other female acquaintance but Mrs. Dingley. And this passage is altered by Dr. John Lyon, in his copy of Hawkesworth's "Life of Swift," so as to express exactly the reverse. A curious passage also occurs in a letter from Mr. Thomas Swift (the parson cousin, who laid claim to a share in "The Tale of a Tub"), in which he asks (1706) "if Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that

[1] The distance which existed during their whole lives between Swift and Stella is exemplified by the following passage of a letter from the former to Mr. Tickell, dated 7th July, 1726. "I wonder how you could expect to see her in a morning, which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey." (Swift's Works.)

marched quite from Moor-park to Dublin (as they would have marched to the north or *anywhere else*), with full resolution to engage him."

It is not surprising that, Swift declining to avow himself as a lover, other suitors should step forward and become candidates for so fair a prize; for, in addition to the graces of her person, there was something extremely fascinating in the vivacity of manners and conversation of Miss Johnson. Among these the reverend William Tisdall, already on a familiar footing with the parties, became one of her admirers, and addressed a letter to Swift, then in London. He received a reply from the doctor (dated 20th April, 1704) in the following dubious and singular terms:—"I might with good pretence enough talk starchly and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours; in answer to all which I will upon my conscience and honor tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humor served me to think of that state I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers: this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you, but I judged it would perhaps be a clog to your rising in the world, and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy; but that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you, indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother without the daughter giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which I think was a right and prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve; but the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortunes in losing so good a friend and companion as her prevail on me against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was not your friend in the whole concern, though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequences that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents: nay, I went so far to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think it could not be decently broken, since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues; and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add that, though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level and of our function, yet I

have nowhere met with a humor, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things,—I mean here in England, for as to the ladies in Ireland I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your designs or would have further intelligence, I shall send you a particular account."

The cautious and distant tone adopted by Swift is here remarkable, and assuredly no such letter was ever penned by a lover to his rival. The lady's own consent had not been obtained; and if she had ever been influenced in her decision by hopes of Swift coming forward, a recommendation like this, and similar letters which he declares he had addressed to Stella, were more than enough to extinguish them for ever. It seems astonishing that with such evidence before her, being indisputably a woman of sense and spirit, she did not immediately marry, or treat Swift thenceforward with perfect coolness and indifference. At the same time the guardian and friend ridiculed the lover, whom he declared that he recommended, with unmerciful severity—seizing his personal qualities and foibles to hold him up, if possible, in a more disgusting light;[1] and it is probable that he was not surprised to hear that Stella had rejected him. Whether or not he suspected the dean, he went about, in his rage of disappointment, venting his spleen in the most opprobrious terms, which he persevered in doing for many years. At the same time we ought to state the case Swift makes out for himself: "For the last fifteen years," he says, "he hath been often engaged in a flirting war of satiric burlesque verse. In these combats he has often fallen foul on persons who never dipped a pen either for or against him. As to me, who, I solemnly protest, was always innocent during the whole time his pen and tongue took this unhappy turn, as well before as since, I could never be one month at peace for his wit; whatever was writ to ridicule him was laid at my door, and only by himself."

Swift, it must be remembered, in setting out on his literary career, made a resolution not to place his name to his productions, and neither to avow nor to consider himself accountable to any party for them. His disavowal therefore, as in the case of Butterworth, is worth nothing, and it is rather too much to give him credit for bearing meekly the attacks of Tisdall for fifteen years without returning them with interest. There cannot be a doubt as to the secret enmity and dislike manifest in Swift's letter, and that when he wrote it he had sufficient reasons for believing that "Black Tisdall," whose unodorous breath and other bodily infirmities he commemorated in song, would never be the accepted lover of the accomplished and elegant Stella: —

[1] "When a Roman was dying, the next man of kin
Stood over him gaping, to take his breath in.
Were Tisdall the same way to blow out his breath,
Such a whiff to the living were much worse than death."

"They say Black Tisdall's of your party,
And Tom and bold translator Carty."

Sir Walter Scott, whose correctness of observation and whose singular power of penetrating real motives were not surpassed by any of his greatest predecessors, expressly states that "Swift maintained a long acquaintance with Tisdall without ever liking him, and he certainly felt rivalry in the case of Stella." In other words, he made profession of the most perfect friendship; and the truth is, that the vanity and the intense desire of being admired in this extraordinary man were so great that he wished to be esteemed and beloved by two of the loveliest women of his times without incurring the cares and responsibilities of married life in a station that would have made him appear ridiculous in the eyes of his greater clerical brethren. The entire tenor of his life, his letters, and his character itself, with his infinite pride and love of dominion, support us in this opinion, not before alluded to in the innnumerable theories advanced by different editors and biographers, though both Mr. Mitford and Mr. Mason approach very closely to this supposition. The former observes that, "If Stella did not mistake the nature of Swift's attachment, she did not consider the other passions of his mind which might oppose or weaken it: of most men she probably would have judged rightly; but unfortunately she had to speculate on the motives of a person eminently singular in his temper and his thoughts, inclined to move out of the road which leads to general happiness, and to find one more congenial to his own disposition."—("Life of Swift.")

From the first, Swift's residence in Ireland appears to have been compulsory, and his repeated visits to England may be enumerated as among the "white days" of his dark and checkered life. It was the land of his hopes, of "the milk and honey" of that ambition of power which he so intensely coveted; and in 1701, with a mind confident doubtless in its own vast talents and resources, he left his lovely friends and his new parishioners without a sigh. It is singular to observe how difficult it is even for a man of extraordinary powers, under an arbitrary or a mixed form of government, to make his weight felt. It is different in republics and in limited monarchies, in which a powerful church and aristocracy have not already fixed their roots deeply and widely in the vitals of the state. Even though circumstances had in the main strangely seconded the views of Swift by his alliance and connexion with the family of Temple, by his casual insight into the history and politics of the times, and by his early acquaintance with the political characters of the day, it is a curious fact that he had made strenuous efforts to distinguish himself, as appears from his account of having burnt so many of his MS. papers, and having visited England so frequently without success. Upon his arrival this time, however (1710), he found the public mind in a state of excitement which followed the impeachment of the earls of Portland and Oxford, lord Somers and lord Halifax, on account of the part

they had taken in the partition treaty. It was upon this occasion that Swift commenced that series of political tracts upon which his fame as a great controversialist and a man of consummate tact and talent, as well as of the most enlightened views and principles as regards civil government, political economy, and a true system of finance, now so broadly rests. It was these subjects, as they in succession occurred, which supplied him with inexhaustable matter for his satire and wit; for the follies and crimes of men, and the corruptions so deeply engrafted in the systems of government, of the church, law, physic, and science — monopolies, bubble companies, and the base time-serving spirit so predominant in the journals of the extreme parties in the state — offered ample opportunities for indulging his peculiar vein. The policy which Swift appears to have had in view, and to have advocated with unremitting ardor in his conversation, in his letters, and in his more serious tracts, was that of a moderator of the extreme parties in the state, and of a high and orthodox disciplinarian in the ecclesiastical government, which he considered an integral part of it.

It was by this peculiar distinction to which he resolutely adhered in all his writings that Swift incurred the charge of having deserted the Whig principles, which he first advocated, it is asserted, in a pamphlet —the only one he ever published in their favor — to be attributed to his early connexion with Temple, and with king William and his ministers, who had certainly laid him under no obligation to volunteer his wit in their support. As some corroboration of this supposed desertion of his principles, it was brought against him by his political enemies that he had enlisted himself even by name upon the side of the then existing government, whose party he subsequently abandoned, as plainly appeared in the copy of verses addressed to the honorable Mrs. Finch, afterwards his friend and correspondent, lady Winchelsea: —

> And last my vengeance to complete,
> May you descend to take renown;
> Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
> A Whig, and one who wears a gown.

But if his accusers will only be at the pains of consulting his character of a Whig in his "Arguments against the Power of Bishops," they will perceive the weight of the distinction we have pointed out. It will be seen that of his true Whig principles throughout life there cannot be the shadow of a doubt — that the inherent love of freedom, justice, and patriotism imbued all his views of civil government, which it was the ambition of his life to reconcile to those of a high churchman; an object which, in his high enthusiasm for the amelioration of humanity and for the public good, he as vainly sought to realize as to reconcile the two rival statesmen, both of whom were his friends. But he justly accused the Whigs of dereliction of principle in their attempts to weaken and subvert the church; and the extreme Tories, with still greater justice, of aiming a death-blow at public liberty, by endeavoring to restore the

arbitrary rule for which the first Charles lost his head, and to bring about the ruin of the Whigs by an hypocritical attack upon their system of corruption, war, and debt, for which the said Tories were only ambitious of substituting the glorious reign of the pretender. It was in this spirit of conciliation—a strange delusion to gain the mastery of an intellect like Swift's, something like that of his royal academy for the improvement of the English tongue, but which at the same time proves his humane and philanthropic disposition — that he wrote, under cover of a masterly investigation into the "Contests and Dissensions of Athens and Rome," a correct and luminous review of the existing state of parties in England. It was published without the name of the author; but upon his return to Ireland, in the warmth of conversation, Swift seems to have been surprised into a confession, the only one upon record, that it was his production. It was in fact ascribed to lord Somers, to bishop Burnet, and others among the ablest Whig writers; but the bishop was compelled, by the resentment of parliament, to disown it; and Swift, who had returned to Ireland, being taunted by the bishop of Kilmore as a young inexperienced man in denying Burnet to be the author, boldly declared that he had written it. Upon his next visit to England he had no longer the same motives for concealing the authorship, and was courted by all the great Whig leaders, who, so far from considering that they had secured so powerful an ally, were startled by the singular freedom and resolution with which he reiterated the profession of his principles in church and state; a declaration which they failed to take advantage of, and recalled to mind too late, upon the dismissal of the Godolphin ministry from office.

The following passages from this able production, not unworthy the classical historians he had so long studied, will confirm the opinions we have given, and sufficiently refute the charge of a dereliction of principle which not even the Whig leaders and their partisans ventured to bring against him in the face of so frank, manly, and clear-sighted a declaration. "It was then I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory, having formerly employed myself in other, and I think much better, speculations. I talked often upon this subject with lord Somers; I told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics, and that besides I thought it impossible upon any other principles to defend or submit to the revolution; but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure; treated

the persons of particular clergymen with courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill will for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by letting all denominations of protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side, but that the connivance and encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy without any exception would unite the church as one man to oppose them, and that I doubted his lordship's friends would see the consequences of this."

It will shortly be seen how pertinaciously Swift adhered to this public avowal of his opinions and principles of action in public life, and how prophetically he foretold the signal failure of the Whigs — their shipwreck upon that very rock which he generously discovered to their view. He had small thanks from the leaders or their party, who, like all disappointed men, felt only resentment for the advice by which they had neglected to profit, and stood exposed to the just reproaches of him who had uttered it.

Early in the ensuing year king William died; and on his next arrival in London Swift found queen Anne upon the throne. The Whigs seemed to have established their power upon a firm basis, but their best friend and adviser held aloof; and it is a bold assertion to hazard, though a true one, that no government could be safe opposed to the principles adopted by Swift, both in church and state, and to the immense talents and powers of invective of one skilled in every species of political warfare by dint of long study and a practical knowledge of the motives and principles of human action.

The most interesting epoch of Swift's life is now at hand; and, like the mathematician of old, he seemed only to want a place for the fulcrum by which he could move the system of his intellectual world. He felt sensible of his rising importance, and with the certainty of waking fame he possessed hope and confidence in his increasing powers, and doubtless this was the very happiest period of his existence. His time was passed in a pleasant interchange of the calm and soul-cheering duties of religion, in a most liberal yet discriminating dispensing of charity truly astonishing if compared with his poor resources, in the chastened society of those whom he esteemed and loved, and in occasional excursions, and regular visits to England, where he soon shone distinguished above all by his vast talents and varied acquirements; awing the most abandoned political journals and fiercest critics by the just dread of his lash and the terror of his satiric fame. He had no fiery ordeal, as with most other authors, through which he was doomed to pass, although in the outset he had formed some idea of it. His fine graphic and correct picture of a young writer's progress presents a happy illustration; it was addressed about this period to his friend, Dr. Delany: —

"As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honor led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whizzing round his ears,
Will duck his head, aside will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chaps;
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print, you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head;
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries '*Lord have mercy on his soul!*'
Concluding that another shot
Would strike him dead upon the spot:
But when with squibbing, slashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe,—I mean his fame;—
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face."

It was about the same period that Swift commenced his acquaintance with Addison and other great writers of the day, in whose society he spent some of his brightest hours, unalloyed for a season with the coldness or the secret ill-will and enmity of political feeling, which Swift, the generous friend and benefactor of both parties, was anxious to avert. Steele, Arbuthnot, and the other wits, sometimes including Pope, were accustomed to assemble at Button's, and Sheridan has left us a humorous account of the doctor's first introduction to men whose names are now almost inseparably connected with his own. Though the greatness of Swift's talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation much sought after and admired, yet his name was little noised in the republic of letters. The only pieces which he had yet published were "The Battle of the Books" and "The Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome." Nor was he personally known excepting to Mr. Congreve and one or two more with whom he had contracted an intimacy at sir William Temple's. It was related by Ambrose Philips that they had for several days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour without speaking to any mortal or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without openi

his lips. They at last concluded him to be out of his senses, and the name that he went by among them was that of the mad parson. This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times upon a gentleman in boots who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advanced towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you know any good weather in the world?" After staring a little at the singularity of Swift's manner and the oddity of the question, the gentleman answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a good deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." —("Sheridan's Life.")

There are numerous other anecdotes—and perhaps more veracious—found scattered among the correspondence and other works of Swift, of which the practical jest he played off upon lady Berkeley offers a fair specimen. Being wearied with the monotonous task of reading Boyle's "Meditations" to her ladyship, he hit off an admirable imitation, entitled "Meditations upon a Broomstick," which her ladyship listened to with the utmost gravity, as a beautiful composition of the pious and learned author.

In 1704 appeared the celebrated "Tale of a Tub," which, though shown in manuscript at sir W. Temple's, and to a few of the author's friends, and kept by him during eight years, was now published without a name. The club at Button's were not a little astonished to find the eccentric parson everywhere pointed out as the writer of this unrivalled performance. It became the general topic of the day, and excited public attention in an uncommon degree. The noted Sacheverell, meeting Smallridge, flattered him by affecting to believe him the author, when the latter it is recorded replied in an indignant tone,—"Sir, not all that you and I have in the world should hire me to write 'The Tale of a Tub.'" In fact there is little doubt that it made him numerous enemies in high quarters, not excepting queen Anne and her court; and it probably proved a bar to his advancement in addition to his satiric effusions upon the favorites of the queen. "The author has reason," observed Atterbury, "to conceal himself, because of the profane strokes in that piece, which would do his reputation and interest in the world more harm than his wit would do him good." Though written to promote the interests of the high-church party, it was considered by superficial readers as profane; some even of the Tories were displeased at the freedom of the satire: both King and Wotton published answers to it, and upon the continent it was very unfairly construed by Voltaire and his followers

into a covert design to advance the cause of scepticism and infidelity. Men of judgment, taste, and literary discrimination, however, did full justice to the motives by which the great satirist was actuated; and the most able and estimable belonging to all parties were soon added to the list of his friends and admirers; while the great leaders, whether Whigs or Tories, struck with the splendid and powerful display of talent, the bold correct allegory, the vivacity of the wit, and the rapid vehement vigor of the style, became proportionally eager to secure so resistless a champion for their respective ranks. Swift might have made his own terms; but, adhering resolutely to the distinction he had made with regard to his principles of action, he was for some time afraid of joining the Tories, from the extreme violence of a section — the leaders of the October Club,—or to coalesce with the Whigs, on account of their desire to render the church completely subordinate and instrumental to objects of state. Many of Swift's intimate friends, including the heads of both parties, and in particular Addison and Steele, being perfectly aware of the peculiar views entertained by him, never dreamed of charging him with inconsistency in refusing his support to the extremes of either party, and in finally making his selection to join the ministry which acted most in unison with his views of the church. His friend Addison, who had recently published his Travels, at this period (1704–5) sent him a copy of them with expressive marks of his highest esteem and regard.[1]

Among other distinguished men with whom Swift was already intimate, not merely upon political grounds, — except so far as he was invariably the strenuous advocate of Ireland,—were lords Somers, Halifax, and Pembroke; and to his other literary connexions he shortly added the acquaintance of Prior, Parnell, Garth, Philips, and more especially Pope and Gray, to both of whom he became warmly attached.

After the appearance of "The Tale of a Tub," up to the year 1708, Swift — though actively engaged in the composition of several works, forming part of that series of political allegories which requires the exercise of the highest genius, to be brought out at the precise period to attain some definite object — remained a close but calm observer, and published few pieces of any interest. He had prepared a masterly reply to the deistical opinions of Tindal, but seems to have been deterred from its completion by more important engagements. It aims some powerful blows however at "the infidels and latitudinarians," and covertly also at the Whigs, of whose policy in regard to the church he was an uncom-

[1] In a blank leaf at the commencement of the book, Addison wrote —

"To Dr. Jonathan Swift,
The most agreeable companion,
The truest friend,
And the greatest genius of his age,
This book is presented by his
Most humble servant,
THE AUTHOR."

promising enemy. He struck hard at the alliance between low-church doctrines, dissent, and infidelity, which he considered to form part of the character of the reigning Whigs. He wished to inscribe upon his political banner the principles of high-church independence combined with civil liberty, as both forming an integral part of the British constitution, but neither to be maintained by subserviency to the other. To allay the extreme violence of parties, to prove his own consistent views, and to show how far it was impossible for him to unite with the Whigs, he wrote his "Sentiments of a Church of England Man;" a production which caused the first estrangement between him and the heads of the party then in power. He found that no efforts to reconcile high-church principles with Whig politics were likely to be attended with success; he was compelled to make his choice between two evils; and, consulting the dignity and character of his order, he considered that in joining the existing opposition he chose the least. He boldly declares the motives by which he was actuated — his veneration for the church of England, and its government by convocation upon independent interests; while at the same time he as strenuously advocates the principles of the revolution.[1] "In order," he concludes, "to preserve the constitution entire in church and state, whoever has a true value for both would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter."

Opinions like these, even more strongly than the author's "Letter on the Sacramental Test," tended farther to widen the breach between him and the Whigs, and other causes were not wanting to aggravate the soreness felt upon both sides. The influence of Harley was beginning to be felt, and the Whig leaders taking the alarm, and finding their efforts to attach Swift to their cause in vain, wisely resolved to send him out of the way. With the vacillation of a sinking party they successively designed for him the post of secretary to the embassy at Vienna, and afterwards the bishopric of Virginia, with supreme authority over the clergy of the province — both offers which in the outset of his career Swift might have listened to; but court influence and the Wharton faction in the ministry prevailed, leaving Swift fired with resentment and eagerly watching his opportunity to inflict a signal revenge. As he emphatically expresses it in his Journal, "he had more mischief in his heart," and he was bent upon "giving it to the scoundrel Whigs all round;" the recollection of Somers' coldness, Halifax's treachery, Berkeley's corrupt and base violation of his promises, with Wharton's unprincipled conduct and abandoned character, having raised a storm of indignation in his breast which only their utter disgrace and humiliation could appease. The spirit of his political animosity indeed may be said to have pervaded all his writings from this period; while, to give them

[1] "I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over-night and burn in the morning." — (Letter to col. Hunter, Jan. 12th, 1708-9.)

at once a keener edge and to secure for them a wider and more extensive range of influence, if possible to the perpetual exposure and ignominy of his enemies, he couched them in a succession of exquisitely wrought allegories, commenced with his "Tale of a Tub," and brought to still higher perfection in his "Gulliver's Travels, that wonderful illusion of intellectual painting, and his crowning triumph of the imaginative faculty. Where there exists power, the will to avenge is seldom wanting; "Vengeance is mine" is ever the motto of sovereignty in the natural as in the intellectual and moral world; and we are to remember that Swift's incentives to fiery action were newly impelled by the studied neglect and indignities cast by the Whigs upon that reformed church of which he was a member, by their corrupt and lavish expenditure, their interested and nefarious prosecution of an interminable war, and its consequent progeny of taxes, famine, and national debt. These combined causes of offence in Swift's estimation, whether well or ill founded, offered powerful instruments by which to work the utter downfall of a tottering ministry; and he availed himself of them with unscrupulous eagerness; inflicting successive blows, till with his merciless tomahawk he bore away with the merriment of the Indian warrior the scalps of the discomfited Whigs, not excepting the hero of Blenheim, who in vain expressed his anxious desire to soften the resentment of Dr. Swift.

In 1708 he followed up his first attack in a tract entitled "An Argument against Abolishing Christianity," admitted on all hands to be an exquisite specimen of successful irony. He found time also for a humorous exposure of one of the prevailing superstitions of the day, in his "Predictions for the Year 1708," under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, in which he prognosticated the death of the great soothsayer Partridge himself, which was to take place on the 29th of March, about eleven at night. The astrologer in his wrath published a serious reply, protesting that he was not dead, and that all were knaves who reported otherwise; but this only brought down on him the "Vindication of Isaac," to the no small entertainment of the public.

The success of this exquisite burlesque is said to have induced Steele to assume a *nom de guerre* of so much popular attraction, and the papers which Swift generously contributed gave support to the heavy calibre of that unlucky writer's wit, who, when left without his friend Addison and other adventitious support, sunk to the level for which nature had designed him. During the ensuing year, Swift produced his "Project for the Advancement of Religion," addressed to lady Berkeley; a project of which Johnson correctly observes that it is "formed with just purity of intention, and displayed with sprightliness and elegance; it can only be objected that, like many other projects, if not generally impracticable, it is yet evidently hopeless, as it supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, than a view of mankind gives reason for expecting." He might have added that in this singular production the author had likewise a political object; and that, while

endeavoring to inculcate the principles of religion and virtue, he still aimed at pulling down from "their bad eminence," as he conceived it, his now sworn enemies the Whigs. Immediately after its publication, Swift returned to Ireland, still actively engaged in prosecuting his political warfare, to which he doubtless attributed, with the assistance of Harley's intrigues, the ensuing fall of the Whig ministry under Godolphin and Somers, when the Tories came into power. Swift, who had spent some of his happiest hours during this visit in Addison's society, at that time secretary to lord Wharton, was roused by this event to fresh efforts, and a perfectly new scene opened upon his aspiring mind.

The Irish clergy it seems had long complained of the payment of twentieth parts and first-fruits, which had been remitted in England, but all their efforts to obtain the same boon had proved unavailing. As early as 1708 Swift had displayed his zeal and activity in the Irish convocation, and he was now invited by the lord primate of Ireland and the other bishops to negotiate with Mr. Harley, who had so successfully exerted his influence for the English clergy, and was already aware of Swift's hostility to the Whigs, and the manner in which he conceived he had, like himself, been injuriously and even insultingly treated by the heads of that powerful party. Full credentials having been prepared, Swift once more quitted his residence at Laracor, and arrived in London early in September, 1710, at a moment when party violence was at its height. There was no longer a prospect that the moderate measures he had so strenuously advocated would produce the least effect, and as his political opinions turned chiefly upon zeal for the interests of his order, he declined all further overtures from the Whigs; and as, according to his own maxim, no good citizen could remain neutral in such a situation of affairs, he chose his party, and the good fortune of the Tories prevailed.

In that interesting narrative of events and anecdotes which he now commenced ("Journal to Stella") he describes the impression produced by his appearance on the scene of action, and the efforts made by the Whig party to win back so redoubtable a champion to their camp. "All the Whigs," he says, "were ravished to see me, and would have laid hold on me as a twig to save them from sinking; and the great men were all making their clumsy apologies. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make of my ill-usage." As a further index to the motives by which he was actuated, and which bears out the judicious view taken of his conduct at this period by sir Walter Scott, we quote another passage which very significantly points to his future conduct in the fierce political struggles which ensued. "I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it would ruin the church and the clergy for ever." He had observed also with disgust that, on the approaching fall of the Whig administration, lord Wharton, who in his pride of power had treated him in the most

arrogant style, suddenly changed his demeanor and affected to caress him, with the insidious design, as Swift suspected, of bringing him into discredit with the church party. The Tories, on their side, were not without alarm, and how strong were their apprehensions of those early Whig opinions which he had been known to entertain with regard to civil policy may be inferred from the avowal of the Tory leaders themselves (June 30, 1711), in the intimacy of friendship which ensued, "that Swift was the only man in England of whom they were afraid." He had moreover experienced a cool reception from Godolphin, which he bitterly revenged by his cutting lampoon of "Sid Hamet," which met with astonishing success and was read with loud applause at Harley's table, though not then suspected to be Swift's. The circumstances attending the fall of the Godolphin ministry, accelerated by the lengths to which they carried their prosecution of Sacheverell, and the high Tory excitement which it produced throughout the nation, are too generally known to require comment, and we shall proceed with Swift's own account of his interview with the new minister, given in his correspondence with archbishop King: — "As soon as I received the packets from your grace I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me." He also states more particularly in his Journal (Oct. 4, 1710), "Mr. Harley received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable, and appointed me an hour two or three days after to open my business to him." It would appear that the new minister's courteous and bland demeanor was highly pleasing to Swift's pride, contrasted with the usage he declares he had experienced from the Whigs: he was met upon that footing of equality which his genius and temper exacted; there were no shifts or subterfuges had recourse to; a gentlemanly frankness was observed on both sides; and after inquiring into the measures the ministry meant to adopt, and finding they were moderate with regard to politics, and zealous and decided in favor of the high-church interests so much in unison with his own views, he engaged to support them with his whole heart and strength. The object of his mission necessarily led to frequent interviews with the first minister, and these afforded opportunities for a mutual confidence and respect which terminated in the most unreserved and lasting friendship. "I must tell you," he writes (Journal, October 7th), "a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee, which he immediatelg refused, and said that was no place for friends!"

In a few days he states the satisfactory progress he was making, though Harley was a man noted for his procrastinating spirit, even in

affairs that vitally concerned the interests of his administration. "Harley tells me (October 10th) he has shown my memorial to the queen and seconded it very heartily; because, said he, 'the queen designs to signify it to the bishops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you;' which he said he did to make it look more respectful to me. I believe never anything was compassed so soon; and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better." And he adds (October 14th), "I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and ten times more caressed."

Swift now clearly saw, from the extreme violence of the opposite party, that Harley's administration stood in need of every support to obtain a permanent footing both with the queen and the nation. To do this it was necessary to produce a marked change in public opinion, not only to influence but to sway the popular mind in regard to great questions which called for the most refined policy, combined with a degree of skill and dexterity which few controversialists ever possessed. It was no less than striking at the power and humbling the pride of the powerful party that had ruled alike the senate and the court, and contrived, by the illusion of military glory and the most corrupt practices, to render war and its public burdens almost popular, and by means of a national debt and a factitious moneyed interest, before unknown, to strike their fangs deep into the vitals of the state. It was, in fact, to produce a revolution in the temper and feelings of the nation that Swift now summoned his transcendent powers, and they proved equal to the herculean task he was so bold to undertake; its success fixed the Tories firmly in their seats, which they retained up to the close of queen Anne's reign. "The present ministry have a difficult task," he says (Nov. 29th, 1710), "and want me. According to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public, and therefore I am glad to contribute all that lies in my power."

The writers upon both sides now prepared for the gladiatorial struggle that was to decide the fortune of the Tories still trembling in the balance, or the permanent humiliation of their foes. No stronger testimony to the celebrity already obtained by Swift can be adduced than that the best Tory leaders in so perilous a juncture intrusted to Swift alone the entire control and conduct of their political organ the "Examiner," before supported by the combined efforts of men like St. John, Atterbury, and Prior. He hesitated not a moment, though ranged on the other side he must have beheld with pain his friends Addison and Congreve, with bishop Burnet, Steele, and Rowe. He took up the controversial flail with the strength of a giant and the resolution of a martyr, who risked all to insure the triumph of the church to which he was so attached, to support the cause he had embraced, and doubtless to wreak

his vengeance upon the men by whom he had been neglected in their prosperous day. No wonder that Addison prudently withdrew from the field; he knew the colossal power of such an adversary, the temper of his keen and trenchant blade, the resistless vigor with which he beat down every fence, and the merciless speed with which he pursued and trampled upon a routed foe. Besides, his more gentle and placid nature shrank from such an encounter with one whose genius, from his own admission, is to be placed in the highest rank, whose friendship he had cultivated, and whose respect and esteem, spite of all party feelings, he knew that he possessed.[1]

Swift's first paper of the "Examiner" appeared in little more than a month after his introduction to Harley; and he continued them till the middle of the following year, when, having attained the declared objects for which he wrote, he abandoned the undertaking as comparatively useless to his ulterior plans. During this period he grew into entire confidence with the ministry, was admitted to their privy councils held at Harley's house, and in all the great questions of state became at once their guide, philosopher, and friend, taking the unerring lead, and marshalling them the way to success with a singular foresight and sagacity bordering on the prophetic, and with a judgment which never failed him in the most trying crisis of events. The popularity of his writings at the same time was producing a gradual but decided change in public opinion, and met with almost unprecedented success. The observation made by the lord-keeper Harcourt seems very applicable to his strenuous efforts in the outset, to the effect produced by them, and to the confidential situation in which he stood as the adviser, no less than the Sampson-like champion, of their cause. "Dr. Swift," he observed, "is not only our favorite, but he is our governor" — an observation it would be difficult to believe without strong evidence besides that of Swift, and our knowledge how widely and deeply the influence of a consummate political genius and the mastery of lofty individual mind and nerve can extend. Nor was there any undue assumption in this; it was the result of his intellectual position, and until he obtained a solid footing in the ministerial confidence, upon which he could think and act, could display his real character and his power, we observe that he always conducted himself with the same courtesy and deference towards his superiors in rank as other people; requested to be admitted at the minister's levee from fear of annoying him in his affairs, and called many times upon

[1] Addison soon detected the new auxiliary, says Mr. Mitford, and retired from the field; though Dr. Johnson considers that his papers were superior to his antagonist's.

Dr. Johnson, according to Scott, overlooked the circumstance of Addison's previous retirement when he represented the controversy as conducted between Swift and his friend. The last Whig "Examiner" is dated 12th October, 1719; and No. xiii. of the "Examiner," the first written by Swift, the 2nd of November, an interval of three weeks.

him on his first arrival without seeing him. He had also expressed his fears to his friend Addison, at the same time asking his advice with regard to coming to England, and the little prospect there appeared of his being preferred in his profession by either party. How, therefore, he so soon carried it with the high and the strong hand towards the greatest personages in the state, we are at a loss to account for, except on the supposition of that strong intellectual faculty which raises its possessor to pre-eminence, subdues and commands all feebler minds, and moulds even obstacles and circumstances the most untoward to its special purpose. Soon we see he quarrels with the first minister, whose notice he had before courted with so much deference that he sent a messenger before to bespeak his regard on the ground that he was an ill-used man, as if he had been some poor traveller, without protection or the power of retaliation, suddenly set upon by Whig highwaymen and robbers. Harley must have smiled at this politic and modest demeanor in a man of the doctor's character; and the affected deference for the advice of Addison when he had doubtless made up his own mind equally shows the manner in which he concealed his opinion of his own powers and the objects he had in view. But once raised upon the shoulders of the men in power his genius rose equal to the occasion, beyond the expectations of those most interested in his success, and far beyond even the dread of enemies who fell under the lash of his withering satire. So deeply and justly did he feel offended at the premier sending him a bank-bill for 50*l.* that he refused to take him into favor unless he made an apology (one seldom required on that score), and as a farther humiliation sent the prime minister of Great Britain into the house with a message to the secretary to inform him that Dr. Swift could not dine with him that day if he dined late. And in another part of his Journal he warns St. John "not to appear cold to him at any time, for he would not be treated like a school-boy; that he would not bear it from a crowned head, and he thought no subject's favor worth it."

There can be no doubt that a man who took these freedoms must have felt his power, and how indispensable that power was conceived to be for maintaining in their seats those who could brook such airs as the price of their existence as a ministry. Nor did he only exact this marked respect for himself; he set up a new standard for the conduct of the court and aristocracy towards men of talent and merit, as in the case of Parnell and his other friends, very different to any observed in the days of Butler or Dryden. He would have the ministers to consider it their duty as well as an honor to court the society of men of genius and worth, on higher grounds and from nobler motives than the obsequious flatteries and mean compliances they had been accustomed to receive; and this example, seconded by writers of high talent and independent feeling, like Pope and Addison, first emancipated our literature from its degrading servility to rank and power, and transferred it to the patronage of the public and the world. If he sometimes carried

this spirit to undue lengths, and excercised the powers he had grasped with harshness, let us remember the cold insulting receptions he first met with from the Whigs, and the manner in which it is equally clear the Tory ministry would also have treated him and his friends if he had chosen to submit to their terms instead of assuming this high and independent deportment.

"I dined to-day," he says (Nov. 11, 1710), "by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made *me his excuses* for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose the advancing of money to government. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner, and upon an occasion the secretary said to him, 'The best thing I ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift Vanbrugh;' which I do not reckon so very good neither: but Prior was damped till I stuffed him with two or three compliments. He told me among other things that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him." Had this ministry stood upon a firmer basis probably they would have shown Swift less deference and respect, but they felt the want of both his political sagacity and controversial talent, and doubtless humored him "up to the top of his bent." Harley, after the defeat of the Whigs, had to guard against those of his own party who were determined Jacobites or high-flying Tories, resolved not only on victory but revenge; and to balance the furious activity of the factions, which at length under St. John's guidance undermined his power, he kept in place a considerable number of the Whig party. Swift early saw and warned him of the peril to which he was exposed, not so much from this temporising policy, to which he was favorable till the ministry gained strength and confidence, but from the discord between the leaders to which it gave rise. This, from the beginning he pronounced, would be the rock upon which the ministry would split; "It stood," he said, "like an isthmus, between the Whigs on one side and the violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them." It is only surprising how, with such elements to contend against, they continued, supported even by Swift's pilot genius and judgment, to weather the storm so long as they did; but not a day or hour passed in which he was not attempting in some way to steer them clear of the dangers that threatened on all sides. It would seem, however, that misunderstandings were the order of the day, from which the great pilot himself was not exempt; for he broke out into mutiny, and declared that he would desert the ship. "Mr. Harley (Feb. 6, 1710–11) desired me to dine with him again to-day, but I refused him; for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends." He had been insulted by the offer of a bank-bill, and adds, (Feb. 7,) "I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent him, desiring to be recon

ciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him and let him know I expected further satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off." Swift accordingly received the apologies which he conceived due to the position in which he stood, and Harley and his friend and adviser became more intimate than before the failure of this attempt to place the latter on the footing of a hireling writer.

It would seem that he treated St. John with equal and even greater freedom when occasion called for it, and says (Feb. 25), "I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir T. Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before. So we laughed, &c." It would appear, however, that the secretary also knew how to take his revenge, for we are told "he put a cheat upon the doctor" by intercepting six dozen of excellent Burgundy which Lord Peterborough had sent to be forwarded to Swift's cellar; but the secretary was "never quiet till they were all gone, so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds."

No time was lost in preparing for a trial of strength between the two great contending parties, and Swift was constant in his attendance at the premier's weekly council. "I dined with Mr. Harley to-day" (March 3, 1710–11). "Every Saturday lord-keeper, secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. I stayed with Mr. Harley till nine, when we had much discourse together after the rest were gone, and I gave him very truly my opinion when he desired it."

That opinion was often wanted, for the Whig leaders had prepared a powerful opposition and renewed their intrigues more assiduously than ever at court. Lord Somers was known to have been more than once closeted with the queen; the duchess of Somerset, far more artful and insinuating than her predecessor the duchess of Marlborough, now held the key; the extreme Tories took the alarm, headed by their October Club, and were urging the ministers to adopt bolder measures. To restrain their ardor, and at the same time to counteract the Whig efforts, was now the double task of Swift, and he girded up his loins to the combat with the spirit of a partisan determined to spare no means to pull down his enemies and to load them with obloquy and contempt. With this view he scrupled not to attack their characters, spared not their private history; their foibles, their vices, were all rendered subordinate to the writer's triumph, impelled by the fiery spirit of the polemic, carried to a height which no powers of genius and wit should perhaps be allowed to sanction or excuse. Marlborough, Godolphin, Sunderland, Cowper, and Walpole, were treated with the utmost freedom

from all respect of person, in a way hitherto unpractised: their weaknesses, avarice, or corruption, were boldly exposed, and, as regarded private affairs, with an acrimony and violence by no means justifiable. These repeated attacks on their main positions from the "Examiner" were made more murderous and annoying from a continual running fire kept up by his poetic wit and humor in a rapid series of pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers, under the management of writers whom he termed his understrappers. Godolphin, still smarting under "Sid Hamet's Rod," was only kept in countenance by the more bitter lampoons discharged at the "virtuous Somers" and his old enemy the earl of Wharton, in "A short Character" of him and his Irish government, in the course of which the author expresses his regret that the facts he brought against the latter were chiefly of a moral and flagitious character, which exceeded their political criminality, so artfully conducted as unfortunately not to afford grounds for the legal impeachment which he so well deserved. This desperate and uncompromising hostility, so little expected, seemed to astound the Whigs and carry terror in their ranks; but the advantages to have been reaped from it were lost by the outbreak of fresh divisions in the Tory camp. With some difficulty he reconciled the jealous leaders, and, following up his blows against the enemy in quick succession, brought out his tract in defence of Harley, "Remarks upon a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Greg," his "Advice to the Members of the October Club;" and was already directing his thoughts towards that revolution in public opinion to which he so greatly contributed—the opening of negotiations for the establishment of peace.

Among the most interesting events alluded to in his Journal from the commencement of this first campaign — hardly less arduous than that of his great enemy Marlborough — we meet with the following passages, highly characteristic of the towering pride and ambition, as well as the zealous indefatigable spirit, of the writer. "I have taken (Feb. 13th) Mr. Harley into favor again;" and being farther conciliated by their bland deference and wise submission to his councils, his vanity breaks out again in this self-sufficient but frank avowal. (Feb. 17th.) "The ministers are good honest hearty fellows: I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. They call me nothing but Jonathan, and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a minister do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so, but I care not."

How closely he observed the conduct and demeanor of the men engaged in the bold and perilous cause in which he was embarked, staking reputation and future prospects, and nailing as it were his colors to the mast-head, is apparent from the following brief remarks:—"I dined (April 1, 1711) with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps

something is gone wrong — perhaps there is nothing in it." And it is amusing to see how he followed up any idea that once took possession of him: — "I called at Mr. Secretary's to see what the d—l ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper speech — told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I expected every great minister who honored me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behavior." As early as March 1710 he appears to have laid down the true policy of the ministry, and to have pondered the best measures for carrying that policy into effect. "This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have a peace, whether it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. . . . . They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind to me gave him ease." Swift's precautions, however, had disarmed their opponents of half their power by conciliating the members of the October Club,[1] who wished to push matters to an extreme; he had foiled all his opponents by the mingled vigor, wit, and irony of his "Examiners:" and having again renewed the campaign, he was already preparing notes for his masterly treatises upon "The Conduct of the Allies." "Lord Rivers," he says, "talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the 'Examiner' for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore if their advice was followed they would be blown up in twenty-four hours: and I have reason to think they will endeavor to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are two men thought on, one of whom you have often met the name of in my letters." The chief danger, however, arose from want of concert and confidence in the leaders themselves. Harley was reserved and mysterious, became dilatory from having too great a weight of business upon his hands, and feared to trust his colleagues; while St. John, equally hot and active, was jealous, moody, and indignant. The high Tories of one faction were suspected of being favorable to the succession of the chevalier de St. George, headed by Bolingbroke, Ormond, and perhaps Rivers; and Harley, on the other hand, having, like Swift, been brought up with the Whigs, was disposed to moderate measures and in favor of the house of Hanover. "The Whigs whisper," he writes (Aug. 23d, 1711), "that

[1] They consisted of about two hundred members of parliament, and met at the Bell tavern, in King-street, Westminster.

our ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk of the secretary. They have some reason for their whispers, though I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the aspect of things. I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times." Though St. John was a man of great abilities, active, prompt, and vigorous, his love of pleasure, his jealousy, and ambition, were as serious obstacles to business as the too great caution and delay of his colleague. "The deuce is in the secretary," exclaimed Swift, quite out of humor (Oct. 31, 1711); "when I went to him this morning he had people with him, but says we are to dine with Prior today, and then will do all our business in the afternoon. At two Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton; sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers—teazing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, and slipping opportunities."

Owing to these and other causes, notwithstanding Swift's efforts, the affairs of the Tories wore an unpromising aspect. The Whigs were on the alert, and resolved to omit no opportunity to compass the ruin of their adversaries. The affair of the peace was one of extreme difficulty; popular opinion was in favor of the war, and it called for equal skill and daring to meet the opposition, with the lustre of Marlborough's victories fresh upon them, upon such ground, with any rational hopes of success. Swift saw that before venturing to hint a peace it would be necessary to point out such extravagant expense and imposition in conducting the war as would lead indirectly to disgust the nation with the conduct of the general and of the ministers who managed it. It would be necessary to conciliate different parties, and to obtain the full support of the country interest, so as to carry a decided majority in the house of commons. For these reasons Swift exerted his utmost care and judgment in drawing up his celebrated tracts entitled 'The Conduct of the Allies," which produced so sudden and decided a change in public opinion regarding the war, that the ministry were almost immediately enabled to carry their ulterior measures into effect. Within less than a month 17,000 copies are stated to have been sold; seven editions of the treatise having been printed in England and three in Ireland. The Tory members in both houses who spoke drew all their arguments from it, and the resolutions which passed were little more than quotations from it; in consequence of which the ministy gained a majority of 150, while the public feeling from without was still more loudly expressed. The importance, indeed, of Swift's exertions at this time seems to have made a deep impression upon the ministry, who had now time to breathe, to mature their plans, and, if diligent, wise, and cautious, as it was his great object to render them, to consolidate the power they had acquired. He set them the best example by performing everything he undertook with scrupulous exactness, care, and business-like promptitude, in theory

or action; letting no opportunity escape him of urging the ministers to keep pace with him in carrying out the details of their plans. He told them boldly to their faces of their faults, sometimes in a serious, at others in a jocose mood, and above all things entreated them to preserve a good understanding. There are many little anecdotes which show with how much freedom as well as wit and good-humor, his intercourse with the great men of the day was carried on. Swift had received a present of a curious snuff-box from colonel Hill, beautifully painted with a variety of figures, which he showed to lord Oxford, who, after having examined the workmanship, turned up the bottom of the box, where he spied a figure resembling a goose studded on the outside of the box; upon which, turning to Swift, he said, "Jonathan, I think the colonel has made a goose of you." — "It is true, my lord," replied Swift; "but if you will look a little farther you will see I am driving a snail before me;" which indeed happened to be the device. "That's severe enough, Jonathan," said my lord, "but I deserved it." The Tory ministry, in fact, might consider themselves fortunate at such a juncture to possess a monitor who would thus faithfully and wittily remind them of their errors; a coadjutor to supply their want of tact and concert; an advocate to maintain their cause with the people, and to hold their powerful enemies at bay. His strong natural sagacity, rendered more penetrating by his close observations upon human nature, saw dangers at a distance, and more than compensated for the absence of that local and technical acquaintance with routine and details which might have interfered with the keenness of his intellectual vision. It is singular that although in many instances when the events took place, he reminded the ministers of his warnings and predictions, it seemed to produce very little effect upon their future movements. They had already had more than one miraculous escape, when their ruin soon after the meeting of parliament appeared inevitable; and had not so powerful a champion turned the tide of public opinion, and thrown round them the shield of his invincible wit and satire, the Whigs had so prepared their measures as to have supplanted the new men both in the court and the parliament. By his dexterous conduct he had placed the Whigs in a false position, and even rendered them obnoxious by his exposure of their motives in carrying on the war; he prevented the ministers coming to an open rupture at the most critical moment; and by the rapidity with which he followed up his attacks till the conclusion of a peace, he allowed the opposition no time to recover breath, making fresh appeals and exposing them to the people with all the powers of argument and ridicule of which he was master. Thus, his friend Prior having been sent on a secret mission to France, Swift instantly seized the moment, turning the incident, upon its accidentally transpiring, to the best account; smoothing the way and preparing the minds of men for the pacific overtures that were to follow. He wrote a little tract purporting to give an account of Prior's journey, full of the most natural and hi-

morous incidents, but concealing under the guise of an actual journey the allusions and arguments necessary for his purpose. He correctly represented how England was considered the dupe of her allies, and bore nearly the whole burden of the war, of which her allies and her enemies finally reaped the whole advantage. It met with astonishing success, enabled the grand question of the peace to be carried smoothly and satisfactorily on, raised the ministry in public opinion, and gave the author leisure to look round and pursue one or two favorite plans wholly unconnected with politics. He had already succeeded in the affair of remission of the Irish first-fruits, and would have obtained still further boons, owing greatly to the popularity of several of his early tracts relating to the government and discipline of the church, had not the jealousy of the Irish prelacy, endeavoring to deprive the premier of the merit of these concessions, interfered with his purpose. It had long been his favorite project to form an academy to establish the English language upon some more solid foundation. With this view he published a proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English tongue, conveyed in a letter to the lord-treasurer. But the plan which he wished to institute for the success of his purpose has been considered exceedingly defective; Swift's knowledge of the ancient languages is supposed to have been limited, and it is justly remarked by Mr. Mitford that the purity of a language will never be preserved by the laws of an academy; writers themselves participate in the causes of its change, and have neither the power to effect its renewal nor to delay its decline. Other and more pressing objects likewise soon engaged Swift's own attention and that of the ministry; and though we are told that the plan met with Harley's concurrence, it fell to the ground.

During this period of active exertion (1710–1712), in which Swift's unrivalled talents, at once brilliant and profound, had placed him in the first rank of political writers, the ministers had not failed to express their sense of the obligations he had conferred by recommending him for promotion; but the intrigues of the duchess of Somerset and the interference of the archbishop of York prevailed with her majesty, in addition to certain prejudices she had imbibed against the doctor, to bestow the vacancies elsewhere. Swift now re-entered the field of controversy with unsubdued spirit and resolution; and the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," a splendid and masterly piece of satire, made its appearance. "We have no quiet," he observes (Oct. 26, 1711), "with the Whigs; they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance very soon. I have written a paper which the ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas it is certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction." So great was the alarm and indignation of the opposition on the publication of this

last tract, that a portion of them, the Scotch lords, incensed at some national reflections, went in a body to complain of the author to the queen. A proclamation was accordingly issued, with a reward of 300*l.* for his discovery; but by the exertions of lord Oxford, further proceedings were dropped.

Upon the meeting of parliament, 7th December, 1711, Swift's apprehensions of the queen's weakness and the counter-influence of the Whigs at court proved only too well founded. As forming the most interesting portion of his political life, it will be desirable to give the events as they occurred in his own words. "The earl of Nottingham began and spoke against a peace, desiring that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain, which was debated and carried by the Whigs, by about six voices, in a committee of the whole house." This result astounded the boldest partisans of the ministry, with the exception of Swift, who had forewarned them what would happen if the heads failed to act in concert and exert their utmost influence with the court. The queen's conduct tended to increase the alarm. "When the queen was going from the house of lords, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord-chamberlain, asked her majesty whether he or the great chamberlain, Lindsey, ought to lead her out? She answered short, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house against a peace."

In consequence of this supposed change of sentiments in her majesty, the clause was carried the next day in the house of lords almost two to one. — "The partisans of the old ministry" ("History of the Peace of Utrecht"), he says, "triumphed loudly and without any reserve, as if the game were their own. The earl of Wharton was observed in the house to smile and to put his hands to his neck when any of the ministry were speaking, by which he would have it understood that some heads were in danger. Parker, the chief-justice, began already with great zeal and officiousness to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers written in defence of the administration; in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in every countenance of that party."

It would appear at this juncture that the fall of the ministry was inevitable, but having already been indebted to the exertions of Swift for their preservation they again looked to him for aid, which, if they had made a good use of his advice and the popular influence of his writings, they would not then have stood in need of. The ascendency he had obtained and that extensive patronage which gave him the power, as he said, of serving every one but himself, were now at their height, and the stirring scenes that followed will be best conveyed in his own words, as strongly characterising the motives and objects of the contending parties.

"On the other side, all well-wishers to the church, the queen, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark

both of his enemies' fury and the censure of his friends. Among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others to his immeasurable public thrift. Both parties agreed that a first minister, with very moderate skill in affairs, might easily have governed the events; and some began to doubt whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, were what he justly deserved." It must have been painful for Swift to make these severe but just remarks, attached as he was to the interests of the lord-treasurer, and sensible how closely his own prospects were blended with his success. The ensuing interview between them is one of the most striking of the kind upon record; it brings admirably both their characters into display; and it is curious to observe that Swift takes him to task rather like a monitor annoyed at the failure of his pupil than a friend prepared to sympathise with him on his misfortune. "Mr. Masham begged us to stay because lord-treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humor, as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him if he would secure it me a week I would set all right. He asked how? I said I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing but that he could not help it if people would lie and forswear: a poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, 'That the hearts of kings are unsearchable.' I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me." He goes on to say (Journal, Dec. 8th, 1711), "This is all your d—d d—l of Somerset's doing. I warned the ministers of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since. The secretary always dreaded it. I told lord-treasurer I should have the advantage of him, for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave."

Swift, who had already shown his statesmanlike power and judgment in drawing up the celebrated "Representation of the House of Commons on the State of the Nation," and the well-timed address of thanks to the queen, now set his whole mind and thoughts upon retrieving as quickly as possible the ground the ministry had lost. Instead of being daunted at the perilous aspect of affairs he vigorously applied himself to bring fresh accessions of popular opinion, while the premier, with equal firmness, took measures to strengthen his influence with the queen. Alluding to his promptitude and courage, Swift, as if eager to do justice to the great qualities displayed by Oxford at this eventful juncture, says, "He never wanted a reserve upon any emergency which would appear desperate to others;" and the correctness of this opinion was speedily shown by his not only becoming reinstated in the queen's favor, but ac-

quiring influence sufficient to dismiss his most formidable adversaries. While the fate of the ministry still trembled in the balance, Swift kept his word with the lord-treasurer of answering for the stability of his ministry if he would ensure him his staff of office for a week, by the admirable tact and vigor with which he pushed the Whigs and excited the popular mind in favor of the peace and other essentials to the consolidation of the Oxford administration. It is quite evident that Swift was greatly alarmed at this crisis, even more moved than the premier himself, at the sudden eclipse of his rising power and prospects; that he gives the ministers full praise for tact and resolution, and by no means arrogates for himself higher merit and influence in producing the increased stability of the Tory government than his exertions seem to have sanctioned. Yet many of his biographers, and in particular a noble author who prepared the way for Johnson and his disciples, question the reality of Swift's influence with the ministry, though it is more difficult to challenge his reputation and popular fame both with the English and the Irish public. He is supposed by them to have been amused only by the ministry with the shadow, not the substance, of a great and influential name; that he assumed the airs of a patron instead of acting the part of a friend; affected to perform greater services than he ever did or could; was suspected and shunned by Addison, and laughed at by Steele and other leading Whigs; nay, that Harley and St. John themselves never permitted him to see deeper than the surface. Nothing can be more amusing than to observe these futile suggestions of surviving envy and malice in those destitute of honesty and magnanimity sufficient to admit their own immeasurable inferiority, and the possibility of the bare existence of an intellectual vigor, acumen, and abundant wit, so far transcending what are met with in the mass of mankind. "He was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow—the substance was detained from him. He was employed, not trusted; and at the same time that he imagined himself a subtile diver, who dexterously shot down into the profoundest regions of politics, he was suffered only to sound the shallows nearest the shore, and was scarce admitted to descend below the froth at the top."—(Orrery's "Remarks on the Life of Swift.") In reply to this strange and confused invective, in which the falseness of the incongruous images, and metaphors stumbling upon metaphors, is not an unsuitable vehicle for the accusations they contain, it may be remarked that the men who received the benefit of Swift's exertions were fully as able to form an estimate of them as his lordship, and that, if they entertained designs unknown to their adviser respecting the succession, or any other,—a very improbable supposition,—it was only the more honorable to the character of the latter, showing their respect and deference for the superior ability and integrity of him whom they dared not to intrust with their dangerous doctrines. His labors in their cause are the best refutation of imputed want of influence and knowledge; while

the extreme popularity of his works, his appeasing the continual discord and mutiny in the Tory camp, the painful confidence he complains of in having to reconcile the leaders themselves, his rendering innocuous the powerful October Club, his successful effort of bringing over the nation to listen to peace and to behold with apathy the dismissal of Marlborough himself from all his commands, and the fall of Somerset and the old favorites of the queen, — results following the skilful and masterly expositions in Swift's tracts on the war,—present an array of facts which no theories far more ingenious than lord Orrery's have yet been able to shake.

The lofty eminence to which Swift's powerful talents had now raised him seems to have excited the jealousy or ill-feeling of some of his early friends and ablest contemporaries. Addison, Steele, Henley, Philips, Rowe, and others of less account belonging to the Whig party, felt themselves completely thrown into the shade by one man standing alone and conspicuous, the great champion of his party; a writer too who had risen by the sheer force of wit and talent, independent and unconnected with literary or political partisanship, and by whom those who had not prudently retired from the conflict had been grievously overthrown. It is singular that, situated as they were, the great literary leaders of their respective parties, and both men eminently endowed with surpassing qualities of mind though of a different texture, Swift and Addison, under the strong circumstances which impelled them, never came into political collision, or allowed the madness of party to produce more than a temporary coldness, which ended in even a warmer friendship. In the history of political contests this is a gratifying fact, honorable alike to both parties, but more particularly so to Addison, who, instigated by the most amiable and praiseworthy motives not less than from policy, sacrificed to his regard and reverence for genius and friendship the honors to be reaped from political controversy — most probably the mortification of defeat. For Swift was no respecter of persons, whether of friend or foe, when the stern dictates of supposed duty influenced his conduct; and there cannot be a doubt that, had Addison so far mistaken his character as to have crossed his path, he must have shared the same fate as Swift's more humble adversaries. Policy and good feeling alike dictated the course he pursued; and we trace the same respect and deference as to a superior genius, so wise, and at the same time amiable, in his whole correspondence with Swift, even when the latter seems to place to Addison's account the puerile obstinacy, folly, and ingratitude of Steele's conduct. He observed the same uniform delicacy and respect to the close of his career, in regard to avoiding every occasion likely to produce unpleasant feelings or give offence; while Swift on his side conducted himself with equal disinterestedness and magnanimity under Steele's worst provocations, — interceding for Addison's friends with the ministry, though in open enmity with himself, and engaging that

Addison's own interest should be held inviolate. If any confirmation of facts like these, so honorable to both, and affording so complete a refutation of the calumnies heaped upon Swift, were wanting, it is to be found in Addison's own correspondence under his own hand. In a letter written a little previous to this period, which shows the delight he took in Swift's society, and does justice to those social qualities and high characteristics which made him so much courted by the ingenious and well-informed of all ranks — not excepting the highest — we trace in every line the regard in which this great man was held by his amiable contemporary. — "I have run so much in debt with you that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore shall throw myself wholly upon your good-nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is past, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at Dublin, and do not at all regret the leaving of England, while I am going to a place where I shall have the satisfaction and honor of Dr. Swift's conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. I hope to be at Holyhead by the 30th inst. Lady Wharton stays in England. I suppose you know that I obeyed all the bishop of Clogher's commands in relation to Mr. Smith; for I desired Mr. Dawson to acquaint you with it. I must beg my most humble duty to the bishop of Clogher. I heartily long to eat a dish of bacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. Steele and I often drink your health. I am forced to give myself the airs of a punctual correspondence with you in discourse with your friends at St. James's coffee-house, who are always asking me questions about you when they have aimed to pay their court to me, who love and esteem you if possible as much as you deserve.

"Yours entirely, "J. ADDISON."

St. James's Place, April, 1710.

There was no one in whose society Swift took more unalloyed pleasure, or of whom he entertained a higher opinion for the sterling qualities of heart and mind, even after the divisions of party gave rise to some degree of restraint and coldness. The letter he received previous to his departure for England, soon after the tidings of his mother's death,[1] displays on the part of Addison a degree of regard and affection of which, with the exception of Tickell, he gave no other example in the course of either his literary or political connexions.

[From Mr. Addison to Dr. Swift].

"DEAR SIR. — I am just now come from Finglass, where I have been drinking your health and talking of you with one who loves and

[1] "I have now lost," says Swift, "my barrier between me and death: God grant that I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there." (Copied from Swift's memorandum-book for 1710.)

admires you better than any man in the world, except your humble servant. We both agree in a request that you will set out for Dublin as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the place disagreeable, and cannot imagine why it should appear so now more than it did last year. You know I look upon everything that is like a compliment as a breach of friendship; and therefore shall only tell you that I long to see you, without assuring you that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's, or that I am with the most inviolable sincerity, dear sir, your most faithful, most humble, and most obedient servant, "J. ADDISON."

It would appear from both these letters, as well as from the general tenor of his friend's correspondence, that Swift's temper and disposition even during his prouder days were by no means of the austere or unamiable kind so generally attributed to him, but that he was distinguished for his engaging manners, his social genius, and good nature, as well as kindness of heart and almost universal charity. From that strange compound of wit and folly, Henley, who subsequently smarted under his satire, we gather testimonies to his good and gentle qualities in the following expressive language: — "I should not have presumed to imagine that you would deign to cast an eye on anything proceeding from so mean a hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candor and sweetness of temper for which you are so justly celebrated by all good men, as the *deliciæ humani generis;* and I make no question but, like your predecessor (an emperor again), you reckon every day as lost in which you have not an opportunity of doing some act of beneficence." — (About 1709 or 1710.)

Other testimonials from the great Whig writers of the day, expressing their veneration for Swift's surpassing genius, and their regard for his virtues and merits as a man, might be adduced without number, did not matters more important than the envy and malignity of inferior minds claim our attention. The gradual coolness which supervened between him and the Whigs appears upon a dispassionate view of the correspondence between them to have been chiefly owing to the jealousy and even ingratitude of the latter, who, after Swift had engaged the ministry to retain them in their places, turned round upon the first opportunity against their benefactor, wholly neglected and abandoned him upon a change of fortune, and have been handed down in his own memoranda as examples of the truth of Rochefoucault's maxim, that "to make ingrates you have only to confer obligations." We learn from numerous passages in the Journal that the coolness and estrangement of which Swift complains soon extended in some degree to Addison,—commenced wholly upon the side of the latter, and must have been produced by that consciousness of inferiority so clearly shown by his cautious withdrawal from the controversy, and his abandonment of an office for which he was so little qualified. If we consider also that he stood at the head — at the literary head at least — of the opposition, that from a chief mover

in the stirring scene he became an unwilling "Spectator," directing his attention wholly to literary trifles, — the tittle-tattle adapted for the meridian of the petty coteries of the hour, which only once elicited the good-humored raillery of Swift,—it was natural that a man in Addison's position should feel a little annoyed and thrown off his balance. Of this we could adduce many curious instances; while Swift, on the other hand, tried every art, consistent with what he had conceived to be his public duty, to protect and recommend the discomfited literary adherents of the Whigs. Congreve, Rowe, Philips, Steele, and Addison himself, were more than once indebted to his generous intercession; and he even threw his ample shield round those most exposed to the vengeance and antipathy of the ministry. With equal violation of principle and decorum, Steele, while he retained office under them, secretly attacked the Oxford administration with the utmost virulence. Under the stupid allegory of a change of managers at a theatre, he or Henley gave the character of Harley as that of a low intriguer who had wormed himself into the chief management to the detriment of the good old actors, and opened the way to foreign pretenders. He would have been deservedly cashiered for this absurd and impertinent attack upon those whose interests he was bound to defend; and he would have lost both his valuable offices of gazetteer and commissioner of stamp-duties, had not Swift, as he expressly states, risked his own reputation with the ministry to secure him the possession of the latter.[1] This disinterested act however, with the christian temper and self-command which, added to Steele's violent conduct, placed it out of Swift's power, as he justly states, either to retaliate upon him or to speak more in his favor, instead of conciliating seemed only to redouble Steele's ire, and from that time he threw off all decency and restraint in his language towards his former friend and his benefactor. Though he must have been aware that Swift had given up the direction of the "Examiner" at the forty-fifth number of the work, in the "Guardian" (No. 53) he attacks Swift in a tone of anger and affected contempt, pretending to class him with the notorious Mrs. Manley and other assistants of the "Examiner," scarcely scrupling to charge him with infidelity—which he knew must be the most galling of all imputations to a man who so far regulated his conduct by his religious convictions, that his benevolence and charity were the result not of mere good-nature, but of principle and obedience to the divine laws. Swift felt the insult too deeply to enter into a vulgar controversy with "one who had put it out of his power to injure him by the obligations he had received;" but he fully vindicated himself in a letter to Addison, asserting his ignorance of any charges of the kind, even of the person of the editor of the "Examiner;" but which had only the effect of producing from Steele a still more angry and petulant reply. During the whole of this idle and unseemly contest on Steele's part, in which he seems to have been countenanced by Addison, the superiority of temper

[1] See the correspondence between Swift and Steele, and Swift and Addison.

as well as of argument must strike every impartial reader as leaning to Swift's side; while jealousy and disappointed ambition are but too conspicuously displayed on the other.

The "Letter upon the English Language" was not the only literary publication which Swift found leisure to publish during the stirring period that ensued. As each of his productions was dictated by occasion or directed to some political end or purpose — to the agreeable or the useful, in compliance with the precept of Horace — as well as to retaliate upon some unfortunate lord or great man who had incurred his displeasure, he threw off ballads, tracts, poems, and contributions to various papers, with an ease and rapidity which must have astonished the public had they appeared with his own name. But his known contempt for mere literary fame, and disregard of his own productions beyond the precise object they were intended to accomplish, when he "whistled them down the wind to prey at fortune," was the cause of annoyance and vexation to him during his lifetime, and of more serious inconvenience and mischief after his decease. Needy or rapacious men, who hang upon the skirts of genius like vultures upon the march of some noble army, took advantage of his remissness, and published for their own advantage — often with and sometimes without the author's consent — productions which, either separately or embodied in a proper form, would have made a very handsome addition to Swift's income. He was notwithstanding economical and desirous of increasing his resources; and we can only account for his apparent indifference on this head by his pride, his noble desire of standing on high and independent ground, without laying himself open to the suspicion of being actuated by the sordid love of gain in his professed principles, his political views, or his mere literary efforts. Actuated by such motives, instead of protecting he took pride in bestowing his copyright either on his friends or those printers or booksellers for whom he had any regard. He presented Steele with several able papers for the "Tatler," assigned over to his friend Pope his share in a new edition of the "Miscellanies," and made all his writings in fact subservient to the interest or objects of others; while he felt so little of the usual vanity of authors that, except in one instance,[1] he never seemed ambitious of claiming for himself even the just fame to which he was entitled. It was in this way that the publication of his "Miscellanies" first took place in the year 1711, by John Morphew, without Swift's name and most probably without his knowledge. At the same time the publisher brought them out respectably, and had the grace in a preface to apologize for the liberty he had taken with the author in giving these pieces to the world without his consent. From his observations to Stella it seems that he had himself contemplated the publication subsequently brought out by Pope—was annoyed at this spurious edition — and had some doubt that Tooke, with whom

[1] When he was provoked by some lacerating reflection upon his youth and inexperience to own himself the author of "Athens and Rome," &c.

he was in communication, had some share in the undertaking in that imperfect form.

The "History of the Peace of Utrecht," executed about this period with the view of strengthening the hands of the ministry, can hardly be regarded as a mere literary composition. Here was the strong foundation upon which the Oxford ministry calculated to raise the edifice of a more permanent power than their first weak hold upon the court and nation had promised. Without the talents of Swift to prepare as well as to defend pacific measures, it was impossible to mature their plans; for though Swift had succeeded in reconciling the popular mind to a peace, it was a different task to make its conditions palatable with a powerful opposition eager to excite commotion and to arraign the motives and rebut the arguments of the writer. This work, subsequently merged in the "Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign," was composed with great rapidity, every facility in regard to materials and the details having been supplied by his friends the ministers. At the moment it was completed fresh divisions broke out in the administration; Oxford and Bolingbroke viewed matters in so different a light that they refused to concur in some particular statements; and afraid of still further widening the breach, the author was induced to postpone its publication. He observes in one of his letters (to Miss Vanhomrigh, July 8, 1713), "I verily think if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace, the ministry might have avoided what has since happened." It is evident indeed from many circumstances that Swift foresaw the downfall of the ministry long before the actors who were deeply engaged in the state drama, like the spectator calmly contemplating the game of which he sees more than the players. It was this knowledge that determined him to lose no time in employing such influence as he possessed for the welfare and happiness of others, if he could not succeed, as now seemed probable, in promoting his own interest with the ministry. The benefits he conferred upon men of worth and talent at this period, and the sums he raised to relieve the unfortunate and necessitous, raised him in the esteem of men of all parties, whom in a little time he succeeded in bringing together and meeting in a club under the affectionate appellations of relations and brothers, upon the avowed principle of affording relief to the worthy and distressed. Such facts of themselves supply sufficient proof that he was not elated with success and the reputation he had acquired, that he was actuated by the same motives, by the same calm, benevolent, and compassionate disposition, which made him fly to the relief of the afflicted or the oppressed, regardless of his own engagements, risks, or sufferings. The Whig Congreve was received by lord Oxford with such marked attention at Swift's particular request, as excited his astonishment and gratitude. "And thus," observes his benefactor with a feeling of unalloyed pleasure, "I have made a worthy man easy, and that's a good day's work." Instances of the kind are profusely scattered throughout his

Journal, and in one place he specifies his meeting with the philanthropical society alluded to:—"I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen: it was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and lord-treasurer has promised me 100*l.* to reward some others." On the 13th again he adds, "I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors. I was naming some time ago to a certain person another certain person that was very deserving and poor and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me 100*l.* to give the other. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise, for I think it a handsome present enough. . . . I paid the hundred this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver."

The interview, likewise, which Swift brought about between Parnell and the premier, and subsequently between Addison and lord Bolingbroke, when they dined together at the house of the latter, shows Swift's uniform desire to promote amity between excellent and distinguished individuals, of whatever party. He usually conceived also that the ministers should make the first advances, so that, he observes, the lord-treasurer should desire to become acquainted with Parnell, not Parnell with the minister. In the instance of Pope, now fast emerging into popular fame, he exerted himself with all the affectionate energy of a parent; took his fortunes under his special care and protection, and by his active zeal and success opened the way for that lasting mutual respect and friendship which ended only with their lives. It was the same with regard to Gay and Arbuthnot, the last of whom, though he stood in no need of patrons, was indebted for the most delightful hours he spent, and for the relief afforded to the tedium of a fatal disease, to the kind and social qualities of his friend Swift. It is well known that the celebrated Berkeley, afterwards bishop of Cloyne, dated his rise in the world to the generous and disinterested support of Swift; he recommended Rowe, and supported Prior, whose weakness and imprudence had reduced him from comparative affluence to a state of wretchedness and destitution. When his last exertions in favor of Steele were met by him and his friend Addison, with jealousy, ingratitude, and even derision, he would not permit any alteration in the conduct of the latter to produce serious estrangement, and deeply regretted the coldness he could not but perceive. "Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this d—d business of party. He cannot bear seeing me so fall in with the ministry, but I love him still as much as ever, though we seldom meet." Soon afterwards he alludes to Addison as the cause of Steele's refusing to keep his appointment and expressing his obligations to his benefactor and to the

ministry. He treated his friend's wayward and jealous humor with singular forbearance throughout, though he reflected upon and even ridiculed it in the strictness of private confidence, when addressing his friends in Ireland: "I called," he says, "at the coffee-house, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off; we are civil acquaintance; talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. Is it not odd? But I think he has used me ill; and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele." This temporary distance and coldness, however, went no further; nor did it interfere with Swift's unvarying kindness towards his Whig friends and their acquaintance; he rescued Bernage and Beaumont from ruin, and placed Barber, the printer, in the high-way to fortune; was eminently useful to Dr. Freind, and provided for Parnell and Harrison: "I took Parnell this morning" (Jan. 26, 1712–13), "and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door, my mind misgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I could not dine with lord-treasurer nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat towards the evening. No loss ever grieved me so much; poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless you! Adieu! I send this away to-night, and I am sorry it must go while I am in such grief."

It was now felt that the services which Swift had rendered the ministry had fully entitled him to some honorable provision. Lord Bolingbroke is said to have exerted his influence to the utmost, though Swift appears to have had no great confidence in him; and his friend the lord-treasurer certainly omitted no opportunity of attempting to induce the queen to give him preferment in England. But the influence of the duchess of Somerset, who had carried to the queen Swift's poem called the "Windsor Prophecy," created formidable difficulties; and it soon appeared that the first minister had not that necessary command and confidence which it is so indispensable at court for a leader of the administration to possess. Upon an impartial examination of all the circumstances it would be unjust to conclude that the ministry were insincere, as it has been generally asserted, and, while taxing his genius and exertions to the utmost, never intended to advance him. There is reason to suppose, on the other hand, that they obtained for him the best provision they were enabled; and though Swift affected to be wholly regardless of the results, it is not difficult to perceive, especially when the ministry began to totter, that he was not so much divested of anxiety as he wished the world to believe. We must not, however, anticipate.

The list of tracts composed by Swift in support of lord Oxford (as may be seen in the text) is in itself a formidable one, and shows with how much zeal and resolution as well as wit he devoted himself to what appeared a lost cause, and brought it triumphant at last through all perils and disasters. In the year 1712 he published his "Reflections on the

Barrier Treaty," proving how little the interests of England had been consulted in that negotiation, and how much had been unduly conceded to the Dutch. It was shortly followed by his "Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to the Third Volume of the History of the Reformation." We may form some idea of the effect which these writings must have produced at a period of so much excitement, when we consider their popularity at the present day, though we feel so little interested in the events which gave rise to them. Their intrinsic wit and merit redeem them from the general fate of political disquisitions; they appear to be written for "all time," not to serve the mere passing purpose of the hour: such are the powerful truths, such the immensity of genius which they display. "He seems to have had the same advantage over his antagonists," says Sheridan, "as Homer has given to Achilles, by clothing him in celestial armor, and furnishing him with weapons of celestial temper."

The first step adopted by lord Oxford to regain the queen's confidence and carry out the measures necessary to the existence of the Tory ministry was to restore the majority in the house of lords, and this could only be effected by engaging her majesty to create twelve new peers. This is an expedient to be resorted to only in cases of extreme peril or necessity; and the peculiar juncture in the ministerial affairs certainly required it. Swift, when recurring to this point, some time afterwards, observes, "Yet, after all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself by her trimming and moderation." It naturally excited the loud clamor of the adverse party, who attempted to excite the people to violence by every means in their power, appealing to their worst passions, and with that singular ingenuity for which a discomfited party, long in the enjoyment of place, is always celebrated, attempting to convince the public that continual war, debt, and taxes are the natural inheritance of every free and great people. "The adverse party," says Swift (in his "History of the Peace"), "being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain (which they loudly did) that it was a pernicious example, set for ill princes to follow, who, by the same rule, might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve; and by these means become masters of the house of lords whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties."

But, serious as it was, this measure lost its importance in the nation's eyes, when followed by another of far greater boldness and decision, to which few men believed lord Oxford equal, after the trimming and doubtful policy he had pursued, with his singular hesitation and delay in openly breaking with the Whigs. This was no less than the dismissal of the duke of Marlborough from all his offices, and the removal of the last of the Whigs from power, who had yet been retained in the vain expectation of conciliating the heads of that powerful body. Prince Eugene had hastened to the succor of the war party upon hearing that

further supplies were likely to be cut off; all the envoys were equally busied, in the fear that, like Othello's, their occupation would be gone, if the sinews of war, supplied by English gold and bravery, were once denied, and the nation enlightened as to the real state of the case. The Whigs, making their idol of prince Eugene, were enraged at the temerity of the Tories in daring to dismiss the great Marlborough, in whom the fate of the war, the debt, and the new moneyed interest — by which a few needy and grasping contractors, pensioners, commissioners, and their connexions of all professions, lived in state at the charge of a distressed and impoverished people — all hung in the balance: and took every possible advantage of the presence of prince Eugene, whose fame was the theme of every public meeting, and who, in his generous desire to secure the continued aid of such good allies, magnanimously declared he would carry on the war at his own expense. He was strongly seconded by the Somersets and the Whig interest at court, which bore an implacable hatred against Swift, and left no means untried to prevent his promotion in the church. The duchess even applied to the archbishop of York to join her in resisting Oxford's application to raise him to the prelacy, and he is said to have made use of the remarkable expression, "that her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop was a christian." When pressed for his reasons, however, all his objections resolved themselves into the general impression that Swift was supposed to be the author of the "Tale of a Tub," than which there exists not a more able and powerful defence of the church of England; and this being known to all just discriminators of the tenor of his arguments and rich stores of wit, this busy prelate was considered as acting too officiously from other motives than honest zeal, and his interference in itself would have proved no serious bar. The duchess, driven almost to despair, ran into the queen's presence, and, throwing herself upon her knees, besought with tears in her eyes that she would never permit Swift to be made a bishop; exhibiting at the same time those keen and bitter verses launched against her in the "Windsor Prophecy." The queen, naturally good-natured and compassionate, was stung with resentment at the freedom thus taken with one of her special favorites; and having previously imbibed other prejudices against him, she took a malignant pleasure in passing by Swift and showing her independence of her minister by bestowing the vacant see upon another.

It could not long remain a secret that Swift had incurred the queen's displeasure, and his enemies renewed their attacks with redoubled vigor. Not only was the whole weight of the court interest directed against him, but those who had delighted in his social wit and other estimable qualities, thinking him a marked man, held aloof from him. But Swift's mighty genius and powers, in themselves a host, laughed to scorn the efforts to injure him of his proudest and most malignant enemies. In vain did the confederacy to cry him down spread from the court to both

houses of parliament. In the former, the earl of Nottingham — still smarting doubtless under the "Hue and Cry made after Dismal," in which celebrated ballad, unfortunately now lost to the public, Swift had humorously described that nobleman's secession from the Tories, stealing out of the ministerial ranks without hint or notice, with his adherents, at the most critical moment — commenced the attack in a strain of feeble commonplace; and in the lower house Walpole joined in the tirade, followed by a Mr. Aislabie, who had before professed the greatest friendship for the doctor. All these outbreaks of envious and injurious malice from men crossed perhaps in their particular designs, or thrown into the shade by the bold uncompromising genius of him who spoke of public men and their conduct with unflinching truth and spirit, proved as harmless as the foolish proclamation issued at the instigation of the Scotch lords, who gave to Swift's satire a tenfold keener point by solemnly proceeding in a body to complain of the wounds inflicted upon their national honor. The dealer of these unceremonious hits, instead of taking alarm at the attacks followed up in both houses, stood boldly upon his defence, and must secretly have been not a little amused at this dreadful display of legislative vigor, against the humble vicar of a small living in Ireland, for his manifold plots and conspiracies to undermine the church and state.[1]

From the tenor of Swift's Journal about this period it would seem he was becoming rather impatient at the supposed duty or neglect of his friends the ministers, in leaving him so long without some preferment becoming his character and reputation, and which might give greater weight and influence to his sphere of active and useful exertion. He had for some time refused to solicit or remind ministers of their avowed intentions; and he appears to have imputed the delay in a great measure to the dilatory habits of lord Oxford. Upon his prospects of success he expresses himself very cautiously in his correspondence, though it is clear that he had made up his mind to return to his willows, as he expresses it, if something were not speedily done for him: "It is the last sally I shall ever make," he says, (16th Jan. 1710–11,) "but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy, and I never desired more." Again, he says, "My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them;" and he adds, (May 22, 1711,) "To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little, and I would likewise be gladly somewhat richer than I am." In the course of a few months, it would also appear, from a passage, (July 1, 1711,)

[1] Swift's real offence consisted in his satire upon the duchess: —

"Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ——— spouse:
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear distils," &c.

that his friends in Ireland had become impatient, and were fearful of his returning without some proper preferment, when he would be considered in the light of an ill-used man — an observation which led Swift to take up the ministers' defence, and to declare, "I had no offers of any living. Lord-keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him, and the secretary told me the other day he had refused a very good one for me, but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and if they would give me leave I would come over just now."

From other passages, however, it is clear that such was not his intention, except in the case of complete failure, when he had resolved to abandon and cast off the ministry, as he proudly termed it, the moment he thought he was unjustly treated. The warrants for three vacant deaneries having been filled up by the queen without his name, he informed the lord-treasurer he had determined to set out for Ireland; an intimation probably which induced the latter to stop them; and after considerable delay and the expression of much captious jealousy on Swift's side, who grew exceedingly irritated and excited towards the close of the business, a warrant for creating him dean of St. Patrick's was signed on the 23d of April, 1713, and in the beginning of June he set out for Ireland.[1] His intention was to remain there some time, but he had scarcely gone through the necessary forms, and recovered from an illness which had confined him to his living in the country, when, fresh divisions having broken out in the cabinet, he was prevailed upon to return to England. It was with difficulty he succeeded in obtaining a temporary cessation of hostilities between the Tory leaders, become more frequent and inveterate since the peace and a feeling of greater security. That peace having been again attacked, Swift defended it manfully, devoting himself to the completion of his history, and resuming his valuable inquiries into the affairs of Ireland, where the madness of party, added to the sufferings of the people, had recently led to acts of open violence. Having invited the attention of ministers to the subject, placed in their hands the "History of the Peace of Utrecht," as the strongest barrier he could raise for their defence, and exhorted

[1] The value of the deanery was estimated at above 700*l.* a-year, much more than Swift affected to think it was. He was never, during his residence in England, introduced to queen Anne, though he expected it, owing to the misrepresentations of his principles made by his enemies at court. The lord-treasurer, who was accused by Bolingbroke of neglecting the doctor's interests, was more to be pitied than blamed, as he was naturally unwilling to confess how little the queen's prejudice left it in his power to serve Swift, while he wished to retain his friendship and his services. It was some time before Swift was aware of the real state of the case: he then became impatient and indignant, feared that his enemies would wholly bar his promotion, and insisted in no measured terms upon the premier doing as much as he could for him without waiting to secure preferment for him in England.

them, as they valued the interests of the country and their own characters, to endeavor to act with some degree of concert, he became anxious to attend to his newly-acquired interests in Ireland. Scarcely, however, had he entered upon the affairs of his deanery, when, to use his own expression, a hundred letters came in pursuit of him to recall him with all speed; for no sooner, it appears, had he turned his back, than Oxford and Bolingbroke had come to an open rupture. He was exceedingly annoyed at being thus interrupted before he could regulate the discipline of his own deanery; and in a letter dated from Ireland to the archbishop of Dublin he states that he should do all in his power to save the trouble of such a journey, which neither his fortune nor his health would very well permit. Upon this occasion, having contrived to meet them together at lord Masham's, he expostulated with them more freely than he had before done; but, to his equal surprise and concern, he found there existed an increased degree of coldness and aversion amounting almost to antipathy. At last he prevailed upon them to go to Windsor together the next day, pleading some appointment to avoid attending them, but taking care to follow to watch the result of his good counsel. It was, as he feared, wholly thrown away upon them: he had only one other meeting with them, and, finding any reconciliation wholly impracticable, he told them that, as he was a common friend to both, he would not take part with either of them, but wished to withdraw from the scene: he foresaw their disunion would be fatal to the general interest, and he was determined to have no more concern with public affairs. In several passages of his letters he seems to hint that, had others done their duty as zealously as he had himself endeavored, the breach might have been made up. "I only wish," he says to his friend Pope, "that my endeavors had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling ministers to each other. . . . If this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered." His own expressive lines upon this subject show what his feelings were when he said that all hope was lost: —

> "By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile
> His great contending friends to reconcile;
> Performs what friendship, justice, truth require;
> What could he more but decently retire?"

Swift had been anxious for preferment in England to be near his friends and literary connexions, to enjoy the society of those whom he admired and loved; and to avoid the sight of the sufferings inflicted upon the unfortunate people of Ireland, which he declared made his blood boil and his flesh creep—a view of government and society which doubtless led to his singular production of a proposal for the Irish to eat their own children. But had his wishes, and the exertions made by his friend Oxford to retain him in England, been crowned with success, Ireland might still have sighed for a liberator and a benefactor; and all that she

has since achieved by other leaders, his mere disciples and imitators, would still have been a work not yet performed. Providence, however, as if in compassion to a subdued and unhappy people, who had exhausted all the horrors of military conquest, and the worse infliction of a government and a church essentially opposed to its political and religious independence, raised up the mighty genius and irresistible arm of Swift to avenge and to vindicate the rights of an oppressed and insulted nation.

It is evident, from his letters to his different friends and from his own recorded observations at this period, that Swift looked forward to the speedy dissolution of the Tory ministry. As his services might be suddenly called for in some emergency, he was unwilling to make a new voyage from Dublin to London every month to compose the differences of the ministry, and wisely determined to stop a short time and watch the progress of events. He returned to the house of his friend Mr. Geary, at Letcomb,[1] where his active mind not permitting him a moment's rest, after transmitting his directions to his Irish agent, he sat down to compose his tract called "Some Free Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs;" in which he charges the ministers as the cause of the reigning disorders, and lays the greatest blame upon the one whom he most loved and admired, lord Oxford. It is quite evident that he believed both lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke to be more sedulously engaged in advancing their own designs than in promoting the interests of the public; and his motives were doubtless to excite their fears by the hints thrown out, that, instead of either triumphing over the other, they would probably both be deserted as well by their own party as by the queen. "It may be matter," he says, "of no little admiration to consider in some lights the state of affairs among us for four years past. The queen, finding herself and the majority of her kingdom grown weary of the avarice and the insolence, the mistaken politics and destructive principles of her former ministers, calls to the service of the public another set of men, who by confession of their enemies had equal abilities at least with their predecessors, whose interest made it necessary for them to act upon those maxims which were most agreeable to the constitution in church and state; whose birth and patrimonies gave them weight in the nation, and who (I speak of those who came to have the chief part in affairs) had long lived under the strictest bonds of friendship."

The old controversy with Steele was now renewed with the bitterest animosity on both sides. In a number of the "Guardian" (128) Steele

[1] Some enemy of Swift composed a mock diary in the dean's manner, printed in one of the Grub-street tracts, on the occasion of his disappearance from the deanery, which gave rise to great dismay among the friends of the administration, and triumph to their foes.—See Swift's letter to the second earl of Oxford (1737), with an account of this transaction and his efforts as mediator.

See also the copy of verses by Smedley, fixed on the door of St. Patrick's on the day of Swift's instalment, inferior only to his own in point of wit and humor.

charged the ministry with negligence in executing that stipulation of the treaty of Utrecht relating to the demolition of Dunkirk; and when on the point of being elected a member of parliament for Stockbridge he renewed his attack in a pamphlet — "The Importance of Dunkirk Considered," — which produced some noise; and in the absence of Swift, with other tracts on the Whig side, was beginning to produce an impression by no means favorable to the stability of the Tory ministry. It was probably upon this ground that Swift's presence and services were again required, as much as to heal the divisions in the ministry; and the expectations of its leaders were not disappointed. Swift took up their quarrel with all the spirit of his former partisanship, eager also to inflict what he considered just retributive punishment for Steele's continued insolence and ingratitude. Both were in the highest degree angry and excited; and it is humiliating to read the low and despicable shifts, the petty malice, and the personal animosity which this public controversy produced. In "The Importance of the Guardian Considered" he reflected on the person, morals, and abilities of his early friend, holding up his portrait to the laughter and ridicule of the world: he exposes his pretensions to rank as a statesman, and his meanness as an original writer, as the appropriator of others' productions, to give him character, in the Tatlers and Spectators, and the occasional author of a wretched Guardian; following up his career as a soldier, alchemist, gazetteer, commissioner of stamped papers, and gentleman-usher. In another, entitled the "Character of Richard Steele, Esq., with some remarks by Toby Abel's Kinsman" (1713), which bears evidence of Swift's hand, though generally ascribed to Dr. Wagstaffe, the reflections are so ludicrous, as well as severe, that Steele is said to have been more affected by it than by any previous publication of the kind, and to have ascribed it to Swift, or to his active instigation:—"I think I know the author of this; and to show him I know no revenge but in the method of heaping coal on his head by benefits, I forbear giving him what he deserves, for no other reason but that I know his sensibility of reproach is such as that he would be unable to bear life itself under half the ill language that he has given me." ("Englishman," No. 57.) It may indeed be remarked, as a singular fact, that Swift himself alludes to the sensitiveness of his disposition in this respect, and that it was a peculiarity of his earlier character. "I was originally," he says, "as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be; but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened." (Letter to Dr. Irving, June 8, 1732.) Not content with this, he attacked Steele in a most ludicrous paraphrase of the first ode of the second book of Horace, said to be wholly his own composition. Steele, with the assistance of Addison, Hoadley, Lechmere, and Marshall, in preparing the "Crisis," intended to excite the public upon the subject of the protestant succession, and the too great influence of France. It was brought out with much *éclat*, with the view, it was said, of bene-

fiting the reputed author in his necessities by crying it up with the public—an advantage of which Swift, who seems in this controversy to have thrown off his usual restraint or regard for Addison and his friend, did not fail to avail himself in his caustic and bitter comments in the "Public Spirit of the Whigs."

But neither this controversy nor his strictures upon the conduct of ministers in his "Free Thoughts" had time to produce much effect before the somewhat sudden death of the queen carried dismay into the Tory camp, dispersed the best-conceived schemes to the winds, and made a complete revolution in public affairs. It was a terrific blow to the Tory party throughout the country; cut short the dean's prospects and ruined his hopes of ever receiving preferment and residing among his old acquaintance in England. Dr. Arbuthnot, in a letter addressed to his friend Pope, gives an interesting account of the impression produced upon Swift by this important event. "I have seen a letter from dean Swift," he observes: "he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

Within a few weeks after the death of the queen, Swift returned to his deanery in Ireland, where he continued to reside several years without once visiting England. It was there, in the year 1717, he became completely reconciled to Addison, and maintained a constant correspondence with distinguished individuals of both parties; and it appears from one of his letters to Pope (as early as January, 1710) how much he had pressed lord Oxford in favor of Addison, Rowe, Congreve, and Steele: he also gives his elegant answer to lord Halifax when he asked the earl on the first change of ministry to spare Congreve; acts which must have been a source of delightful reflection to him after having quitted the busy scene of politics. He says also, in a letter to lady Betty Germaine, "When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation;" and he more than once observes that lord Oxford never once refused him any request of that sort. The extent of his public and private charities while in England was very great, of which we may form some idea from the number of addresses from persons little known to him, or with whom he was wholly unacquainted. He procured the rectory of St. Andrew, Holborn, for Sacheverell, though he held him in such light estimation that he refused to see him; moved only by a principle of justice for his having rendered assistance to the ministry and been neglected by them.

Swift's return to Ireland, under circumstances so unexpected, anticipating the speedy downfall of the party he most approved and the friends he best loved, must have been attended with many uneasy reflections. The spirit of faction ran high; reports the most injurious of the ministry's design to bring in the pretender, and the epithets of Tory and Jacobite, were spread on all sides. Swift, from the conspicuous part he had played, became a marked man, and though he studiously withdrew

from all participation in political matters, he was recognised and insulted in the streets of Dublin by the mob, while the higher classes sought the favor of the court by treating him with studied neglect and contumely. He was compelled, in order to protect himself from outrage, to draw up a petition to the house of lords, especially against the brutal and dangerous attacks of lord Blancy. The exercise of riding was essential to his health, always variable; but in other respects he lived perfectly retired, devoting himself to the duties of his station and the arrangement of his domestic affairs.

Subsequently, upon the breaking up of the Tory administration, Swift's feelings and conduct upon the occasion are described in a letter, addressed most probably to the archbishop of Dublin's proctor or agent (July 29, 1714), in which he says, "I have been these two months fifty miles from London, to avoid the storm that has happened at court. The news will tell you a post or two before this of my lord Oxford's laying down office: he was to do it yesterday. He has sent to desire I would stay with him at his house in Herefordshire, which I am not likely to refuse, though I may probably suffer a good deal in my little affairs in Ireland by my absence. This makes it necessary for me to desire you would please to renew my license of absence, which expires about the end of August, when this incident changed it. I think it is about this time four years that you came to my lodging with Mr. Pratt to tell me the news of lord Godolphin's going out, which was as joyful to me as this is otherwise. I believe you will reckon me an ill courtier to follow a discarded statesman to his retirement, especially when I have been always as well with those now in power as I was with him. But to answer that would require talking, and I have already troubled you so much.

"I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT.

"Pray let the absence be general as before. I was very near wanting it some months ago with a vengeance. [Perhaps for the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs.'] I know not what alterations this change may make in the scheme for Irish promotions: I hear Drs. Pratt and Ellwood are secure."

This letter does infinite honor to the heart and feelings of the man, in whom affection and gratitude absorbed every thought of the tempting offers to his ambition and pride.

It would seem that the subsequent renewal of a strictly friendly and social intercourse between Swift and Addison took place about 1717, upon the latter coming as secretary into Ireland. The regard with which Swift now treated him shows how happy he was in the opportunity afforded of their meeting once more without the fatal influence of party throwing a damp upon their mutual regard.

"I should be much concerned," he says, "if I did not think you were a little angry with me for not congratulating you upon being secretary

But I choose my time, as I would to visit you, when all your company is gone. I am confident you have given ease of mind to many thousand people who will never believe that any ill can be intended to the constitution, to the church or state, while you are in so high a trust, and I should have been of the same opinion though I had not the happiness to know you. I am extremely obliged for your kind remembrance some months ago by the bishop of Derry, and for your generous intentions, if you had come to Ireland, to have made party to give way to friendship by continuing your acquaintance. I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now beside that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for any friend or for myself. When I conversed among ministers I boasted of your acquaintance; but I feel no vanity from being known to a secretary of state. I am only a little concerned to see you stand single: for it is a prodigious singularity in any court to owe one's rise entirely to merit. I will venture to tell you a secret, — that three or four more such choices would gain more hearts in three weeks than all the methods hitherto practised have been able to do in as many years.

"It is now time for me to recollect that I am writing to a secretary of state, who has little time allowed him for trifles; I therefore take my leave with assurances of my being ever, with the truest respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT."

Other evidences are not wanting of the friendly disposition felt by Swift towards his early and beloved connexions, of whatever party; and in his correspondence with Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay, are some passages of exquisite pathos and beauty, expressing his sorrow, especially as he became aware of the more frequent inroads of disease. In one of his letters to Pope (Jan. 10, 1721) he alludes to the retired habits and mode of life he had so prudently adopted during the re-action of popular opinion and the triumph of the Whigs, which rendered it dangerous for the dean to appear in public without being protected, so great was the excitement produced by the violent conduct, impeachments, and prosecutions of the new ministry. "In a few weeks," he says, "after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I know neither the names nor the number of the family which now reigneth, further than the prayer-book informeth me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are at peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence and for fear of provoking party zeal." It is clear from the foregoing and other passages that, though Swift wisely resigned himself to circumstances not to be avoided, he felt keenly the marked contrast between his present mode of life and that in which he exercised the intellectual power and ascendency he so strongly coveted. His gloom and disappointment break

out in spite of himself, while he affects to hold politics and princes in utter forgetfulness. "I say nothing" ("Dedication to History") "of his present Britannic majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger, and likely to continue so. I might have avoided some years' uneasiness and vexation during the last four years of our excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure disagreeable country and among a most profligate and abandoned people. . . . . Upon her majesty's lamented death I returned to my station in this kingdom; since which time there is not a northern curate among you who has lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the transactions of the world." In the frank unreserved communication with his friends in England about this period, Swift supplies us with the most interesting details respecting his residence in Ireland, which he always regarded as an honorable exile, the result of necessity and not of choice. He draws the portrait of an unhappy and discarded statesman rather than of a dean of the English church, who had recently received promotion, satisfied with his lot, and indulging hopes of further preferment; and this spirit of querulous disappointment, injurious alike to his health and happiness, till he once more plunged into the sea of controversy, is shown without disguise in one of his letters to Gay: — "I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find, and when I write it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, sleeping, walking, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence." It was probably with a view to relax from his former severe exertions, and to diminish the force of that inveterate disease which pursued him through life, that Swift now gave up so much of his time to what he termed the bagatelle, courting only those acquaintance who, instead of competing with or thwarting him, felt gratified in his society and treated him with deference and respect. Among the most agreeable of these were sir Arthur and lady Acheson; and during the dean's residence at their seat, Market-hill, it is observed by Scott that he produced some of the most marked specimens of his very peculiar poetical vein. "The inimitable poem entitled 'The Grand Question Debated' is a proof of the same brilliant humor and happy power of assuming and sustaining a feigned character which distinguished 'Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition,' and other effusions of the author's earlier days: and which at length was too apt to be lost in the trifling and punning intercourse which he maintained in old age with Sheridan and other friends."

He enjoyed moreover the almost constant society of his favorite pupil, and now more mature friend, Stella, of Dr. Sheridan, Dr. Delany, and a select few both of humbler and higher rank; and in the discharge of

his clerical duties, in conducting the affairs of his deanery, presiding at occasional dinners, and dispensing charities, seemed to have forgotten there existed a political world in which he had borne so conspicuous a part, when tidings which roused some of his former spirit and all his affection for England, recalled him to a recollection of the part he had played. This was no less than an account of the committal of his friend lord Oxford, to whom he had already shown the most devoted attachment, to the Tower, at the instigation of his most active enemies. As Swift had before followed his fortunes into retreat, and refused to participate in the expected accession of lord Bolingbroke to the premiership, so he now wrote to him in the most urgent terms to beg that he would allow him to share his captivity. The tenor of his letter is that of a grateful and attached follower, who, with the delicacy of a sensitive and noble mind, humbles himself and expresses increased respect and attention upon witnessing the fallen fortunes of a beloved friend. "My lord," he says, "it may look like an idle or officious thing in me to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances; yet I could never forgive myself if, after having been treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor services and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you on my own behalf; and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me."

Of the sincerity of Swift, and the high estimation in which he held the character of lord Oxford, there can be no doubt; and in a short paper called "Great Figures made by several Persons in particular Actions or Circumstances of their Lives," we find among examples drawn from antiquity the mention of Robert Harley at his trial. After the death of queen Anne the Whigs, bent upon proceeding to extremities, declared the peace of Utrecht contrary to the interests of Britain, and the managers in it were impeached. Lord Oxford, after an imprisonment of two years, was tried for high treason, when, a difference arising between the lords and commons, the latter, out of pique, failed to support the impeachment, and Oxford, greatly to the mortification of the Whig leaders, was unanimously acquitted. But Bolingbroke, during the negotiation of the peace of Utrecht, was charged with treasonable intimacy with the French ministers, a suspicion which was strengthened by his supposed intimacy with Madame Tencin. Though the fallen minister was disinterested enough to refuse to take advantage of Swift's generous proposal, he lost no time after his acquittal in replying to his friend in a letter expressive of the utmost regard and affection; and during the whole period of his first residence in Ireland, he continued to receive the same assurances of undimished respect from his political and literary friends, to which we owe some of the most interesting portions of his works—the correspondence.

Another source of uneasiness to Swift was the repeated contentions

he had to encounter with his chapter and the prelacy of the Irish church. The archbishop of Dublin, who had never regarded him with a friendly eye, continued a vexatious opposition; and Dr. Sterne, the man who was indebted to him for his promotion, tried to thwart him in all his arrangements; but the dean was not one to raise questions without knowledge, or to sacrifice the least particle of his rights: he administered them with a firm hand, and finally quashed the vexatious proceedings of his predecessor and others, and restored discipline and obedience among the officers of his chapter. He had no sooner however surmounted his difficulties here, than others of a more delicate and complicated nature met him in the unfortunate attachment which Miss Vanhomrigh, a young person of great personal attractions and accomplishments, had conceived for him when he visited her family in England. It seems to have taken its rise very much in the same manner as that of Miss Johnson, the unfortunate Stella, from strong admiration of Swift's brilliant talents and powers of pleasing, and from too frequent intercourse in the relative characters of tutor and pupil. From Swift's own letters it would appear also that the attachment, in whatever way so unhappily formed, was in some degree mutual. His poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," a fanciful appellation formed out of Esther Vanhomrigh, gives sufficient though mysterious hints to countenance the same supposition, and its existence doubtless tended to embarrass his return and embitter his residence, with regard to his familiar friendship for Stella, in Ireland. In a letter addressed to the former (8th July, 1713), he seems to deplore the necessity which removed him from England: "I staid," he says, "but a fortnight in Dublin, very sick, and returned not one visit of a hundred that were made me; but all to the dean and none to the doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field-bed and an earthen floor before the great house there which they say is mine. At my first coming I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off and change to dulness."

It would appear from Swift's letters as well as occasional passages in the "Journal to Stella," that he had found other occasions, wholly independent of politics, to prove his fidelity and devotion to the friends he had left in England. When the duke of Hamilton fell in a fatal duel with lord Bohun, he showed the most compassionate kindness and attention to his friend the duchess, and when other relief was of no avail he uniformly administered the consolations of religion; while his charities in every respect were as well directed as they were extensive. In the instance of Guiscard's nefarious attempt to assassinate Harley, and the subsequent efforts made to injure his character by insinuating suspicions of his treasonable correspondence with France, and more than all in his becoming the instrument of saving him from another premeditated assassination, Swift invariably showed the warmest sympathy and

most tender alarm for the sufferings and danger of his friend. He seems always to have been on the watch; and one day while he was with Harley, then lord-treasurer, a packet was brought in which by its exterior appearance excited the doctor's suspicions. He begged to be permitted to open it, which he did with great precaution, and discovered three pistols cocked and charged, with a string attached to discharge them: according to another account they were barrels of large ink-horns, filled with powder that was by some process to be ignited. However this was, Swift considered the danger real, and that he had really saved the life of the lord-treasurer; though the Whigs were wicked enough to turn the whole affair into ridicule, and to write ballads and lampoons upon it, under the title of the band-box plot, and even scrupled not to insinuate that the doctor was himself the author of the terrific plot, to raise his importance in the lord-treasurer's and in the nation's eyes. But Swift as stoutly maintained that his own life was actually in danger not less than that of the minister; and after the nearly fatal experience they had in the case of Guiscard, and in the inveterate hatred and violence of the Whigs, Swift was perfectly justified in attaching to it the importance which he did. Swift is stated by Scott to have been trusted by Oxford in his private as well as public affairs. He was supposed to have assisted in the negotiations which preceded the alliance between the lord-treasurer's eldest son and the only child of the duke of Newcastle, and in the arrangements which followed for the division of the duke's inheritance betwixt her and lord Pelham, the male heir. This was a point which Oxford had so greatly at heart, that Bolingbroke afterwards termed it the ultimate end of his administration. Swift, upon this joyful occasion, wrote the poetical "Address to Lord Harley on his Marriage." But his sympathising friendship is still more deeply manifested in his letter to the lord-treasurer on the death of his daughter, the marchioness Caermarthen, than which there is nothing in the English language more beautifully and feelingly expressed. And the constancy of his attachment at the most distressing period of Oxford's life was such as well made good the manly expressions of regard with which, on retiring from London, he bade his lordship farewell: — "When I was with you I have said more than once that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind; you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give, and this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater because I loved you so much the less for your station, for in your public capacity you have often angered me, but as a private man never." — (Scott's "Memoirs," &c.)

In the formation of the philanthropical society of brothers, which afterwards gave rise to the more celebrated Scriblerus' Club, Swift's object was still to promote the benefit of others, by uniting the powerful

and wealthy in a bond of affectionate love, for the protection of the unfortunate; or the witty and accomplished, by combining to diffuse sound principles of taste and composition.[1] Of the latter, Oxford and St. John, Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, were the members. "It was," says Scott, "the well-known object of their united powers to compose a satire upon the abuse of human learning. Part of their labors has been preserved in the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,' which gave name to the society; and part has been rendered immortal by the 'Travels of Lemuel Gulliver:' but the violence of political faction, like a storm that spares the laurel no more than the cedar, dispersed this little band of literary brethren, and prevented the accomplishment of a task for which talents so various, so extended, and brilliant, can never again be united." — (Scott's "Memoirs," &c.) During Swift's last attempts to reconcile the great Tory leaders, he prepared for press two additional tracts — "Memoirs relating to the Change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in 1710;" and "An Inquiry into the Behavior of the last Ministry, with relation to their Quarrels between themselves, and the Design charged upon them of altering the Succession of the Crown." His object was to vindicate the conduct of the Tory ministers and their party, and to rebut the serious charges brought against them by the Whig writers; and he especially ridiculed the popular bugbear of an intention to bring in the pretender. They were also drawn up less with any temporary view than as a calm and impartial appeal to the justice of posterity.

The account of Swift's reception in Ireland subsequent to the queen's death and the dissolution of the Tory ministry, by lord Orrery, offers a singular contrast to that given by Dr. Delany at the period of the dean's instalment; for the discrepancy between the two is so great that we are justified in concluding they were speaking of different periods. In the first instance he was received with marked respect, if we except the scurrilous verses by Smedley upon his taking possession of the deanery; but it is doubtless the second time of his return from England to which Orrery refers when he says that he dared hardly venture forth and was pelted by the populace. And it was probably when thus treated, than which we can imagine nothing more galling to a man so fond of popular influence and power, that he designated the people as a vile abandoned race, from whom he seemed desirous of seeking refuge anywhere. His

[1] "The following notice of Swift" (observes Scott) "occurs in a poem on the 'Examiner,' which appeared about this time: —

"O Jonathan of merry fame,
As Swift in fancy as in name, —
Here lie, as thou hast often done,
Thy holy mother's pious son;
Deprived of paper, pen, and ink,
And, what is worse, deprived of drink:
For lo, thy idol ox, thy staff and rod,
As thou wouldst say, are dropp'd by God."

prudence and integrity, however, even in the opinion of the critical Johnson, soon changed the tide of public feeling — he was seldom in the wrong — his spirit rose with opposition; and the archbishop of Dublin (Dr. King) almost invariably gave way, like the archbishop of York and his other opponents; who finally solicited either the acquaintance or friendship of the good but eccentric dean. So confident, indeed, was his friend lord Bolingbroke in his powers of pleasing where once he obtained an introduction, that, on Oxford's dismissal, he courted the dean's support upon any terms, engaging that he would even reconcile him to the court and his inveterate enemy the duchess of Somerset, and open the treaty for his promotion to an English bishopric. During his brief tenure of power, (only a few days,) Bolingbroke showed his high estimation of the dean by obtaining from the queen an order for one thousand pounds to cover the charges upon his instalment, of which, though suddenly deprived of this benefit by her death, and finally giving it up to his enemy Walpole—*multa gemens*—as he expresses it, offers no less a striking proof of his immense influence with a man like Bolingbroke. "Yet, to his immortal honor," observes Scott, "when his favorite path of honor, ambition, preferment, opened anew before him (in the place of honorable exile in Ireland), he paused not a moment, but wrote to solicit a renewal of his license for absence, then on the point of expiring; not that he might share the triumph and prospects to which he was invited by the royal favorite and the new prime minister, but in order to accompany his beloved friend and patron to neglect and seclusion." (Scott's "Memoirs," &c.) Such was the man upon whom libels upon libels were showered, whom the mob insulted in the streets, and even young men of rank so far forgot their education and ancestral honors as to insult openly, and endanger his life in the public highways, till they compelled him in his own defence to apply for legislative protection. Being under the necessity of taking daily exercise, and unable to venture out without risk of his life, he drew up a petition addressed to the house of lords, upon an unprovoked and brutal outrage upon him by one of the members of their house; and as it throws strong light upon his mode of living, and is an amusing anecdote, we give it here: —

"The humble petition of Jonathan Swift, D.D., and dean of the cathedral of St. Patrick's, Dublin,

"Most humbly sheweth,

"That your petitioner is advised by his physicians, on account of his health, to go often on horseback; and there being no place in winter so convenient for riding as the strand toward Howth, your petitioner takes all opportunities that his business or the weather will permit to take that road. That in the last session of parliament, in the midst of winter, as your petitioner was returning from Howth with his two servants, one before and the other behind him, he was pursued by two gentlemen in a chaise drawn by two high-mettled horses in such a manner that his servant who rode behind him was forced to give way with the utmost

peril of his life; whereupon your petitioner made what speed he could, riding to the right and left above fifty yards, to the full extent of the said road; but the two gentlemen, driving a light chaise drawn by fleet horses, and intent upon mischief, turned faster than your petitioner, endeavoring to overthrow him. That, by great accident, your petitioner got safe to the side of a ditch, where the chaise could not safely pursue; and, the two gentlemen stopping their career, your petitioner mildly expostulated with them, whereupon one of the gentlemen said, 'Damn you, is not the road as free for us as for you?' and, calling to his servant who rode behind him, said, 'Tom (or some such name), is the pistol loaded with ball?' To which the servant replied, 'Yes, my lord;' and gave him the pistol. Your petitioner often said to the gentleman, 'Pray, sir, do not shoot, for my horse is apt to start, by which my life may be endangered.' The chaise went forward, and your petitioner took the opportunity to stay behind. Your petitioner is informed that the person who spoke the words above mentioned is of your lordship's house, under the style and title of lord Blaney, whom your petitioner remembers to have introduced to Mr. secretary Addison, in the earl of Wharton's government, and to have done him other good offices at that time, because he was represented as a young man of some hopes and a broken fortune. That the said lord Blaney, as your petitioner is informed, is now in Dublin, and sometimes attends your lordships' house. And your petitioner's health still requiring that he should ride, and being confined in winter to go on the same strand, he is forced to inquire from every one he meets whether the said lord be on the same strand; and to order his servants to carry arms against the like or a worse insult from the said lord, for the consequences of which your petitioner cannot answer.

"Your petitioner is informed by his learned counsel that there is no law now in being which can justify the said lord, under color of his peerage, to assault any of his majesty's subjects on the king's highway, and put them in fear of their lives, without provocation, which he humbly conceives that by only happening to ride before the said lord he could not possibly give.

"Your petitioner, therefore, doth humbly implore your lordships, in your great prudence and justice, to provide that he may be permitted to ride with safety on the said strand, or any other of the king's highways, for the recovery of his health, so long as he shall demean himself in a peaceable manner, without being put into continual fears of his life by the force and arms of the said lord Blaney."

Among others of the same aristocratic stamp sir Thomas Southwell, one of the commissioners of the revenue, often mentioned as a friend in Swift's letters and journal, took equal pride in kicking at the dying political lion (as Swift was then considered), by treating him with marked contumely and neglect. The dean had occasion to address him upon some occasion respecting a matter of business in public. "I'll hold you a groat, Mr. Dean," was the vulgar reply, "that I do not know you at

all." Some time afterwards, when this hopeful sprig of aristocracy was created my lord Southwell, he conceived it would forward his views to court the popular and influential drapier, expressing of course the deepest regret, like the two archbishops and other aspersers of the dean's good name, for his past conduct, as being occasioned by the heat of party; and once attempted to regain the insulted dean's acquaintance by saluting him with the greatest courtesy. But Swift, with that readiness of retort for which he was so remarkable, gave him back his own coin in the very words he had used — "I'll lay you a groat, my lord, I do not know you."

Other instances of the lofty demeanor and courageous conduct of the dean, under the adverse circumstances of his party and the Whig persecutions which ensued, are not wanting, which raised him both in private and public opinion previous to the popular opposition he commenced with reference to the introduction of Wood's notable scheme, and the oppressive Irish government of Walpole. To such a degree also was the spy-system carried on as to induce the dean to secure his manuscripts as well as his ordinary letters from the gripe of the new government, which, on again attaining power, took warning by the fate of its Tory predecessor in neglecting to destroy those whom it had conquered, and, by impeachment and other processes, not only crippled its adversaries, but reduced them for the period to absolute extremity. Swift's private letters were opened, and a packet addressed by him to the duke of Ormond's chaplain was seized by a messenger. It was even industriously reported by the Whig emissaries that dean Swift had suddenly absconded in consequence of the treasonable contents of newly-discovered papers; and many other little dirty arts to blast his fame were resorted to. Had there existed the shadow of a power of proceeding against him, there is no reason to doubt that the great Whigs of the day would have seized upon it to effectually silence the voice of one who, by his single efforts, had turned the tide of public opinion, opened the way to a peace, and deprived them of the means of all their permanent war abuses, their taxes, contracts, and wide-spread speculations. The dean was held up, however, as a suspicious and disaffected person; and all his Whig acquaintance held aloof as from a marked man: nor are traces of this spirit wanting in the letters of his former correspondents. In one from archbishop King, the professed friend but secret maligner of Swift's reputation, this derogatory tone, implying censure, suspicion, and sarcasm —

"Willing to wound, yet afraid to strike" —

is peculiarly observable, and may serve as a sample of the thousand. "We have a strong report," he says, "that my lord Bolingbroke will return here and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you."

How frankly and nobly on the other hand, with the indignation of conscious rectitude, Swift repels the mean insinuations of the archbishop

and his numerous traducers of the same character!—"I should be sorry," he observes, "to see my lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer, because he is a person for whom I have always had and still continue a very great love and esteem. And as to myself, if I were of any importance I should be very easy under such an accusation, much easier than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger. I am surprised your grace could think or act or correspond with me for some years past, while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man, declaring to you on all occasions my abhorrence of the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in. I always professed to be against the pretender, and am so still. And this is not to make my court, which I know is vain; for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions, which I think on as seldom as I can. Yet if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty, because I look upon the coming of the pretender as a greater evil than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found."

As affording the most happy illustrations of the dean's real character and opinions at this period, exhibited in his mode of living, his private converse, and correspondence with intimate friends, we shall continue to give occasional extracts from his own letters in preference to retailing the petty scandals from the pen of lord Orrery and his imitators, whose allegations have been amply refuted by the ablest and most impartial of Swift's biographers, from the honest Delany to the pre-eminently distinguished Scott.

Although it is evident that Swift considered himself in a state of honorable exile in Ireland, he adapted himself to his circumstances with the becoming spirit of an Irish resident who has no means of escape. He opened his house for a public table two days in every week, and his fame and social wit not having suffered by political conflict, his entertainments became gradually frequented by numerous visitants of learning among the men, and of elegance and taste among the ladies, attracted no less by curiosity than by the amiable manners and accomplishments of Stella (Miss Johnson), who lived not far from the deanery, and presided upon these occasions, but simply in the character of a guest.

Upon other days, however, the dean often dined at a stated price with Mr. Worrall, a clergyman of his cathedral, whose house was the more pleasant to him owing to the peculiar neatness and good-humor of his wife. To this frugal mode of living Swift was the more inclined from his earnest wish to pay some debts: what he adopted from principle he continued from choice, and for the means it gave him of more extended charities, of restoring and ornamenting the cathedral, besides the hopes he had early formed of founding an hospital and of leaving the deanery to his successor in a more improved state than he found it. His parsimony, which doubtless increased with age, was thus held subordinate to his dignity, his public spirit, and his benevolence; and it was his customary saying that he was the poorest gentleman in Ire

land who ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach." The rest of Swift's time during his earlier residence in Ireland appears to have been spent in occasional excursions, when he made his observations upon the character and condition of the people, in occasional visits to the seats of his friends and to his vicarage at Laracor, which he still retained. Always fond of the more refined and dignified amusements of the country, he took pleasure in laying out grounds, in planting and cultivating, as he termed it, "his willows"—a pursuit in which he would often indulge at Quilca, the country residence of his friend Dr. Sheridan, and which gave rise to some amusing anecdotes to be met with in his works. But his happiest moments in his relaxation from the superintendence of his clerical duties were spent in addressing his friends in England and receiving tidings of their welfare. — "Two years' retreat," says lord Oxford (6th August, 1717), "has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish than even, at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journeys to Windsor. My heart is often with you." Nor are the expressions made use of in the letters of lord Bolingbroke[1] and Swift's other friends, when every interested motive and all views of ambition, wealth, and power had ceased to operate, less honorable to the character of Swift, whose great and amiable qualities seem to have possessed in his absence, the same power over those who knew him with all persons and of whichever sex, as they had done when he was present before them. Of this singular power, resembling a sort of fascination in Swift's conversation and society, there are a number of striking instances on record from the very first manifestation of his remarkable character and talents; for, to make a summary from the beginning of his most extraordinary history, it is certain that a pretty bar-maid of an inn at Leicester first fell in love with him, and awakened his mother's apprehensions of his forming an imprudent engagement; the sister of his college companion, Mr. Waryng, next became attached to him, and was so deeply smitten as to urge him closely on the topic of matrimony. Yet, strange to say, in neither of these affairs does it appear that Swift at all assumed the character, much less the usual assiduities, of a lover; and all the inference we can make is that there are peculiar qualities in certain men of mental and

[1] Nothing in the English language can surpass the admiration of Swift's high qualities, the tender regard and enthusiastic devotion due to superior mind and intellect, than the following extract from a letter of lord Bolingbroke's to Swift (October 23, 1716): — "It is a very great truth, that, among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence. Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows; — if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the meanwhile, believe that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends, and that among these you ever had and ever shall have a principal place."

personal superiority which first give rise to admiration in woman's eyes, then to love, and lastly to the desire of monopolizing the beloved object. There is no proof upon record of Swift ever having made the first advances, or of his ever having replied in the usual love-terms to those advances when made. On the contrary, the evidence is altogether of an opposite kind, that the intercourse was one of mind and of a purely intellectual kind, and that the opinion entertained of Swift's natural coldness and perhaps constitutional defect was a correct one; but that he possessed some peculiar attraction in the ladies' eyes, the circumstance of his having received an anonymous declaration of love from a third lady at an early period of life seems to offer some degree of proof. His correspondence with the fourth lady upon the list seems to have commenced very much in the same manner, on the lady's side, from the unhappy circumstance of having been early brought into contact with the superior power of Swift's intellectual and fascinating conversation. The manner in which Miss Vanhomrigh's affection for Swift (the fifth in the strange eventful history of his love affairs) sprung up, bore almost an unvarying resemblance to the preceding; the attachment, like the intercourse with the family, was gradual and slow, unintended, unexpected, — perhaps without either weakness or premeditation on either side; and rather springing out of circumstances and a certain unhappy fatality than from the fault or even acknowledged volition of the too unfortunate lovers; for the passion of Vanessa undoubtedly gave rise to corresponding declarations at least upon the side of Cadenus. Swift was probably not aware of the existence of so devoted a love on the part of Vanessa until it became irremediable, and too late for either to retract. In 1714 her mother died; and having some property in Ireland, and listening at the same time to the dictates of her love, she followed Swift into Ireland. He sought by every means to change her purpose, and her arrival was a source of deep anxiety to him. There was nothing he more dreaded than that the knowledge of her being in Dublin, or his visiting her there, should transpire. It would be idle to attempt to disguise the truth, that throughout the whole of this most unhappy affair Swift is thought to have acted with a degree of harshness and cruelty which, though very probably intended to promote the ultimate peace and happiness of both, by restraining or turning into another direction the stream of her affections, at once sensitive and impetuous, was followed by sudden and fatal results. It will here be most interesting to give those passages from the mutual correspondence which seem to throw light upon the progress and character of their intimacy, to follow it to the close, and to dismiss it as we should some painful and unhappy casualty from our sorrowing recollection. In most of her early letters she anxiously importunes the object of all her hopes and her fears for a reply; and in the whole correspondence she displays high talent, the most amiable temper, combined with an enthusiastic desire to please the object of her heart's devotion.

By a full and impartial representation of facts the public will be enabled to judge how far the strictures passed upon the dean's conduct, with relation to this unhappy affair, by those critical tribunals which so much influence public opinion, are founded in truth, If correct in their accusations that the dean made use of the slightest artifice or premeditation in gaining the lady's affections, they must convict him of having uttered the most gross and palpable untruths. Of these the person most interested, to whom they were addressed, would have been happy to show the fallacy, if Swift had been bold enough to advance assertions so utterly unfounded, or had entertained the slightest suspicion of her early passion, or the most remote idea of addressing her except in language of the strictest propriety and paternal regard, until the fatal declaration of her unalterable love, when there is not the least proof that he ever sought, though he returned it. Had he been to blame, or committed himself in any particular, the lady was too deeply interested not to have taken advantage of the circumstance; whereas she never once throws the shadow of a reproach upon his perfect frankness, openness, and truth, far from considering him in a moral view at all responsible for the sufferings she had so unwittingly incurred. Would he have dared to attest his perfect guilelessness, as he did in his poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," when the lady and the lady's friends might easily have exposed his treachery and falsehood, had he assumed any other character than that of a maturely-aged tutor and friend of her family? Would she nowhere in her letters, in passages where she gives way both to passion and indignant feeling, have reproached him with the falsehood of words, which attested his conscious innocence, like the following? —

"His thought had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind;
He hardly knew till he was told
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And when Platonic flights were over
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!

So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care:—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse."

Swift appears here to have stated the case as it occurred, or he would not have ventured to have spoken so directly to the point; while, at the same time, his sagacity pointed out the unfavorable construction which, under circumstances so peculiar, might and would be put upon his motives and conduct. In this respect it appears to us that the poem, so admirably conceived and executed, was not written solely as a peace-offering or compliment to the charms of the complaining lady, but as a record of the facts and circumstances of the case as they really occurred; a fair statement of the blame or responsibility to which he was exposed, and containing his just vindication in a bold appeal to posterity,—for the author must have felt the poem would live,—which the party for whom it was written, were it not true, might have covered with infamy and contempt. In his entire correspondence he displays the same open fearless reliance upon the rectitude of his motives and his conduct, and it is evident that, while he soothes and compassionates her, he feels that she has no claim or tie upon him whatever; nor does she insinuate one fault but the want of a passionate return of her misplaced affection; for Swift was then infirm, suffering both in mind and body, and fast declining into the vale of years. Vanessa's passion therefore ought to be regarded, not as that of a young woman whose affections had been sought and then spurned by her equal in years and rank, but as an instance of that peculiar class which by some fatality fixes its views upon one object, while that object itself is wholly unconscious of what is passing in the other's mind. Swift doubtless felt himself very much in the situation of a man who receives a love-letter or a valentine from an anonymous hand; and, if we are to credit the story as told to the lady herself, was not bound to feel any more responsibility than for such a declaration — which he also really received — from an unknown hand. Nothing can possibly be farther from the tone of real love or tenderness than that in which Swift addresses Miss Vanhomrigh in those letters upon which so much stress has been laid, dating from the beginning of August, 1712. It is curious too that he never once made use of the word "dear," addressed to so many commoner friends: for which she rallied him, and expressed a sort of jealousy, which did not however induce him to make the slightest alteration; and he preserves the formal address "To Mrs. Hester Vanhomrigh, jun., at her lodgings over against Park-place, in St. James's-street, London." The following appears to have been written from Windsor, while he was engaged in the heat of party politics, and passing the life at once of a politician, a writer, and a social wit:—"I thought to have written to little Missessy by the colonel, but at last I did not approve him as a messenger. Mr. Ford began your health last night under the name of the Jilt, for which I desire you

will reproach him. I do neither study nor exercise so much here as I do in town. The colonel [Vanessa's brother] will intercept all the news I have to tell you, of my fine snuff-box [presented by general Hill], and my being at a ball, and my losing my money at ombre with the duke and duchess of Shrewsbury. I cannot imagine how you pass your time in our absence, unless by lying a-bed till twelve, and then having your followers about you till dinner. We have despatches to-day from lord Bolingbroke [at Paris]; all is admirably well, and a cessation of arms will be declared with France in London on Tuesday next. I dined with the duke of Shrewsbury to-day and sat an hour by Mrs. Warburton, teaching her when she played wrong at ombre, and I cannot see her defects; either my eyes fail me or they are partial. But Mrs. Touchet is an ugly awkward slut. What do you do all the afternoon? How came you to make it a secret to me that you all designed to come to Windsor? If you were never here, I think you all cannot do better than come for three or four days; five pounds will maintain you and pay for your coach backwards and forwards. I suppose the captain will go down with you now for want of better company. I will steal to town one of these days and catch you napping. I desire you and Moll [Vanessa's sister] will walk as often as you can in the park, and do not sit moping at home—you that can neither work, nor read, nor play, nor care for company. I long to drink a dish of coffee in the sluttery, and hear you dun me for Secrete, and 'Drink your coffee—why don't you drink your coffee?' My humble service to your mother, and Moll, and the colonel. Adieu."

In the following, likewise, instead of using any endearing epithets or adopting the least affectionate tone, the whole tenor of the letter is as opposite as can well be conceived to that addressed by a lover to the object of his regard. "Miss Hessy," he begins, "is not to believe a word Mr. Lewis says in his letter" (it is written from his friend Lewis's office. "I would have writ to you sooner, if I had not been busy and idle and out of humor, and did not know how to send it to you without the help of Mr. Lewis, my mortal enemy. I am so weary of this place that I am resolved to leave it in two days, and not return in three weeks. I will come as early on Monday as I can find opportunity, and will take a little Grub-street lodging, pretty near where I did before, and dine with you thrice a-week, and will tell you a thousand secrets, provided you will have no quarrels with me. Adieu."

In the next (also without date) Swift seems to allude to the difficulties in which the family of Mrs. Vanhomrigh was placed by the sudden death of the father, although possessed of considerable property, subjected as it was to litigation, and of an estate in Ireland. Swift would have dissuaded them from going to Oxford, owing to the risk, we are to infer, of being seen by some parties who had claims upon them. This letter has not a single introductory epithet, and commences in the most unloving and business-like manner. "I did not forget the coffee, for I

thought you should not be robbed of it. John does not go to Oxford, so I send back the book as you desire. I would not see you for a thousand pounds if I could; but I am now in my nightgown writing a dozen letters and packing up papers. Why then, you should not have come, and I know that as well as you.

"My service to your mother; I doubt you do wrong to go to Oxford; but now that is past, since you cannot be in London to-night; and if you do not inquire for acquaintance, but let somebody in the inn go about with you among the colleges, perhaps you will not be known. Adieu."

Swift, it is evident, was consulted by the Vanhomrighs with regard to their affairs in the most confidential manner, and it is this which gives to his letters so matter-of-fact and so familiar a tone, addressing, as he invariably does, each member of the household in the same free and jocose style as if he himself formed one of the family. "I have writ three or four lies in as many lines. Pray seal up the letter to Mr. Long and let nobody read it but yourself. I suppose this packet will lie two or three hours till you awake. And pray let the outside starched letter to you be seen, after you have sealed that to Mrs. Long. See what arts people must use" (alluding to the embarrassed circumstances of the party), "though they mean ever so well. Now are you and Puppy lying at your ease without dreaming anything of all this."

The following appears to have been addressed by the lady to the dean when at Windsor, and displays both grace and wit in her happy manner of rallying him on his silence and his too evident indifference:—"Had I," she observes (London, Sept. 1, 1712), "a correspondent in China, I might have had an answer by this time. I never could think till now that London was so far off in your thoughts, and that twenty miles were by your computation equal to some thousands. I thought it a piece of charity to undeceive you on this point, and to let you know, if you give yourself the trouble to write, I may probably receive your letter in a day; it was that made me venture to take pen in hand the third time. Sure you'll not let it be to no purpose. You must needs be extremely happy where you are, to forget your absent friends; and I believe you have formed a new system, and think there is no more of this world passing your sensible horizon. If this be your notion I must excuse you; if not, you can plead no other excuse; and if it be, sir, I must reckon myself of another world; but I shall have much ado to be persuaded till you send me some convincing arguments of it. Don't dally in a thing of this consequence, but demonstrate, 'tis possible to keep up a correspondence between friends, though in different worlds, and assure one another, as I do you, that I am your most obedient and humble servant,

"E. VANHOMRIGH."

In pursuance of the example doubtless set by Swift, the lady here adopts the same distant terms both in the opening and close of her letter;

and it will appear how soon she felt the restraint and pain of this cold and distant manner, and in vain attempted to throw the spell of more endearing epithets over the cold and provoking manner of the dean. "Mr. Lewis tells me," she continues (Sept. 2nd, 1712), "that you have made a solemn resolution to leave Windsor the moment we come there; 'tis a noble resolution, and pray keep to it. Now, that I may be no ways accessory to your breaking it, I design to send Mr. Lewis word to a minute when we shall leave London, and if there be a by-way you had better take it, for I very much apprehend that seeing us will make you break through all, at least I am sure it would make you heartily repent; and I would not for the world, could I avoid it, give any uneasiness on this score, because I must infallibly upon another. For when Mr. Lewis told me what you had done (which I must needs say was not in so soft a manner as he ought, both out of friendship to you and compassion to me), I immediately swore that to be avenged of you I would stay in Windsor as long as Mrs. H——e did; and if that was not long enough to tease you, I would follow her to Hampton-court; and then I should see which will give you most vexation — seeing me but sometimes or not seeing her at all. Besides, Mr. Lewis has promised me to intercept all your letters, and hers to you; at least he says I shall read them *en passant;* and for sealing them again, let him look to that. I think your ruin is amply contrived, for which don't blame me but yourself, for 'twas your rashness prompted to this malice, which I should never else have thought of."

To this spirited epistle the dean replied next day from Windsor castle, with the addition of a fine haunch of venison sent to the lady's mother, in his usual bantering style. "I send this haunch of venison to your mother, not to you, and this letter to you, not to your mother. I had your last and your bill, and know your reasons. I have ordered Barber to send you the overplus sealed up: I am full of business [about his preferment] and ill-humor. Some end or other shall be put to both. I thought you would have been here yesterday: is your journey hither quite off? I hope Moll is recovered of her illness, and then you may come. Have you 'scaped your share in this new fever? I have hitherto, though of late I am not well in my head. You rally very well; Mr. Lewis allows you to do so. I read your letter to him. I have not time to answer, the coach and venison being just ready to go.

"Pray eat half an ounce at least of the venison, and present my humble service to your mother, Moll, and the colonel. I had his letter, and will talk to him about it when he comes. This letter I doubt will smell of the venison. I wish the hang-dog coachman may not spoil the haunch in the carriage."

Previous to setting out for Ireland to take possession of his new preferment, Swift again addressed to her the following letter, full of acknowledgments for the attentions he had received both from herself and the lady's family: — "I promised to write to you, and I have, to let you

know that it is impossible for anybody to have more acknowledgments at heart for all your kindness and generosity to me. I hope this journey will restore my health. I will ride but little every day, and I will write a common letter to you all from some of my stages, but directed to you. I could not get here till ten this night. Pray be merry and eat and walk, and be good; and send me your commands, whatever Mr. L. shall think proper to advise you. I have hardly time to put my pen to paper, but I would make good my promise. Pray God preserve you and make you happy and easy; and so adieu."

From Chester upon his way to Ireland Swift again writes to the lady's mother (humorously addressed to "Madam Van, at the sign of the Three Widows, in Pom-roy-alley, with care and speed" — June 6, 1713); and his letter contains perhaps rather more of a loving and affectionate character than any we have seen addressed to her daughter, while he at least allows her the distant and dignified epithet of madam: — "You heard of me from Dunstable by the way of Hessy. I have had a sad time since. If Moll's 'even so' had been there, she would have none left. Now Hessy grumbles that I talk of Moll. I have resolved upon the direction of my letter already, for I reckon Hessy and Moll are widows as well as you, or at least half-widows. Davila [the historian] goes off rarely now. I have often wished for a little of your ratsbane [coffee]; what I met on the road does not deserve the name of ratsbane. I have told Mr. Lewis the circumstances of my journey; and the curious may consult him upon it. Who will Hessy get now to chide, or Moll to tell her stories and bring her sugar-plums? We never value anything enough till we want it. I design to send Hessy a letter in print from Ireland, because she cannot read writing-hand except from Mr. Partington. I hope you have heard again from the colonel, and that he is fully cured of ——, I don't know what, I forget. It was under cover to Mr. Lewis that I wrote to you from Dunstable; I writ to Hessy by Barber from St. Albans. I left London without taking leave of sir John. I fear a person of his civility will never pardon me. I met no adventures in all my travels, only my horse fell under me, for which reason I will not ride him to Holyhead, I can assure him that. I could not see any marks in the chimney at Dunstable of the coffee Hessy spilt there; and I had no diamond ring about me to write any of your names in the windows. But I saw written *dearest lady Betty Hamilton*, and hard by *Middleton Walker*, whom I take to be an Irish man-midwife, which was a plain omen of her getting a husband. I hear Moor, the handsome parson, came over with the archbishop of Dublin. Did he not marry one Mrs. Devenesh? Lord Lanesborough has been here lately on his way to Ireland, and has got the good will of all the folks in our town. He had something to say to every little boy he met in the streets. Well, he is the courteousest man, and nothing is so fine in the quality as to be courteous. Now Moll laughs because I speak wisely, and now Hessy murmurs again. Well, I had a charming handsome cousin here twenty

years ago. I was to see her to-night, and in my conscience she is not handsome at all; I wonder how it comes about; but she is very good-natured, and you know, Moll, good nature is better than beauty. I desire you will let me know what fellows Hessy has got to come to her bedside in a morning (a custom with French ladies), and when you design again to hobble to Chelsea, if you did not tell me a lie as I much suspect. My head is something better, though not so well as I expected, by my journey. I think I have said enough for a poor weary traveller. I will conclude without ceremony and go to bed. And if you cannot guess who is the writer, consult your pillow, and the first fine gentleman you dream of is the man. So adieu."

It would appear that, on the same day (June 6, 1713) when this amusing epistle was penned, Vanessa was engaged in replying to one of his former letters to herself, still preserving the formal address of 'sir.'

"Sir, — Now you are good beyond expression in sending me that dear voluntary from St. Alban's. It gives me more happiness than you can imagine, or I describe, to find that your head is so much better already. I do assure you all my wishes are employed for the continuance of it. I hope the next will tell me they have been of force. Had I the power I want, every day that did not add as much to your health till it was quite established as Monday last should be struck out of the calendar as useless ones. I believe you little thought to have been teased by me so soon; but when Mr. Lewis told me if I would write to you that he would take care of my letter, I must needs own that I had not self-denial enough to forbear. Pray, why did not you remember me at Dunstable, as well as Moll? Lord! what a monster is Moll grown since. But nothing of poor Hess, except that the mark will be in the same place of Davila where you left it. Indeed, it is not much advanced yet, for I have been studying of Rochefoucault, to see if he described as much of love as I found in myself a Sunday, and I find he falls very short of it. How does Bolingbroke [Swift's horse] perform? You have not kept your promise of riding but a little every day; thirty miles I take to be a very great journey. I am very impatient to hear from you at Chester. It is impossible to tell you how often I have wished you a cup of coffee and an orange at your inn."

The depth and sincerity of Vanessa's affection are manifest in this letter; and it is equally evident from the following, written the same month, that her passion augmented instead of decreasing in the absence of its object. It possesses all the interest and pathos of the most touching drama: —

"It is inexpressible the concern I am in ever since I heard from Mr. Lewis that your head is so much out of order. Who is your physician? For God's sake don't be persuaded to take many slops. Satisfy me so much as to tell me what medicines you have taken and do take. How did you find yourself while a-shipboard? I fear it is your voyage that has discomposed you; and then so much business following immediately

before you had time to recruit; it was quite too much. I beg you to make all the haste imaginable to the country, for I firmly believe that air and rest will do you more good than anything in the world besides. If I talk impertinently I know you have goodness enough to forgive me when you consider what an ease it is to me to ask these questions, though I know it will be a great while before I can be answered; I am sure I shall think it so. Oh! what would I give to know how you do at this instant! My fortune is too hard; your absence was enough without this cruel addition. Sure the powers above are envious of your thinking so well, which makes them sometimes strive to interrupt you; but I must confine my thoughts, or at least stop from telling them to you, or you may chide, which will still add to my uneasiness. I have done all that was possible to hinder myself from writing to you till I heard you were better, for fear of breaking my promise; but it is all in vain; for had I vowed neither to touch pen, ink, or paper, I certainly should have had some other invention; therefore I beg you won't be angry with me for doing what is not in my power to avoid. Pray make Parvisol write me word what I desire to know, for I would not for the world have you hold down your head. I am impatient to the last degree to hear how you are. I hope I shall soon have you here."

The intense anxiety expressed in this letter shows how greatly the one pervading sentiment, which absorbed all other cares and affections, had altered the former happy and rallying humor of Swift's fair correspondent; and he must have been struck with grief and apprehension at the evidence of deep increasing passion, and the fatal tendency which it betokened to one or both the parties interested in the sequel. And from whatever cause derived, wretchedness, indignation (the *sæva indignatio* which he had fixed over his grave), and sad unavailing regret, must have torn his inmost heart that he could not return and prove himself worthy of so charming a being's love, so unalterably enthusiastic and devoted to him alone. With what heartfelt delight she hails the symptoms of his returning health, and proves the truth of that observation pronounced by Swift himself to be correct, that in woman love almost invariably begets desire, while in man it is the opposite — desire most frequently gives rise to love! For though not a word escaped him, many circumstances combine to show that Vanessa was secretly beloved, and that the previous acquaintance with Stella, and perhaps some other unknown obstacle, stood in the way. The following letter affords a decided proof that she felt the truth of this, and that, had Swift been a man free to act and likely to give way to the dictates of passion in opposition to the sense of stern duty and obligation, he would have been only too happy to possess the treasure of a love at once so pure and ardent as almost instantaneously to destroy its victim, when she felt that she had incurred his severe displeasure. He must have been more or less than man to have read it without feelings of the deepest grief,

tenderness, and gratitude; and, as he truly states in his beautiful poem on the subject, —

"Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise;
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so express'd,
He could not hope she spoke in jest."

And though it is evident that towards the close of her fatal passion he loved and even adored her perfections, if we are to believe his own words, and that his nature indeed was capable of love resembling hers, he yet in the outset had not the remotest idea of becoming an object of so passionate a devotion of heart and soul: —

"She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit;
But books and time and state affairs
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love."

And especially the following lines, if we may give him credit for a sincerity he dare hardly have assumed could the lady have convicted him of guilt, exhibit his most triumphant defence, and the best refutation of the calumnies heaped upon him by his political enemies up to the present day: —

"His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy."

This is not saying much for love; and nothing to promise a favorable termination to their acquaintance, such as Vanessa sighed for.

"Mr. Lewis," she resumes (June, 1713) "assures me that you are now well, but will not tell me what authority he has for it. I hope he is rightly informed; though it is not my usual custom when a thing of

consequence is in doubt to fix on what I earnestly wish. But I have already suffered so much by knowing that you were ill, and fearing that you were worse than you have been, that I will strive to change that thought, if possible, that I may have a little ease, and more — that I may not write you a splenetic letter. Pray, why would you not make Parvisol write me word how you did, when I begged it so much? And if you were able yourself, how could you be so cruel to defer telling me the thing which I wished of all the most to know? If you think I write too often, your only way is to tell me so, or at least to write to me again, that I may know you don't quite forget me; for I very much fear that I never employ a thought of yours now except when you are reading my letters, which makes me ply you with them (Mr. Lewis complains of you too). If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so; except it is what is inconsistent with mine [alluding to Stella]. But why don't you talk to me that you know will please me? I have often heard you say that you would willingly suffer a little uneasiness, provided it gave another a vast deal of pleasure. Pray, remember this maxim, because it makes for me. Pray, let me know when you design coming over [June, 1713]; for I must beg you to talk to Mr. P. and settle some affairs for me. Pray, let me hear from you soon, which will be an inexpressible joy to her that is always"——

The unfortunate lady soon makes more earnest complaints of hearing from him so seldom: — "Here is now three long weeks passed since you wrote to me. Oh! happy Dublin, that can employ all your thoughts; and happy Mrs. Emerson, that could hear from you the moment you landed. Had it not been for her I should be yet more uneasy than I am. I really believe before you leave Ireland I shall give you just reason to wish I did not know my letters, or at least that I could not write; and I had rather you should wish so than entirely forget me. Confess, have you once thought of me since you wrote to my mother at Chester? which letter I assure you I take very ill. My mother and I have counted the Molls and the Hessys; it is true the number is equal, but you talk to Moll, and only say '*now Hessy grumbles.*' How can you indeed possibly be so ill-natured to make me either quarrel or grumble, when you are at so great a distance that it is impossible for me to gain by doing so? Besides, you proposed that the letter should be directed to me; but I'll say no more of this, but keep my temper till we meet. Pray, have you answered the letter I wrote you to Chester? I hear you had a very quick passage. I hope it was a pleasant one, and that you have no reason to complain of your health. We have had a vast deal of thunder for this week past. I wish you had been here last Thursday; I am sure you could have prevented the bills from being lost."

The last passage, we may here observe, affords strong collateral evidence of the high estimation in which Swift's political influence was held at that period; — that bills containing articles of the treaty of commerce with France, so important to the credit of the Tory min y,

might owe their fate to the tact and talent of a single individual, and that individual not a member of the commons' house. And other passages of Swift's correspondence tend to confirm the lady's view of the case. "Are not you," she continues, "prodigiously surprised at sir Thomas Hanmer and lord Anglesey [going over to the Whigs]? Lord! how much we differ from the ancients, who used to sacrifice everything for the good of the commonwealth; but now our greatest men will at any time give up their country out of pique, and that for nothing. It is impossible to conceive the rejoicings that are among the Whigs since that day, and I fear the elections will add to them. Lord-treasurer has been extremely to blame, for all his friends advised him to let it be dropped by consent till next session; but, depending on the same success he had on the malt-tax, he would not do it. I know you'll say, 'What does the slut mean to talk all this stuff to me? If I was there I had as lieve hear it as anything they could say; but to pursue me with your nonsense is intolerable. — I'll read no more. — Will! go to the post-office and see if there be more letters for me? What, will this packet only serve to teaze me?' I can tell you you'll have none from lady Orkney by the post, whatever you may have by any other carriage. I have strictly observed your commands as to reading and walking. Mr. Ford can witness the latter, for he has paddled with us several nights. I have a vast deal to tell you about him when I see you. Mr. Lewis has given me the *Dialogues des Morts;* and I am so charmed with them that I am resolved to quit my body, let the consequence be what it will, except you will talk to me; for I find no conversation on earth comparable to yours; so if you care I should stay on earth, do but talk, and you will keep me with pleasure."

Poor Vanessa appears to have had just reason to complain of Swift's silence and apparent indifference, an interval of upwards of a year now occurring in their correspondence. Yet he says when residing in Berkshire (June, 1714), — "You see I am better than my word, and write to you before I have been a week settled in the house where I am;" and after describing his quiet mode of life already alluded to, he concludes with hoping that she is in good health and humor, and desiring his service to Moll, keeping to the last what he doubtless esteemed most important, — the assurance that his cold was quite gone. Again he writes the ensuing month (July, 1714), — "I find you take heavily that touch upon your shoulder [threatened arrest]. I would not have writ to you so soon if it were not to tell you that, if you want to borrow any money, I would have you to send to Mr. Barber, or Ben Tooke, which you please, and let them know it, and the sum, and that I will stand bound for it and send them my bond. I did not know our posts went on Tuesday, else I would have writ two days ago to tell you this. I do not see how you can be uneasy when the year is out; for you can pay only what you receive: you are answerable for no more, and I suppose you have not given bonds to pay your mother's debts. As for your 2*l.*

5s. that you gave your note for, if that be all, it is a trifle, and your owning it with so much apology looks affected. If you have no more secret debts than that, I shall be glad. But still I cannot understand how any of those creditors of your mother can give you any trouble, unless there be some circumstances that I do not know the bottom of. I believe I shall not stay here [Upper Selcomb, Wantage] much longer, and therefore, if you wish to borrow money, I would have you do it soon, and of the two rather of Ben Tooke; because I have just drawn a note upon Barber for thirty guineas for my own expenses. I believe a bond had better be sent to me down to sign; and I will send it back to you, and you may give it Ben. You may speak freely to Ben of this, and if he has no money by him we must apply to Barber. I am forced to conclude in haste, because the post-house is two miles off, and it will be late if I stay longer. Adieu. My service to Molkin."

The real kindness and liberality of Swift's disposition are here apparent, though he affects to conceal the interest he feels under the guise of indifference and a business-like attention to the details of the affair. When Vanessa followed him to Ireland, and, in going to take possession of her property, fixed her temporary residence in Dublin, the dean's alarm and vexation are too strong to be repressed, and he is in evident dread of becoming compromised by some indiscretion on the lady's side. This is the only excuse that can be offered for the hasty and almost brutal language contained in some of his letters; and that dated from Philipstown (Nov. 5, 1714) seems to have been written under an impression of some impending disaster (addressed to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at her lodgings, Turnstile-alley, near College-green, Dublin), — "I met your servant when I was a mile from Trim, and could send him no other answer than I did, for I was going abroad by appointment; besides, I would not have gone to Kildrohod (the Irish name of Cellbridge, her estate) to see you for all the world. I ever told you, you wanted discretion. I am going to a friend upon a promise, and shall stay with him about a fortnight, and then come to town, and I will call upon you as soon as I can, supposing you lodge in Turnstile-alley, as your servant told me, and that your neighbors can tell me whereabouts. Your servant said you would be in town on Monday, so that I suppose this will be ready to welcome you there. I fear you had a journey full of fatigues. Pray take care of your health in this Irish air, to which you are a stranger. Does not Dublin look very dirty to you, and the country very miserable? Is Kildrohod as beautiful as Windsor, and as agreeable to you as the prebend's lodgings there? Is there any walk about you as pleasant as the avenue and the Marlborough-lodge? I have ridden a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come; and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu."

Vanessa having replied in a strain of grief and affliction bordering upon despair, Swift wrote in a more subdued and softened tone, evi

dently in still greater alarm at what might next occur:— "I will see you in a day or two," he says; "and believe me it goes to my soul not to see you oftener. I will give you the best advice, countenance, and assistance I can. I would have been with you sooner if a thousand impediments had not prevented me. I did not imagine you had been under difficulties. I am sure my whole fortune should go to remove them. I cannot see you, I fear, to-day, having affairs of my place to do; but pray think it not want of friendship or tenderness, which I will always continue to the utmost." With how much pleasure Vanessa received any approaches to a milder and more affectionate spirit, like these, in him she loved, may be inferred from the buoyant and joyous character of her next letter: — "Is it possible that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied when I told you the other night that I would pester you with letters. Did not I know you very well, I should think you knew but little of the world to imagine that a woman would not keep her word whenever she promised anything that was malicious. Had you not better a thousand times throw away one hour at some time or other of the day than to be interrupted in your business at this rate? for I know it is quite impossible for you to burn my letters without reading them, as it is for me to avoid reproving you when you behave yourself wrong. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your own quiet, to alter your behavior, for I do assure you I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely I here tell you now that I have determined to try all human arts to reclaim you; and if all these fail I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which it is said never does. . . . Pray think calmly of it! Is it not better to come of yourself than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world [alluding perhaps to Stella]; for when I undertake to do anything I don't love to do it by halves. But there is one thing falls out very luckily for you, which is, that of all the passions revenge hurries me least, so that you have it yet in your power to turn all this fury into good humor, and depend upon it and more, I assure you. Come at what time you please, you can never fail of being very well received."

The correspondence at this time seems to have assumed a more gay and animated air, with less of suspicion and jealousy on the lady's side. Swift expressed his admiration of her epistolary wit and talent, and declared if she wrote so well he would come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with her letters, which he never looked into without wondering how a brat who could not read (a jest) could possibly write so well. The following has much of the dean's earlier and more humorous spirit, and there is no doubt that, had he been so happy as to have continued the correspondence, and possessed the society of Vanessa, and of minds like hers, he would at once have chastened and elevated his fancy, and escaped the corruption of his taste and the prostitution of his genius and

talents to low-lived ribaldry and the mean love of exposing the foibles of his friends, in weaving doggrel rhymes and pieces, and Latin nonsense, in competition with obsequious companions whose flatteries lulled his vanity and betrayed him.

"I am now writing," he says, "on Wednesday night, when you are hardly settled at home, and it is the first hour of leisure I have had, and it may be Saturday before you have it, and then there will be governor Huff;[1] and to make you more so I here enclose a letter to poor Molkin, which I will command her not to show you, because it is a love-letter. I reckon by this time the groves and fields and purling streams have made Vanessa romantic, provided poor Molkin be well. Your friend[2] sent me the verses he promised, which I here transcribe.

"Nymph, would you learn the only art,
To keep a worthy lover's heart;
First, to adorn your person well,
In utmost cleanliness excel:
And though you must the fashions take,
Observe them but for fashion's sake:
The strongest reason will submit
To virtue, honor, sense, and wit:
To such a nymph, the wise and good
Cannot be faithless, if they would;
For vices all have different ends,
But virtue still to virtue tends:
And when your lover is not true,
'Tis virtue fails in him or you:
And either he deserves disdain,
Or you without a cause complain;
But here Vanessa cannot err,
Nor are those rules applied to her:
For who could such a nymph forsake,
Except a blockhead or a rake?
Or how could she her heart bestow,
Except where wit and virtue grow?

"In my opinion these lines are too grave, and therefore may fit you, who I fear are in the spleen; but that is not fit either for yourself or the person you tend,[3] to whom you ought to read diverting things. Here is an epigram that concerns you not: —

"Dorinda dreams of dress a-bed,
'Tis all her thought and art;
Her lace hath got within her head,
Her stays stick to her heart.

"If you do not like these things, what must I say? This town yields no better. The questions which you were used to ask me, you may suppose to be all answered just as they used to be after half-an-hour's

[1] This expression refers to Vanessa's desire of having things her own way.
[2] Swift himself, under the character of Cadenus. [3] Her sister.

debate; 'Entendez vous cela?' You are to have a number of parsons in your neighborhood, but not one that you love, for your age of loving parsons is not yet arrived. What this letter wants in length it will have in difficulty, for I believe you cannot read it. I will write plainer to Molkin, because she is not much used to my hand. I hold a wager there are some lines in this letter you will not understand, though you can read them; so drink your coffee, and remember you are a desperate chip, and that the lady who calls you bastard will be ready to answer all your questions. It is now Sunday night before I could finish this."

It is clear, from the following passage, that Swift was very apprehensive of his correspondence with Vanessa becoming generally known: — "Yesterday," he observes, "I was half-way towards you, where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led; and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke thus ——— signifies everything that may be said to *Cad* at the beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff that anything written to *Cad* should be difficult to *Skinage*. I must now break off abruptly, for I intend to send this letter to-day." (August 4.)

In the following, however, Vanessa reiterates her complaints of Swift's strange, harsh, and variable conduct towards her. Her letter is dated, Cellbridge, 1720. —

"——Cad,—You are good beyond expression, and I will never quarrel again if I can help it; but with submission, 'tis you that are so hard to be pleased, though you complain of me. I thought the last letter I wrote you was obscure and constrained enough. I took pains to write it after your manner; it would have been much easier for me to have wrote otherwise. I am not so unreasonable as to expect you should keep your word to a day, but six or seven days are great odds. Why should your apprehensions for Molkin hinder you from writing to me? I think you should have wrote the sooner to have comforted me. Molkin is better, but in a very weak way. Though those who saw me told you nothing of my illness, I do assure you I was for twenty-four hours as ill as 'twas possible to be, and live. You wrong me when you say I did not find that you answered my questions to my satisfaction; what I said was, I had asked those questions as you bid, but could not find them answered to my satisfaction. How could they be answered in absence, since Somnus is not my friend? We have had a vast deal of thunder and lightning; — where do you think I wished to be then? and do you think that was the only time I wished so since I saw you? I am sorry my jealousy should hinder you from writing more love-letters; for I must chide sometimes, and I wish I could gain by it at this instant, as I have done and hope to do. Is my dating my letter wrong the only sign of my being in love? Pray tell me, did not you wish to come where that road to the left would have led you? I am mightily pleased

to hear you talk of being in a huff; 'tis the first time you ever told me so; I wish I could see you in one. I am now as happy as I can be without seeing —— Cad. I beg you will continue happiness to your own Skinage."

The lady finds still more causes of dissatisfaction, though yet to be informed of the dean's marriage with Stella, which becomes more apparent as we proceed: —

"—— Cad, — I am, and cannot avoid being, in the spleen to the last degree. Everything combines to make me so. Is it not very hard to have so good a fortune as I have, and yet no more command of that fortune than if I had no title in it? One of the D—rs is —— I don't know what to call him. He behaved himself so abominably to me the other day, that had I been a man he should have heard more of it. In short, he does nothing but trifle and make excuses. I really believe he heartily repents that ever he undertook it, since he heard the counsel first plead, finding his friend more in the wrong than he imagined. Here am I obliged to stay in this odious town, attending and losing my health and humor. Yet this and all other disappointments in life I can bear with ease but that of being neglected by —— Cad. He has often told me that the best maxim in life, and always held by the wisest in all ages, is to seize the moments as they fly, but those happy moments always fly out of the reach of the unfortunate. Pray tell —— Cad I don't remember any angry passages in my letter, and I am very sorry if they appeared so to him. Spleen I cannot help, so you must excuse it. I do all I can to get the better of it; and it is too strong for me. I have read more since I saw Cad than I did in a great while past, and chose those books that required most attention on purpose to engage my thoughts; but I find the more I think the more unhappy I am.

"I had once a mind not to have wrote to you for fear of making you uneasy to find me so dull, but I could not keep to that resolution for the pleasure of writing to you. The satisfaction I have in your remembering me when you read my letters, and the delight I have in expecting one from —— Cad, makes me rather choose to give you some uneasiness than to add to my own."

As we approach the termination of this strange correspondence, the dean's wit and good nature, damped by the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed, appear by no means improved by age. As early as 1720 he felt a sense of dulness creeping upon him, which terminated in that utter idiocy and insanity to which he had a decided tendency in his retirement from politics and the disappointment of his ambitious hopes; and it is only upon this supposition we can account for many discrepancies in his language and conduct towards the unhappy objects who had, early or late, bestowed their affections upon him. Unhappy in himself, it was not likely he could confer happiness upon women of susceptible feelings and delicate tastes, and by exciting their intellectual ambition, and by cultivating and expanding their minds, he only

added to their unhappiness with their knowledge, and made them less contented with their lot. In the next letter there is a want of the genuine spirit and humor we so much admire in his earlier writings:—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"August 12, 1720.

"I apprehended on the return of the porter I sent with my last letter that it would miscarry, because I saw the rogue was drunk; but yours made me easy I must neither write to Molkin, nor not write to her. You are like Lord Pembroke, who would neither go nor stay. Glasheel talks of going to see you, and taking me with him, as he goes to his country-house. I find you have company with you, these two or three days; I hope they are diverting, at least to poor Molkin. Why should Cad's letters be difficult? I assure you ——'s are not all.

"I am vexed that the weather hinders you from any pleasure in the country, because walking I believe would be of good use to you and Molkin. I reckon you will return a prodigious scholar, a most admirable nurse-keeper, a perfect housewife, and a great drinker of coffee.

"I have asked, and am assured there is not one beech in all your groves to carve a name on, nor purling stream, for love or money, except a great river,[1] which sometimes roars, but never murmurs, just like governor Huff. We live here in a very dull town, every valuable creature absent, and Cad says he is weary of it, and would rather drink his coffee on the barrenest mountain in Wales than be king here.

"A fig for partridges and quails;—
Ye dainties, I know nothing of ye;
But on the highest mount in Wales,
Would choose in peace to drink my coffee.

And you know very well that coffee makes us severe, and grave, and philosophical. What would you give to have the history of Cd —— and ——— exactly written through all its steps from the beginning to this time?[2] I believe it would do well in verse, and be as long as the other. I hope it will be done. It ought to be an exact chronicle of twelve years from ————, the time of spilling of coffee to drinking of coffee; from Dunstable to Dublin, with every single passage since.

"There would be the chapter of Madame going to Kensington; the chapter of the blister; the chapter of the colonel going to France; the chapter of the wedding, with the adventures of the lost key; of the sham; of the joyful return; two hundred chapters of madness; the chapter of long walks; the Berkshire surprise; fifty chapters of little times; the chapter of Chelsea; the chapter of swallow and cluster; a hundred whole books of myself, &c.; the chapter of hide and whisper the chapter of who made it so; my sister's money. Cad —— bids me tell you that if you complain of difficult writing he will give you enough

[1] The Liffey. [2] The dean never completed this second part of the poem.

of it. See how much I have written without saying one word of Molkin; and you will be whipped before you will deliver a message with honor. I shall write to J. Barber next post, and desire him to be in no pain about his money. I will take not one word of notice of his riches, on purpose to vex him. If heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.[1] I delivered your letter enclosed to our friend,[2] who happened to be with me when I received it. I find you are very much in his good grace, for he said a million of fine things upon it, though he would let nobody read a word of it but himself, though I was so kind to show him yours to me, as well as this, which he has laid a crown with me you will not understand; which is pretty odd for one that sets up for so high an opinion of your good sense. I am ever, with the greatest truth, yours, &c.

"August 13."

In proportion as Swift relents Vanessa's hopes rise, and it is evidently her fond ambition to withdraw him from the influence of Stella, being still wholly unconscious of the marriage, and to bring him to confess his love at her feet.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Cellbridge, 1720.

"—— Cad, is it possible that you will come and see me? I beg for God's sake you will; I would give the world to see you here (and Molkin would be extremely happy). Do you think the time long since I saw you?

"I did design seeing you this week, but will not stir, in hopes of your coming here. I beg you'll write two or three words by the bearer, to let me know if you think you'll come this week. I shall have the note to-night. You make me happy beyond expression by your goodness. It would be too much once to hope for such a history; if you had laid a thousand pounds that I should not understand your letter, you had lost it. Tell me sincerely, did those circumstances crowd on you, or did you recollect them only to make me happy?"

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Thursday morn. ten.

"I will see you to-morrow if possible. You know it is not above five days since I saw you, and that I would ten times more if it were at all convenient, whether your Old Dragon come or no, whom I believe my people cannot tell what to make of, but take him for some conjuror. Adieu."

The following passages in Swift's letters (Oct. 15, 1720) show the interest he took in Vanessa's affairs: — "I had a letter from your friend J. B. [John Barber] in London, in answer to what I told you that Glasheel said about the money. J. B.'s answer is, that you are a person of

[1] This remarkable sentiment is the sting of Arbuthnot's celebrated epitaph on Chartres.

[2] Cadenus.

honor; that you need give yourself no trouble about it; that you will pay when you are able, and he shall be content till then. These are his own words, and you see he talks in the style of a very rich man, which he says he yet is, though terribly pulled down by the fall of stocks. I am glad you did not sell your annuities unless somebody were to manage and transfer them while stocks were high." (Oct. 17th). "I had not a moment to finish this since I sat down to it. A person was with me just now, and interrupted me as I was going on with telling me of great people here losing their places, and now some more are coming about business. So adieu till by and by, or to-morrow," (Oct. 18th.) "I am getting an ill head in this cursed town for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about the garden, and then —— drink your coffee. Glasheel takes up abundance of my time in spite of my teeth. Everybody grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic, which is the same thing. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money. I had a thousand times rather hear the governor [Vanessa] chide two hours without reason." (Oct. 20.) "The governor was with me at six o'clock this morning, but did not stay two minutes, and deserves a chiding, which you must give when you drink your coffee next. I hope to send this letter to-morrow. I am a good deal out of order in my head, after a little journey I made; ate too much I suppose, or travelling in a coach after it. I am now sitting at home alone, and will go write to Molkin. So adieu."

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Cellbridge, 1720.

"You had heard from me before, but that my messenger was not to be had till to-day, and now I have only time to thank you for yours, because he was going about his business this moment, which is very happy for you, or you would have had a long letter full of spleen. Never was human creature more distressed than I have been since I came. Poor Molkin has had two or three relapses, and is in so bad a way that I fear she will never recover. Judge now what a way I am now in, absent from you, and loaded with melancholy on her score. I have been very ill with a stitch in my side, which is not very well yet."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Four o'clock.

"I dined with the provost, and told him I was coming here, because I must be at prayers at six. He said you have been with him, and would not be at home this day, and went to Cellbridge to-morrow. I said I could, however, go try. I fancy you told him so, that he might not come to-night; if he comes you must piece it up as you can, else he will think it was on purpose to meet me, and I hate anything that looks like a secret.

"I cannot possibly call after prayers: I therefore came here in the afternoon while people were in church, hoping certainly to find you. I am truly affected for poor Moll, who is a girl of infinite value, and I am sure you will take all possible care of her, and I hope to live to see the sincerest friendship in the world long between you. I pray God of heaven protect you both, and am, entièrement."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Monday.

"I am surprised and grieved beyond what I can express. I read your letter twice before I knew what it meant, nor can I yet well believe my eyes. Is that poor good creature dead?[1] I observed she looked a little ghastly on Saturday, but it is against the usual way for one in her case to die so sudden. For God's sake get your friends about you to advise and to order everything in the forms. It is all you have to do. I want comfort myself in this case, and can give little. Time alone must give it you. Nothing now is your part but decency. I was wholly unprepared against so sudden an event, and pity you most of all creatures at present."

The death of Vanessa's sister, her increasing jealousy and anxieties, with the growing infirmities of the dean, and his forced residence in a place he disliked, far from his early literary friendships and political connexions, present altogether one of the most melancholy pictures of human wretchedness and vanity, notwithstanding the greatness of Swift's reputation, that can well be conceived. Two charming women, both of whom had riveted their affections upon him, were sinking into their early graves from unrequited love — a love to which circumstances placed it out of his power to make a due return. He again writes to the unhappy victim of misplaced passion from Gallstown, near Kinnugad (July 5, 1721), and observes, "I answer all your questions that you were used to ask *Cad*, and he protests he answers them in the affirmative. How go your law affairs? You were once a good lawyer, but *Cad* hath spoiled you. I had a weary journey in an Irish stage-coach, but am pretty well since." To give the brief sequel of this strange and mysterious connexion, on which it is impossible now to throw any satisfactory light; Swift writes to Vanessa from Clogher (June 1, 1722) — "This is the first time I have set pen to paper since I left Dublin, having not been in any settled place till ten days ago; and I missed one post by ignorance, and that has stopped me five days. Before that time I was much out of order by the usual consequences of wet weather and change of drink, neither am I yet established, though much better than I was. . . . . I answer all the questions you can ask me in the affirmative. I remember your detesting and despising the conversation of the world. I have been so mortified with a man and his lady here two days, that it has made me as peevish as — (I want a

[1] Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

comparison). I hope you are gone or going to your country-seat, though I think you have a term upon your hands. I shall be here long enough to receive your answer, and perhaps to write to you again, but then I shall go farther off if my health continues, and shall let you know my stages. I have been for some days as splenetic as ever you was in your life, which is a bold word. Remember I still enjoin you reading and exercise for the improvement of your mind and health of your body, and grow less romantic, and talk and act like a man of this world. It is the saying of the world, and I believe you often say, I love myself; but I am so low I cannot say it, though your new acquaintance were with you, which I heartily wish for the sake of you and myself. . . . . Last year I writ you civilities and you were angry, yet my thoughts were still the same; and I give you leave to be governor, and will be answerable for them. I hope you will let me have some of your money when I see you, which I will pay honestly you again. Repondez moi si vous entendez bien tout cela, et croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous désirez. Adieu!"

Swift appears about the period he wrote this letter to have been journeying from place to place, and collecting materials for those papers, some of which he subsequently published, in conjunction with his friend Sheridan, in the Intelligencer; and which now for the first time make their appearance in any collection of his works. His next is dated from Loughgall, in the county of Armagh, and is highly characteristic of the dean's character and peculiarities under the circumstances in which he was placed. "I have received yours, and have changed places so often since, that I could not assign a place where I might expect an answer from you, and if you be now in the country and the letter does not reach you in the due time after the date, I shall not expect to hear from you, because I leave this place the beginning of August. I am well pleased with the account of your visit and the behavior of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so is the question; at least, I believe, we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days a-piece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point; — I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of the way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it was to read I know not how many diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbors, the worse the better. There is a pleasure in being reverenced, and that is always n your power by your superiority of sense and an easy fortune. The

best maxim I know in life is to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot to be easy without it; while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you that I am not cheerful enough to write, for I believe coffee once a-week is necessary to that. . . . . I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left the town. I always drew up the clothes with my left hand, which is a superstition I have learnt these ten years. These country posts are always so capricious that we are forced to send our letters at a call on a sudden, and mine is now demanded, though it goes not out till to-morrow. Be cheerful, and read, and ride, and laugh as *Cad*—used to advise you long ago. I hope your affairs are in some better settlement. I do long to see you in figure and equipage: pray do not lose that taste. Farewell!"

It appears that his accomplished friend and correspondent so far gave into his views as to try the efficacy of mixing in general society; a remedy which unhappily only proved to her the superiority of the dean's social qualities and wit.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"—— Cad, —I thought you had quite forgot both me and your promise of writing to me. Was it not very unkind to be five weeks absent without sending me one line to let me know you were well, and remembered me? Besides, you have had such bad weather that you could have no diversion abroad; what then could you do but write and read? I know you do not love cards, neither is this a time of year for that amusement. Since I saw you I have gone more into the world than I did for some time past, because you commanded me, and I do protest here that I am more and more sick of it every day than another. One day this week I was to visit a great lady that has been a-travelling for some time past, where I found a very great assembly of ladies and beaux (dressed as I suppose to a nicety). I hope you'll pardon me now I tell you that I heartily wished you a spectator, for I very much question if in your life you ever saw the like scene, or one more extraordinary. The lady's behavior was blended with so many different characters, I cannot possibly describe it without tiring your patience. But the audience seemed to be a creation of her own, they were so very obsequious. Their forms and gestures were very like those of baboons and monkeys; they all grinned and chattered at the same time, and that of things I did not understand. The rooms being hung with arras, in which were trees very well described, just as I was considering their beauty and wishing myself in the country with ——, one of these animals snatched my fan, and was so pleased with me that it seized me with such a panic that I apprehended nothing less than being carried up to the top of the house and served as a friend of yours was, but in this —— one of their own species came in, upon which they all began

to make their grimaces, which opportunity I took and made my escape. I have not made one single step in either law or reference since I saw you. I meet with nothing but disappointments, yet am obliged to stay in town attending Mr. P., &c., which is very hard. I do declare I have so little joy in life that I don't care how soon mine ends. For God's sake write me soon, and kindly, for in your absence your letters are all the joy I have on earth, and sure you are too good-natured to grudge one hour in a week to make any human creature happy. ——Cad, think of me, and pity me."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"I am this moment leaving my present residence, and if I fix anywhere shall let you know it, [for I would fain wait till I got a little good weather for riding and walking, there never having been such a season as this remembered; though I doubt you know nothing of it but what you learn by sometimes looking out at your back window to call your people. I had your last, with a splendid account of your law affairs. You were once a better solicitor, when you could contrive to make others desire your consent to an act of parliament against their own interest to advance yours. Yet at present you neither want power nor skill, but disdain to exercise either. When you are melancholy, read diverting or amusing books; it is my receipt, and seldom fails. Health, good-humor, and fortune, are all that is valuable in this life, and the last contributes to the two former. I have not rode in all above poor 400 miles since I saw you, nor do I believe I shall ride above 200 more till I see you again; but I desire you will not venture to shake me by the hand, for I am in mortal fear of the itch, and have no hope left but that some ugly vermin called ticks have got into my skin, of which I have pulled out some, and must scratch out the rest. Is not this enough to give me the spleen? for I doubt no christian family will receive me: and this is all a man gets by a northern journey. It would be unhappy for me to be as nice in my conversation and company as you are, which is the only thing wherein you agree with Glasheel, who declares there is not a conversable creature in Ireland except Cad. What would you do in these parts, where politeness is as much a stranger as cleanliness? I am stopped, and this letter is intended to travel with me; so adieu till the next stage. Aug. 8.

"Yesterday I rode 29 miles without being weary, and I wish little *Heskinage* could do as much. Here I leave this letter to travel on one way while I go another, but where I do not know, nor what cabins or bogs are in my way. I see you this moment as you are visible at ten in the morning, and now you are asking your questions round, and I am answering them with a great deal of affected delays, and the same scene has passed forty times as well as the other, from two till seven, longer than the first by two hours, yet each has its *agrémens particuliers*]. A long vacation. Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the fields and groves of your country-seat,

or among your cousins in town, or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you, and then reasoning and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts? The best company for you is a philosopher, whom you would regard as much as a sermon, I have read more trash since I left you than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. [Go over the scenes of Windsor, Cleveland-row, Rider-street, St. James's-street, Kensington, the Sluttery, the Colonel in France, &c. Cad thinks often of these, especially on horseback, as I am assured.] What a foolish thing is time, and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped as if it passed! But I will not proceed at this rate: for I am writing and thinking myself fast into a spleen, which is the only thing that I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in, [if I fix at all till I return, and that I leave to fortune and the weather]."

The sequel of this unhappy story, almost as strange and improbable as any in the wildest romance, is soon told. A fatal influence seemed to hang over it from the beginning, and the heart of Swift, torn by contending emotions, hastened the final doom of one to whom, with all his morbid errors, he seems to have been devotedly attached. In a moment of grief, anguish, and remorse, he had given his hand to another, in the vain hope of snatching that once beloved object from an untimely grave. The discovery of that fact, so long concealed, was the last blow which the gentle and affectionate Vanessa had to sustain. Swift had entreated his friend and former tutor, the bishop of Clogher, to ascertain the cause of that melancholy which evidently preyed on Stella's mind, and must have been shocked to hear of "her sensibility to his late indifference, and to the discredit which her character had sustained from the dubious and mysterious connexion between them." Swift observed in reply that he had long formed two resolutions with regard to matrimony: one, not to marry till he possessed an independence; the other, that such an event should take place at a period which should give him hopes of seeing his children provided for in the world. He had not obtained a competent fortune; and he was past the time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect of bringing up a family — rules exceedingly prudent to adopt, but which call for extreme caution and circumspection on the part of every honorable man who, in his intercourse with the other sex, determines to regulate his conduct by them.

To satisfy public opinion, however, he intimated his consent to a formal marriage; and it took place in the garden of the deanery, the ceremony being performed by the bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.

[1] Strong doubts however are entertained by some excellent authorities — Mr Monck Mason and Dr. Lyon — of any marriage having taken place. Scott states the arguments very fully upon both sides, and seems to lean to the belief that it did actually occur.

After it had taken place we are informed that Swift evinced a very unhappy state of mind. The gloom and agitation previously shown became such that he is said to have sought an interview with archbishop King, the nature of which has never transpired; but we are assured by Dr. Delany that, upon entering the prelate's library to make known his apprehensions, Swift himself rushed by him with a countenance full of grief and a distracted air, without even noticing his presence. Delany observed the archbishop to be weeping, and upon inquiring into the cause was answered, "Sir, you have just met the most unhappy man upon earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." From this strange mystery Delany suspected that Swift, subsequent to his union, discovered there existed too close a consanguinity between Stella and himself, and that both were the illegitimate children of sir W. Temple — a supposition for which there could be assigned no reasonable grounds. Whatever may have been the cause, Swift's intercourse with Stella continued as distant and guarded as before, and it was attended with the same inconveniences and ceremony. She had few acquaintance but Swift's male friends; and one of those few has left it upon record "that Stella used to go, with Mrs. Dingley, to Dr. Delany's villa on Wednesdays, where his men companions dined before he was married to my poor friend. Mrs. Delany, who once saw her by accident, was much struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes.[1] She was very pale, and looked pensive but not melancholy, and her hair as black as a raven."

We have seen how much Swift renewed his efforts, after Stella's marriage, to check the growth of Vanessa's passion, and sought to direct her affections towards another object. Through him dean Winter became a candidate for her hand; and she was addressed with no better success by Dr. Price, afterwards archbishop of Cashell. An interesting account of Vanessa, and the secluded manner in which she lived, has been left by a correspondent of sir W. Scott: "Marley abbey," he says, "near Cellbridge, where Miss V. resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man — upwards of 90 — showed the grounds; the son of Mrs. V.'s gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her

[1] The only portrait of Stella known is in possession of the Rev. Mr. Berwick. Dr. Tooke has a lock of her hair, on the envelope of which is written in Swift's hand — "Only a woman's hair." Scott observes truly, — "If Stella was dead when Swift laid apart this memorial, the motto is an additional instance of his striving to veil the most bitter feelings under the guise of cynical indifference." Of the sensibility of his feelings under a rough outside, there are innumerable proofs; and love's poor victim, Vanessa herself, speaks of the charming compassion which shone in his countenance as what most captivated her affection, even more than his awe.

embonpoint. He said she was seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighborhood who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added that her manners interested every one who knew her: but she avoided company, and was always melancholy save when Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that, when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the dean, she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favorite seat, still called Vanessa's bower: three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbor. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the gardener's account, the dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them."

After the death of her sister, Vanessa became still more absorbed by the unhappy passion that consumed her life; and believing herself more neglected by Swift than before, she resolved to ascertain the nature of that influence which prevented him from avowing the affection which she believed he entertained for her. Without giving the least intimation of her purpose she addressed a letter to Stella, with a request to be informed of the nature of the acquaintance so long known to exist between her and the dean. What must have been poor Vanessa's astonishment to hear, in reply, that Swift had bound himself by the strongest of legal titles to her rival! while that rival, feeling no less indignant at the supposed intimacy which such an inquiry indicated, withdrew to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. At the same time she sent Vanessa's letter to Swift, who, filled with sudden rage, rode with it to Marley abbey, and entered the unfortunate lady's room with a countenance which struck terror into her gentle and sorrowing heart. It was with difficulty she faltered out a few words to ask if he would not take a seat. His sole reply was to throw her own letter upon the table, and in the same paroxysm of passion to rush from the room and remount his horse. Upon receiving this deathblow to all her hopes from one who is believed to have assured her (July 5th, 1721) that no person on earth had ever been so loved, honored, esteemed, adored by her friend as she herself, she never more held up her head, and within three weeks from that fatal moment she died of a broken heart.

It is almost impossible, even under all the extenuating circumstances of the case, to find language sufficiently strong to denounce Swift's conduct upon this occasion. However irritating and distressing the situation in which he found himself, no defence can be made for the indulgence of passion so violent, and for the commission of so violent an out

rage—for such it was—upon the feelings of an accomplished and noble-minded woman, whose sole fault was loving him "not wisely, but too well," and deserved at least his utmost tenderness and compassion. The only extenuation of his stern cruelty that can be offered is that he was laboring under a species of distraction, arising from a combination of causes, and in some part from that morbid sensibility and irritation of temper which, far from bearing the evils of life with becoming humility and patience, forming no part of his character, hurried him into gloom, misanthropy, and despair, and terminated in confirmed insanity. Miss Vanhomrigh died in the 37th year of her age, and is known to have revoked the will previously made in favor of Swift, leaving Mr. Marshall, one of the judges of the common pleas, and Dr. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, her residuary legatees, after some provision for her servants and remembrances to her friends. Bishop Berkeley, it was believed, had destroyed the original MSS. of the letters given by Mr. Nichols and sir W. Scott, with the additions by the latter, from the originals in the possession of Mr. Berwick. Whether Vanessa desired her executors to publish these documents, as asserted, cannot now be ascertained. Such a circumstance is not mentioned in her will; but it is in favor of this supposition that the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was published not long after her death. It has been likewise observed that she was very angry with Swift on account of one of the lines in particular, "Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold;" and it cannot be denied that it is objectionable in whatever view considered; and the more so, perhaps, as coming from one who appears to have been so studiously fearful of incurring—though not of placing himself in a position of doing so—the kind of gallant reputation to which such an assertion may be thought to aspire. "The sum of the evidence," says sir W. Scott, "which they (the letters) afford, seems to amount to this — that while residing in England for years, and at a distance from Stella, Swift incautiously engaged in a correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh, which probably at first meant little more than mere gallantry, since the mother, brother, and sister, seem all to have been confidants of their intimacy. After his going to Ireland his letters assume a graver cast, and consist rather of advice, caution, and rebuke, than expressions of tenderness. Yet neither his own heart, nor the nature of Vanessa's violent attachment, permit him to suppress strong, though occasional and rare, indications of the high regard in which he held her, although honor, friendship, and esteem had united his fate with that of another. It would perhaps have been better had their amours never been made public; as that has however happened, it is the biographer's duty to throw such light upon them as Mr. Berwick's friendship has enabled him to do, in order that Swift's conduct, weak and blamable as it must be held in this instance, may at least not suffer hereafter from being seen under false and imperfect lights."

For some period subsequent to the death of Miss Vanhomrigh Swift

retired into the south of Ireland, where he continued several months, the victim of his own imprudent conduct and violent passions, without communicating, it is supposed, even with his dearest friends. His return to Dublin, and his subsequent reconciliation with Stella, bring this, the most unhappy and least creditable portion of "his strange eventful history," to a close.

It has been already mentioned that Swift had other declarations of love from anonymous quarters, still less welcome and expected. It may amuse our readers to show the kind of impression he had the misfortune to produce upon the too susceptible hearts of the fair—so sudden and so opposite to most men's experience in these matters; and the present case is the more curious as exhibiting a singular economy in love on the lady's side, who seems to have been up and stirring, to utter her fond complaints to her beloved Jonathan, at four o'clock in the morning. It is a wonder the dean forgot to give us one of his inimitable ballads upon this "forlorn hope" of some fifth or sixth Dulcinea that laid such strong siege to his implacable affections:—

FROM SACHARISSA TO ——

"Thursday morning, four o'clock.

"If I was not thoroughly convinced that the author of this distracted scroll will for ever be sunk in oblivion, I would choose death in any shape before I would reveal the continual anguish I have suffered, even before I saw your godlike form; for believe me, my passion first got birth by perusing your inimitable writings.

"If women were allowed to speak their thoughts, I would glory in my choice, and spread your fame, if possible, farther than these narrow limits of the earth.

"It is my misfortune to be in the care of persons who generally keep youth under such restraint as won't permit them to publish their passion, though never so violent, and such I must confess mine for you to be. Could you conceive the many pangs, the many different pangs I feel, I flatter myself you would lighten the insupportable burthen of my love by generously bearing a part. When I consider to whom I speak, that it is to the divine immortal Swift, I am confounded at my vanity; but, alas, the malignity of my disorder is so great that my love soon gets the better of the regard and homage I render even to his name; but certain it is, if you don't flatter this absurd but sincere passion of mine, I must expect death as the just reward of my presumption; and be assured, if it were any but yourself, I would cheerfully suffer that before I would have my passion returned with disdain; and as I expect no other from you, beg you'll publish it in 'Faulkener's Journal,' under what fictitious name you please — for if I have the least understanding I shall distinguish your writings, under ever so many disadvantages, from any other —and inscribe it to Sacharissa. You may easily imagine with what

impatience I shall expect Friday: I can't add how much I am yours till the arrival of my doom. "SACHARISSA."

Swift, however, owing to the very cause here intimated—the spontaneous affections of the ladies—had already too much of the same kind upon his hands, and most probably felt extremely happy to decline this new challenge of his fair assailant. Besides, he had other and more important matters, free at least from the direful consequences so often attending "the beautiful passion," as the French term it, when love makes his attack from the lady's side; and in the midst of his multiplied cares and studies, when the fate of liberty and empire hung in the balance, in addition to his own fortune and personal security, he no doubt felt it a comparative heaven upon earth to be absolved from the claims of those whose affections he had never courted, and who would not rest satisfied with the tenderest friendship and esteem. He might well exclaim with classic authority, "non omnes omnia possumus," which has been thus paraphrased in a popular song:—

"Do what I will, I cannot wed ye all."

During Swift's residence in Ireland, between the years 1715 and 1723, when he reappeared on the political stage in the character of the Drapier, he kept up an active correspondence with his numerous connexions in England and elsewhere. The rev. Dr. Jebb, Dr. Mossom, and Dr. Jinny, in addition to the familiar circle more near him in Dublin, were among those for whom the dean entertained a high esteem, while his renewal of intercourse with Addison for the remainder of that amiable writer's life led to his friendship for Mr. Tickell, through whose influence he was enabled to do so much good, and in some measure to infuse a better feeling, in regard to Ireland, into the measures of the new Whig government. The more his real views became known the greater influence did they exert; and this was more particularly the case as respected church discipline, and the wise and liberal exercise of his power over his own chapter, which in time wholly conciliated the prejudices felt towards him in the highest quarters, and gained for him the esteem of those prelates who had most strenuously opposed him. In the following letter to Dr. Mossom, then dean of Ossory, he alludes to some of the divisions which had given rise to considerable anxiety on his part. It is dated February 14th, 1720–21, and is the more interesting as throwing light upon the views and feelings of the dean at that period:—

"When I had the honor of yours of the 8th inst. I was in very ill health, and am since but slowly recovering. About five years ago I had some disputes with my chapter upon the occasion of my negatives, which was never contradicted before; nor did the members directly do it then, but by some side-ways of arguing the ill consequences which might follow if it had no exceptions. This they were instigated to do by the archbishop of Tuam, who incited the archbishop of Dublin, and who said he had long entertained an opinion against my negative. Since

that they never contradicted it; and the point is, as you say, perfectly absurd. I then writ to the bishop of Rochester and dean of Sarum, who had been my old friends; the former distinguished between deaneries of the old and new establishment, and both of them advised me to make as little stir as I could. The dean of Sarum said positively that he had no more power in the chapter than a senior prebendary; that when he was absent the next senior presided of course, and had only a vote. In this case, without doubt, time has so ordered it that things may be done by the dean and chapter, whether the former consent or no. But you are to understand that the privileges and powers of the dean of St. Patrick's depend upon subsequent grants and confirmations of popes, parliaments, and kings, and archbishops. Now if your chapter be much older than Edward IV.'s time, for aught I know you may be on the foot of St. Patrick's, as that was upon the foot of Sarum before the subsequent provisions were made. There is a French act of parliament, Edward IV., where it is recited, 'That whereas the dean of St. Patrick is ordinary, &c., and has such and such privileges,' &c., so that then they were known. This deanery is 503 years old, and several of the dean's powers were granted in the first, second, and third centuries after; and the error of my opponents lay in thinking this deanery was like that of Sarum, without considering what came after. I believe your best arguments will be, to insist in general that you copy after St. Patrick's, and if they allow that, I will provide you with power and privilege enough. It is an infallible maxim that not one thing here is done without the dean's consent. If he proposes, it is then left to the majority, because his proposal is his consent. This is as much as I can send you at present from a giddy, aching head. If you command any further particulars from me of my practice here, or any other point wherein I can do you service, you shall find me ready to obey, and I think there are few older acquaintances than you and I."

In his correspondence also with Mr. Tickell the dean expresses his sentiments with the most unreserved confidence and friendship, and often in a strain of wit and good humor that showed his "ancient fires" were not yet become extinct. "I shall wait on you," he says (Deanery-house, July, 1724), "at the time and place you appoint, although it is hard that your last-comers and lodgers should invite an old housekeeper, which I would have you to know I am, and can bring you half-a-dozen men in gowns to depose it. I shall therefore attend you only on this condition, that you will be ready to fix a day for dining at the deanery with lord Forbes and Mr. Sheridan, because the latter has been heard to boast that you will condescend to suffer him."

It is evident from the following how much Swift interested himself, and employed the influence he possessed with government, to render services to those whom he considered deserving of them; the more honorable to him from his being frequently in a very infirm and suffering state of health. "I should have waited upon you before now," he says

(August 3d, 1724), "if I had not been tormented with an old vexatious disorder of a deafness and noise in my ears, which has returned after having left me two years, and makes me insupportable to others and myself.

"I now make bold to trouble you in an affair which goes very near my heart. Mr. Proby, surgeon-general, my old friend, and most generally beloved of any man in this kingdom, lies under a great misfortune at present. His eldest son, a captain in lord Tyrawley's regiment, has been accused at Galway for discovering an inclination to popery, and several affidavits have been made against him. The young man desires nothing but a fair trial. The accusation is generally judged malicious and false; but that concerns you not. He is to be tried in a few days; but the matter must first go before the lords-justices. Mr. Proby, being utterly unknown to you, desires the favor to wait upon you either this afternoon or evening, or early to-morrow morning. He does not intend this as a solicitation for his son; he has too much discretion; but as the business will first come before the lords-justices he thinks it will be proper for him to wait on you, and say or ask what is convenient, and thought that my recommendation will facilitate his access. Therefore, pray, sir, mistake me not—I am not at all making you an advocate, but only desiring that he may not see you wholly as a stranger."

Shortly afterwards Swift had occasion to write to lord Carteret, then lord-lieutenant, with other applications of a similar benevolent nature, which he also addressed through Mr. Tickell, who still held the official situation obtained through the influence of his friend Addison. "I desire," he observes (Sept. 4th, 1724), "you will please to send the enclosed. I beg your pardon for so often troubling you; but I owed his excellency a letter. I am pretty well eased of my troublous disorder, and intend to wait on you soon, and hope you will make some appointment with those you like best, that we may meet at the deanery."

The enclosed letter, which does so much honor both to Swift's heart and judgment, will here form an appropriate introduction to his connexion with a wit and scholar, who had the highest opinion of Swift's powers and delighted in his society: —

TO LORD CARTERET.

"Sep. 3. 1724.

"My Lord, — Being ten years older than when I had the honor to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse — and so it has happened. For I have been this month past so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence: that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an

amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be properer for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for since I left England such a parcel of trash has been fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

"There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone over to England; it is Dr. George Berkely, dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth 1100*l.* a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will of course attend your excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my lord Burlington. And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here; and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily with my lord Peterborow; and upon his lordship's return Dr. Berkely spent some seven years in travelling over most part of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frighted when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were), of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a-year for himself, forty for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do. And therefore I humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

"I must now in all humility entreat one favor of you, as you are lord-lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest portion of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to popery while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion is that the accusation is false and malicious; and the archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any man I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others who may speak in his favor, and perhaps will tell you 'that, as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland than inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his family;' although I have reason to be confident that they neither need nor desire more than justice: I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore I hope what I have said is pardonable in every respect but that of taking up your time.

"My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner I can only guess. It is by universal declarations against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of — that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different toward your person and high station from what have appeared toward others.

"I have no other excuse for the length of this letter but a faithful promise that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time."

The preceding letter, with that which follows, will form no unappropriate introduction to the more important subject of the "Drapier's Letters," and one which constitutes so marked an epoch in the life of the celebrated dean. It is addressed to Mr. Tickell (Deanery-house, Oct. 24, 1724), and shows how highly he estimated the character of lord Carteret, and augured possibly in some degree the relief of his oppressed countrymen.

"Sir, — I did not design to attend my lord-lieutenant till his hurry of visits and ceremony were over, but I fear it will be long before I can have that honor, for I am so cruelly persecuted with the return of my deafness that I am fit for nothing but to mope in my chamber. I therefore humbly entreat your favor to present my most humble duty to his excellency, and to let him know the unlucky cause that hinders me from waiting on him, which I apprehend will yet continue some weeks. I have already had but too much cause to complain of a disorder which hath so long deprived me of the happiness of your company. I con-

clude you are now a busy man, and shall therefore only say that I am, with great esteem, &c." [1]

There can be no stronger proof of the sincerity of the dean's friendship for Addison, and of his wisdom and magnanimity in forbearing to

[1] TO MR. TICKELL.

"July 19, 1725.

"SIR, — Your whole behavior, with relation to myself, ever since I had the honor to be known to you, hath tended maliciously to hinder me from writing or speaking anything that could deserve to be read or heard. I can no sooner hint my desire of a favor to a friend but you immediately grant it, on purpose to load me, so as to put it out of my power to express my gratitude; and against your conscience you put compliments upon the letter I write, where the subject is only to beg a favor, on purpose to make me write worse, or not at all for the future. I remember some faint strokes of this unjust proceeding in myself when I had a little credit in the world, but in no comparison with yours, which have filled up the measure of iniquity.

"I have often thought it a monstrous folly in us, who are tied to this kingdom, to have any friendship with *vous autres*, who are birds of passage, while we are sure to be forsaken like young wenches who are seduced by soldiers that quarter among them for a few months. Therefore I prudently resolved to make no other use of you than for my present satisfaction, by improving myself from your conversation, or making use of your interest to the advantage of my friends. But when you leave us I will, for my own quiet, send as few sighs after you as I can. For, when gods used to come down to earth to converse with females, it was true judgment in the lady who chose rather to marry an earthly lover than Apollo, who would be always rambling to heaven, and, besides, would be young when she was old.

"And, to show I am serious in my resolutions, I now entreat another good office from you, in behalf of a young gentleman, Mr. James Stopford, a fellow of the college. He is a man of birth and fortune, but the latter a little *engaged* by travelling; and having now as strong temptations to travel again with great advantage, as governor to a young person, he desires the honor of being admitted to my lord-lieutenant by your means, with no other view but the credit that such a reception would give him, only whispering me (as all men have base ends) that he foresees his excellency, being about his own age, will be always of so great a consequence in England, as, many years hence, he may find his account in his lordship's protection and countenance.

"He is reckoned the best scholar of his age among us, and abounds in every amiable quality, without any circumstance to detract from them, except one, which I hope his travels will put an end to, and that is love.

"In the letter directed to Dr. Delany there is one to Mr. Stopford, who is soon expected in town, and therein I let him know what I write to you, and direct him to attend you, for which I humbly desire pardon, as well as for the trouble of sending the packet to Dr. Delany, and for teasing you with so long a letter; which I will conclude with the sincerest profession of being ever, with great respect,

"Your most obedient and obliged servant,

"J. SWIFT.

"The ladies present their best service and thanks to you for your remembrance Mrs. Johnson has blunted her pickaxe with work."

resent the captious jealousy and coolness which, as in the case of Pope, the author of the Spectator sometimes gave way to at the expense of justice, than the regard and esteem thus uniformly shown by Swift to

TO THE SAME.

"Sept. 18, 1725.

"Sir, — You court people have found out the way of vexing me in all my privacy and monkish manner of living. Here is Mr. Sheridan perpetually teasing me with complaints, directly in the style I have often met among state letters, of loss of favor by misrepresentation, and envy, and malice, and secret enemies, and the rest of that jargon. I have had share of it myself, and so I believe have you, and may have more in the course of your fortune. The worst evil is, that when ill opinions are instilled into great men they never think it worth their while to be undeceived, and so a little man is ruined without the least tincture of guilt. And therefore, the last time I was in the world, I refused to deal with a chief minister till he promised me upon his honor never to be influenced by any ill story of me till he told it me plainly and heard my defence, after which, if I cleared myself, it should pass for nothing; and he kept his word and I was never once in pain. I was the person who recommended Mr. Sheridan; but the bishop of Elphin took upon him to do it in form, and gave it a sanction, and was seconded by two other bishops, all principled according to your heart's desire, and therefore his excellency hath nothing to answer for. I do believe Mr. Sheridan hath been formerly reckoned a Tory, but no otherwise than hundreds among your favorites, who, perhaps, grew converts with more zeal, noise, and cunning, but with less decency. And I hope a man may be a convert without being a renegado; and however the practice is contrary, I know which of them I should most favor. It is most infallible by all sorts of reason that Mr. Sheridan is altogether innocent in that accusation of preaching, but, as he is a creature without cunning, so he hath not overmuch advertency. His books, his mathematics, the pressures of his fortune, his laborious calling, and some natural disposition or indisposition, give him *égarement d'esprit*, as you cannot but observe; but he hath other good qualities enough to make up that defect; truth, candor, good-nature, pleasantness of humor, and very good learning; and it was upon these regards I was bold to recommend him, because I thought it was for the general good that he should have some encouragement to go on in his drudgery. But if it be determined that party must lay her talons upon him, there is no more to be said. My lord-lieutenant hath too many great affairs to allow time for examining into every little business, and yet it is hard that even a beggar should suffer who is wholly innocent. I heard king William say that, if the people of Ireland could be believed in what they said of each other, there was not an honest man in the kingdom. And if Mr. Sheridan guesses right of the person who is the chief accuser, there is no man who is not altogether drunk and mad with party would value the accusation. If, by the clatter made upon this occasion, it should be thought most proper for Mr. Sheridan not to appear about the castle at this juncture, I believe he will content himself, but not that he should lose any degree of favor with his excellency; and if this be the case, I hope you will so order that my lord will condescend to signify so much to him; for I know too well how often princes themselves are obliged to act against their judgment, amidst the rage of factions. Upon the whole, the good treatment you have given me hath produced an ill effect, encouraging me to further requests, that you will endeavor to make Mr. Sheridan easy. None but converts are afraid of showing favor to those who lie under suspicion in point of principles; and that was Mr. Addison's argument in

the dearest friend and the executor of that pleasing writer. He reaped the reward he most coveted, the power of serving his friends; and as a just testimonial to Swift's high mind and honorable motives in this

openly continuing his friendship to me to the very hour of his death. And your case is the same, and the same I shall expect from you in a proper degree, both towards Mr. Sheridan and myself.

"Whether you are in parliament or no, I am sensible you are too busy at this time to bear such an interruption as I have given you, and yet I have not said half what I had a mind; my excuse is, that I have title to your favor as you were Mr. Addison's friend, and, in the most honorable part, his heir; and if he had thought of your coming to this kingdom, he would have bequeathed me to you.

"I am ever, with true esteem and respect,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

TO THE SAME.

"Deanery-house, November 12, 1725.

"SIR,—I have got slowly out of a feverish disorder that hath confined me these ten days. I shall dine to-morrow at home, after a sort, *en famille* with the two ladies my nurses. And if you please to be a fourth, I shall take care that no unacceptable fifth be of the company: and pray let me know to-night or to-morrow morning, for as to Sunday, I look on you as a guest when you please.

"I am your most obedient,

"J. SWIFT."

TO THE SAME.

[*London*], April 16, 1726.

"SIR,—Though I am to desire a favor of you, yet I was glad it gave me an opportunity of paying you my respects. I am here now a month picking up the remnant of my old acquintance, and descending to take new ones. Your people are very civil to me, and I meet a thousand times better usage from them than from that denomination in Ireland.

"This night I saw the wild boy, whose arrival here hath been the subject of half our talk this fortnight. He is in the keeping of Dr. Arbuthnot, but the king and court were so entertained with him that the princess could [*not*] get him till now. I can hardly think him wild in the sense they respect him. Mr. Arundel is made surveyor of the works, which I suppose you will hear before you read this.

"I hope I am to give you joy, and I am sure I wish it you; the reason I trouble you with the enclosed is because it contains a bill of lading for a picture I have from France, and am afraid it might miscarry.

"You will please to send one of your servants to the person it is directed to; and accept my excuses.

"I am, with true respect, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"J. SWIFT."

TO THE SAME.

"London, July 7, 1726.

"SIR,—I have led so restless, and visiting, and travelling, and vexatious a life, since I had the honor of your letter, that I never had humor enough to acknowledge it, though I carried it wrapt up safely in my pocket. You are now so old a married man, that I shall not congratulate with you, but pray God you may long congratulate with yourself, and that your situation will make you a tolerable

correspondence, it affords the writer unalloyed pleasure to subjoin the remainder of his interesting correspondence with Mr. Tickell, who merited the dean's friendship also on his own account.

During a period of six years from his return to Ireland, Swift had conscientiously adhered to his resolution of not interfering with political affairs. He saw with grief the unhappy causes which rendered his country the most oppressed and desolate of any known in the civilized world, and he was heard to declare that it made his flesh creep and his blood boil to witness the extreme degradation to which it was condemned by the impolicy and wickedness of successive governments. He left no means untried to remove the disastrous influence that preyed upon its vitals, by arousing the people to a juster sense of their resources and their rights; he even overcame his natural repugnance to use his persuasions with his political enemies to serve his cause, while he waited

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Irishman, at least till you can make the lady a good Englishwoman, which, however, I hope will be late. I cannot complain of any want of civility in your friends the Whigs; and I will tell you freely that most of them agree with me in quarreling about the same things. I have lived these two months past for the most part in the country, either at Twickenham with Mr. Pope, or rambling with him and Mr. Gay for a fortnight together. Yesterday my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Congreve made up five at dinner at Twickenham. I have been very little more than a witness of any pleasantries you may have seen from London. I am in no sedentary way for speculations of any kind, neither do I find them so ready to occur at this late time of my life. The thing you mention, which no friend would publish, was written fourteen years ago at Windsor, and shows how indiscreet it is to leave any one master of what cannot without the least consequence be shown to the world. Folly, malice, negligence, and the incontinence in keeping secrets (for which we want a word), ought to caution men to keep the key of their cabinets.

"As to what you mention of an imaginary treatise, I can only answer that I have a great quantity of papers somewhere or other, of which none would please you, partly because they are very incorrect, but chiefly because they wholly disagree with your notions of persons and things; neither do I believe it would be possible for you to find out my treasury of waste papers without searching nine houses and then sending to me for the key.

"I find the ladies make the deanery their villa. I have been told that Mrs. Johnson's health has given her friends bad apprehensions; and I have heard but twice from them. But their secretary, Dr. Sheridan, just tells me she is much better, to my great satisfaction. I wonder how you could expect to see her in a morning, which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey. I desire to present my most humble service to Mrs. Tickell.

"I shall return in a few days to Twickenham, and there continue till August, at the latter end of which month I propose to wait on you at the castle of Dublin; for I am weary of being among ministers whom I cannot govern, who are all rank Tories in government and worse than Whigs in church; whereas I was the first man who taught and practised the direct contrary principle.

"I am, sir, with sincere respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

patiently till the extreme violence of party should have exhausted itself upon stronger enemies. But in the year 1720 Swift found he could no longer remain with honor a silent spectator of the course of events. In his "Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures" he pointed out to the people of Ireland that their poverty and distress were chiefly owing to their own folly, and that the remedy lay in their own power. He gives an interesting account of his views and motives in those lighter publications which ushered in his more renowned letters of the Drapier, to his friend Pope, the last of that brilliant galaxy of wits left to cheer the dean in his advancing years, and whom he regarded with the tenderest affection. "I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which, a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief-justice and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with the design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. The chief-justice has so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and the city were effectually practised with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentment published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a *special verdict*. During the trial the chief-justice, among other singularities, laid his own hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the duke of Grafton's (the lord-lieutenant's) arrival, his grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*."

From the manner in which Swift was supported by popular opinion in this effort to remove one of the causes of the people's sufferings, in spite of the utmost exertions of the Whig party, he was encouraged to aim at higher things, and to identify his future reputation with the triumph of a popular movement almost unprecedented under the circumstances in which Ireland was placed. After taking signal vengeance

upon the chief-justice, and rendering him an object of public indignation, he again withdrew from the controversial arena, and appears to have been engaged, both then and subsequently in England, in bringing to perfection his great master-piece of fictitious composition — his immortal "Travels of Captain Gulliver." In this interval, between 1720 and 1724, there does not seem to have been published a single work known under his name; but in the latter year an occasion offered, which he eagerly embraced, of dispersing those clouds behind which he had so long been concealed, and of venturing upon a more daring career than he had before attempted. "The great acquisition of esteem and influence," says Dr. Johnson, "was made by the 'Drapier's Letters.' One Wood, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, a man enterprising and rapacious, had, as is said, by a present to the duchess of Munster, obtained a patent empowering him to coin one hundred and eight thousand pounds of halfpence and farthings, for the kingdom of Ireland, in which there was a very inconvenient and embarrassing scarcity of copper coin; so that it was possible to run in debt upon the credit of a piece of money; for the cook or keeper of an alehouse could not refuse to supply a man that had silver in his hand, and the buyer would not leave his money without change. The project was therefore plausible. The scarcity, which was already great, Wood took care to make greater by agents who gathered up the old halfpence, and was about to turn his brass into gold by puring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland, when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, wrote letters under the name of M. B., Drapier, to show the folly of receiving, and the mischief that must ensue by giving gold and silver for coin perhaps not a third part of its nominal value."

There were other and more serious evils that would have followed the nefarious attempt to enrich an individual at the expense of an entire nation. It was not the debasement of the metal so much as the wide field opened for the patentee to withdraw the remaining gold and silver from the already exhausted land, and to substitute a spurious coin, which must soon have found its way even to the treasury itself, bringing deserved retribution upon the heads of those who granted his powers. No security was exacted from Wood that he would not, like his predecessors, forge his own coin beyond the stated limits, and inundate the country with an arbitrary currency of his own. "The great force," says Mr. Deane Swift, "of the doctor's reasoning in the character of an Irish drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which it is certain were much wanted in Ireland in 1724) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three halfpence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity, as he had neither given security for his honesty nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, whereas the halfpence (afterwards) sent over to Ireland in 1737 were coined in the

Tower, by the express order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, &c. &c. However, it is certain that an advertisement of three lines by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopped their currency."

It might have been added by his ingenious relative and able commentator that the tacit approbation of the dean upon this last occasion strongly evinced that his opposition to the impolitic and disgraceful project was by no means of a factious nature, or induced by any interested or ambitious views. Sheridan also declared that no one in Ireland was consulted upon the subject, nor was any previous notice given to the lord-lieutenant. And Swift himself, to place the matter beyond a doubt, has left it upon record that his objections to its introduction were founded upon strong principle—namely, the fraudulent obtaining and executing of the patent, the baseness of the metal, and the prodigious sum to be coined, which might be increased by stealth from foreign importations and his own counterfeits as well as those at home; "whereby we infallibly lose all our little gold and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and discouraged trade." He likewise asserted in his advertisement that the sum was five times greater than the occasion required; and in one of his many poems upon the unlucky patentee he gives vent to his satirical genius upon the fact of his being committed to jail for debt: —

> "And over these fillets he wisely has thrown—
> To keep out of danger—a doublet of stone."

"For my own part," he observes, "who am but one man of obscure origin, I do solemnly declare in the presence of Almighty God that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a law of my own country; and if that shall even happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land and eat the bread of poverty among a free people." "The great ignominy of a whole kingdom's lying so long at mercy, under so vile an adversary, is such a deplorable aggravation that the utmost expressions of shame and rage are too low to set it forth; and therefore I shall leave it to receive such a resentment as is worthy of a *parliament*."

The history of the whole affair is so curious that a brief statement of facts will add greatly to the interest we feel in the dean's unprecedented popularity and political success. It seems to have begun in corruption as it must have ended in fraud. The emoluments from the disposal of the patent were given by lord Sunderland to the duchess of Kendal, who sold it to Wood: —

> "Such a worm as Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
> Of a governing statesman or a favorite w—re."

The duke of Bolton, then lord-lieutenant, wanted boldness to bring the

project forward; but the duke of Grafton, his successor, gave his promise to support it. Walpole, on coming into power, though aware of the difficulties in the way, permitted the measure to take its course. Lord Middleton, the Irish chancellor, on the other hand, opposed it; a new quarrel sprung up between him and the lord-lieutenant, fomented by the arts of Carteret, who was intriguing for Walpole's removal. The foolish boasting of Wood was calculated to embarrass the promoters of the measure; and to put a climax to the absurdity of all parties engaged, the patent was granted without being submitted to the privy council. Discord and dissension soon spread through Ireland on this intelligence, and the duke of Grafton was speedily recalled. From desire to supplant Walpole he had acted with the opposition, but was now anxious to bring over lord Middleton to his views. In this however he failed, and the patent was ultimately surrendered. To have forced it upon the people of Ireland, Swift conceived, would have proved a deathblow to the independence of the kingdom; and this operated as another incentive to strain every nerve to oppose it. But this argument it was dangerous to avow; and when in his fourth letter he treated of it simply as an abstract question, the arm of government was immediately raised to strike.

Soon after lord Carteret's arrival in Ireland a proclamation was issued offering a reward of 300*l.* for the discovery of the author of the fourth "Drapier's Letter." The printer was imprisoned and a bill of indictment ordered to be prepared. Swift upon this came to his friend Harding's relief, with his short but "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury," copies of which were distributed to every person of the jury before the bill, and produced so powerful a sensation that it was unanimously thrown out. The chief-justice Whitshed discharged the jury in a rage, but it availed nothing, for the next that was summoned drew up a strong presentment in support of the opinions contained in the "Drapier's Letters," in language still more decisive. The same fate attended various others in different counties; the measure was soon known to be desperate even in the eyes of its projectors; and never was national exultation more loudly expressed at its final rejection. The drapier was hailed on all sides as the liberator of his country; his name resounded through the island; his picture became the favorite sign of every country inn, was treasured in every house, and even exhibited and cried about in the streets.

"Whoever," says Sheridan, "examines the 'Drapier's Letters' with attention, will find that the great talents of Swift never appeared in a more conspicuous light than on this occasion. He saw that a plan was formed by the British minister to bring his country into the utmost distress. Notwithstanding the apparent opposition given to it by the Irish parliament and privy council, he knew too well the servile disposition of all men at that time in office, and their abject dependence on the minister, to suppose they would continue firm in their opposition at the

certain loss of their places, if he was determined to carry the point. He saw, therefore, no possible means of preventing the evil but raising such a spirit in the whole body of the people as would make them resolve on no account whatever to receive this coin. His writings in the character of a drapier were in such plain language, and in such an easy series from simple and evident principles, as carried the fullest conviction to every mind. But as it was necessary to his purpose to rouse the feelings as well as convince the understandings of mankind, without ever appearing at all to apply to the passions, he raises them to the highest pitch by seemingly casual strokes here and there interspersed. So that the whole, on a transient view, appeared what it professed to be — the work of an honest shopkeeper, of plain common sense, who started out of his sphere to commence writer upon a view of the imminent danger with which his country was threatened; and who could not now and then suppress the honest indignation which rose in his breast at the unparalleled insolence of power, in treating a great and loyal kingdom with such indignity as would have been thought intolerable even by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Yet plain and simple as these writings seem to be at first view, and which as every common reader would imagine he could produce himself, upon a closer inspection they would be found to be works of the most consummate skill and art; and whoever should attempt to perform the like would be obliged to say with Horace,—

> "'Sudet multum, frustraque laboret,
> Quivis speret idem.'
>
> "'Who, while they strive the more success to gain,
> Should find their labor and their hopes are vain.'

"I remember to have heard the late Hawkins Browne say that the 'Drapier's Letters' were the most perfect pieces of oratory ever composed since the days of Demosthenes. And indeed upon comparison there will appear a great similitude between the two writers. They both made use of the plainest words, and such as were in most general use, which they adorned only by a proper and beautiful arrangement of them. They both made use of the most obvious topics, which by the force of genius they placed in a new light. They were equally skilful in the arrangement and closeness of their arguments; equally happy in the choice and brevity of their allusions; each so entirely master of his art as entirely to conceal the appearance of art, so that they seized on the passions by surprise. . . . .

"One passage, indeed, is so admirable an instance of the species of excellence above described as to require no apology for bringing it here before the reader. 'I am very sensible,' he says, in his assumed character, 'that such a work as I have undertaken might have worthily employed a much better pen; but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All my assistance were some informations from an eminent per

son, whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few by endeavoring to make them of a piece with my own productions, and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armor of Saul: and therefore chose to attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's honor, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliah in many circumstances very applicable to the present purpose: for Goliah had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was 5000 shekels of brass; and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. In short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass, and he defied the armies of the living God. Goliah's conditions of combat were likewise the same with those of Wood; if he prevail against us *then shall we be his servants;* but if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition; he shall never be a servant of mine, for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop.'

"Nothing," continues his able biographer, "showed the generalship of Swift in a higher point of view during this contest than his choice of ground, both for attack and defence. He well knew of what importance it was to steer clear of party, and that, if he had attacked the British minister as the real author, promoter, and abettor of this project, he would immediately have been stigmatized with the name of Jacobite, and his writings of course disregarded. He therefore treated the matter all along as if there were no other parties concerned but *William Wood, hardwareman,* on the one side, and the whole kingdom of Ireland on the other. Nay he went farther; and finding that Wood in his several publications had often made use of Mr. Walpole's name, he took upon him the defence of the latter in several passages of his fourth letter, which he concludes thus: 'But I will now demonstrate beyond all contradiction that Mr. Walpole is against this project of Mr. Wood, and is an entire friend to Ireland, only by this one invincible argument; that he has the universal opinion of being a wise man, an able minister, and in all his proceedings pursuing the true interest of the king his master; and that, as his integrity is above all corruption, so is his fortune above all temptation.' By the use of this irony, a double-edged weapon which he knew how to manage with peculiar dexterity, his argument cut both ways. To the bulk of readers it might pass for a real acquittal of Mr. Walpole of the charge brought against him, which would answer one end; and to those of more discernment it obliquely pointed out the true object of their resentment; but this so guardedly, that it was impossible to make any serious charge against the author of his having such a design."

Swift was known from this time by the appellation of *The Dean.* He was honored by the populace as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or

higher station. He was from this important year the oracle of the traders and the idol of the rabble, and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. The Drapier was a sign; the Drapier was a health; and which way soever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the Drapier. The benefit was indeed great. He had rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occasion when the public interest was supposed to be involved. Nor did he much scruple to boast his influence; for when, upon some attempt to regulate the coin, archbishop Boulter, then one of the justices, accused him of exasperating the people, he exculpated himself by saying, "If I had lifted up my finger they would have torn you to pieces." (Johnson.)

Through the medium likewise of his "Drapier's Letters," the dean took occasion to declare his real political opinions from the period when so many important changes had taken place. They were such as to dispel every suspicion thrown upon him by his enemies, of his perfect consistency, loyalty, and attachment to the house of Hanover. He expressed both his contempt and repugnance for the pretender, and succeeded in removing the prejudices conceived against him in high quarters, from the idle charge of his being a secret Jacobite and disaffected to the new succession.

During the publication of his famous letters it is known that Swift studiously concealed himself from being known as the author. The only persons at first cognizant of the fact are said to have been Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. Robert not being greatly experienced in his art, the copies were invariably delivered by him to the doctor, to receive his corrections before they were sent to the press. They were then conveyed by the former to the printer in a manner to prevent any discovery of the authorship; but it one day happened that Blakely staid out later than usual; and, as if to give his absence a stronger appearance of treachery, it was upon the very day the proclamation was issued offering a reward of 300*l.* for the detection of the author of the fourth letter. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the usual hour and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before his master with marks of great sorrow; but Swift would listen to none of his excuses. He not only rated him soundly, but ordered him to strip off his livery and quit his house that moment. "What, you villain!" he exclaimed, "is it because I am in your power you dare to take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery." It seems that Stella, then at the deanery, became so much alarmed that she sent off for Dr. Sheridan, who upon his arrival found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation and shedding abundance of tears. Upon inquiry into the cause, he was informed of what had taken place;

and bade the poor fellow not to despair nor leave the house, for that he would pacify the dean: "That is not what vexes me," was Blakely's reply, "though I should be sorry to lose so good a master; but what grieves me to the soul is that he should have so bad an opinion of me as to believe me capable of betraying him for any reward in the world." This was immediately repeated by Sheridan to the dean, who, struck with the generosity of the sentiment, not only forgave but restored him to more than his former favor. He took an opportunity also of rewarding him for his good feeling and fidelity; for the office of verger becoming vacant, Swift inquired of Robert if he had any clothes that were not a livery. Being answered in the affirmative, he bade him instantly put them on after stripping his livery. The poor fellow fell on his knees, requesting to know what new crime he had committed to deserve such a punishment. "Well! do as I order you," was the dean's answer; and upon Robert again appearing in plain clothes, he summoned the other servants, and informed them they were no longer to consider him as Robert their fellow-servant, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, a place bestowed upon him as a reward for his faithful services. But at Mr. Blakely's particular request, he continued as a volunteer to officiate also in his old capacity, although the dean would by no means permit him to assume any badge of servitude. He also took care that he was remunerated for both.

Numerous other anecdotes have been repeated relating to the appearance of the famous Letters, and the following is given upon the authority of Sheridan, who received it from a respectable German merchant (Mr. Hoffslegar), then a resident in Dublin. There was a full levee held at the castle the day subsequent to the proclamation against the drapier, which had already become the general topic of all circles. The lord-lieutenant was in the act of going round the circle when the dean abruptly entered the room, and, pushing his way through the crowd, addressed the lord-lieutenant—his countenance bearing marks of the strongest indignation—in a voice that resounded through the place: "So, my lord, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in suffering a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavor to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of *copper* will be erected to you for this service done to *Wood*." The effect of this double meaning and pun at the same time had an instantaneous effect upon the risible powers of the fashionable audience; and it was doubly relished by the lord-lieutenant himself, both a scholar and a man of taste; but the dean continued to read him a severe lecture upon the folly and impolicy of supporting a measure so detrimental to the best interests of the country. The incipient mirth of the titled slaves was soon lost in silence and astonishment at the terrific lashes of Swift's unsparing satire; and he is described as awing them into a sense of their native littleness, like so

many Lilliputians in the presence of the great captain Gulliver at a court scene. For some moments a profound silence ensued, when the lord-lieutenant, who had listened with great composure, made the following fine and elegant application of Virgil's line to the case in hand:—

"Res duræ et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri—"
"My cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me," &c.—

a reply which struck the whole assembly with its appropriate and dexterous use, and without any serious and severe retort assisted the speaker at the right moment and in the manner he most wished, especially in the instance of Swift; and all present equally extolled the magnanimity of the one, and the just and forcible reply given by the other in so grave a matter.

The patent being withdrawn, and all apprehensions as to the introduction of the coin being over, Swift retired to Quilca, a house of Dr. Sheridan's, where he spent some months in finishing and preparing his "Gulliver's Travels" for the press. It was probably with some views regarding its publication, and from the extreme earnestness with which his English friends urged him to try the benefit of a change of air, that in 1726 the dean again visited England, after an absence of twelve years. He was received with the most gratifying marks of attention, for the attachment of those who had previously known him seemed rather to have increased than diminished by time. All expressed the warmest wishes that he would leave Ireland and settle among them; and several plans are believed to have been proposed to accomplish this object. Swift had always considered England as his own country, and been anxious to make some beneficial transfer of his Irish interest that would have opened a new sphere of duties and exertions among the literary and political connexions he had so early formed; and in case of succeeding he would have made other arrangements, to which he has already alluded, for spending a portion of his more advanced years in France and Italy, though it was his wish to close his days in England. Unfortunately however, he was obnoxious to the men in power, though by no means disliked at court, being exactly the reverse of the situation in which he stood during the bright and fleeting days of his political ascendency.

Upon the present occasion he met with no unfavorable reception at Leicester-house. The princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, was fond of patronizing men of genius and science for the sort of reputation it gave to her station and for the promotion of her views; and, slight as it was, Swift had no better ground upon which to raise a hope of future success. Upon hearing of Swift's arrival in London she intimated her desire to have an interview with the author of the "Drapier's Letters;" and in a letter to his friend lady Betty Germaine he has left the following account of it in his own words (1732–3):—"It is six years

last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess, and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously." The princess appears to have been struck with the novelty of such a character; and being highly entertained with his peculiar vein of humor, "she was never weary," says Sheridan, "of sending for him, both in London and Richmond: while Swift, to keep up his consequence, never once attended her but by command." Mrs. Howard, first lady of the bedchamber and her chief favorite, was the person who usually sent for him. As a lady of fine taste and uncommon understanding, she soon contracted a high esteem for Swift, which was matured into a friendship by the frequent opportunities she had of conversing with him in company with Pope and Gay, who were her great favorites. These peculiar marks of esteem and the evident pleasure taken by the princess in Swift's society, added to the general conversation respecting the dean at court, naturally led his friends to conclude that the first opportunity would be taken to make some handsome provision for him in England, though, from his long experience of courts and his numerous disappointments, he was himself by no means sanguine upon the subject.

During this visit to England his time seems to have been chiefly spent between Twickenham and Dawley, with his friends Pope and Bolingbroke, where he met the most eminent wits and politicians of the day.

The occasion of his presence was eagerly seized upon by Pope and Arbuthnot for completing the volumes of "Miscellanies," the proceeds from which he generously relinquished to the former; and as this was the first time that Swift's works were published collectively in an authentic shape, the sale was immense, and produced a very considerable sum.

Among other pleasant anecdotes connected with the dean's visits to England is the following characteristic one, which displays the peculiarities of his character in a very strong and amusing point of view. It has the merit of being told also (from Spence), in the words of Pope himself: — "Doctor Swift," he says, "has an odd, blunt way that is mistaken by strangers for ill-nature. 'Tis so odd that there is no describing it but by fact. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, 'Hey-day, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of to come hither to see a poor dean?' 'Because we would rather see you than any of them.' 'Ay! any one that did not know you so well as I do might believe you. But since you are come I must get some supper for you I suppose.' 'No, doctor, we have supped already.' 'Supped already! that's impossible; why it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange; but if you had not

supped I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well: two shillings — tarts a shilling: but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you have supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket?' 'No: we had rather talk with you than drink with you.' 'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings — two and two is four, and one is five: just two-and-sixpence a piece. There, Pope; there's half-a-crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save anything by you, I am determined.' This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of anything we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money." We are informed by Delany also, "that when lady Eustace or other women of rank joined his table at the deanery, he used in the same manner to allow them a shilling a head to provide their own entertainment, and would stickle hard that only sixpence should be allowed for the brat, as he used to call Miss Eustace, afterwards married to Mr. Tickell; and from a sense of justice more refined even than his aversion to any approach to obligation, when he dined with his poorer friends he uniformly insisted upon paying his club, as at a tavern or a house of public resort."

The popularity it would appear that followed Swift's frequent interviews, during this visit, with the princess, at court, drew the attention of the premier, who entertained no friendly feelings towards the dean, and between whom there were too many points of disagreement ever to expect a complete or cordial co-operation. But as it was the fashion then to praise the dean for his social qualities and good-nature, Walpole so far chimed in with the popular feeling as to show his magnanimity in affecting to forget what he never could forgive — the bitter irony and artful exhibition of his weak points to public derision and contempt.

> "For never can true reconcilement grow
> Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

In another of the dean's letters to lady Germaine (Jan. 8, 1722–3) he observes, as if the advances had come from the side of sir Robert, "Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner I took an occasion to say what I had observed of princes and great ministers, that if they heard an ill thing of a private person that expected some favor, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay,[1] but he

[1] "He had written," says Swift, "a very ingenious book of fables for the use of the princess's younger son, and she had often promised to provide for him (Gay). But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. W. owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, and did him a hundred ill offices to the princess."

gave it another turn, for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of yours, 'that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself.' "

Subsequent to this polite attention, apparently with the specious view of throwing odium upon Swift's character for honor and consistency, sir Robert appointed another interview with the dean upon the subject of Irish grievances, and a most ungenerous use also was made by the premier's partisans of this incident, to represent Swift as demeaning himself by solicitations for his own advantage. Much has been said also of a letter from Swift, intercepted by sir Robert's spies, containing injurious reflections upon the premier, and admissions of his own utter want of spirit and principle; and another letter from a Mr. Roberts is still pointed to as an authentic document, upon grounds equally strong and probable. It would be fortunate if we could always trace such slanders to their source; but the chief movers are careful to envelop themselves in mystery, and all that can be done in nine cases out of ten is to give the statement of the injured party, and as clear a statement of the facts of the whole proceeding as the details left on record will admit. First, it appears that lord Peterborough, in a note to Swift a little previous to the date of the dean's letter that follows, observes, "Sir Robert Walpole, any morning except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a farther account." This interview, through the intervention of his lordship, took place subsequent to Walpole's courteous invitation of the dean, so that, if he retained any vindictive feelings, as the savage assaults he and his friends made upon Swift in the house of commons indicated, nothing could effect the object of defamation more surely than a private interview, which left either party to allege whatever he pleased. It will be only justice to give the version of the party aspersed, which we are to conclude was made up of a series of ingenious fictions, to cover his own disgrace, if we are to credit the allegations made upon the other side. The letter is addressed to lord Peterborough, two days after the celebrated interview that, in one moment, according to the minister's partisans, exhibited the great author of the "Drapier's Letters," the bold, lofty-minded, and consistent friend of Harley and Bolingbroke, the companion of Pope and Addison, and the patron of merit and good conduct wherever he found them, as the mean toad-eater of a man who hated him — as a renegade, and the most wretched of drivellers, bent upon stultifying himself. Now what is Swift's own plain, straightforward narrative of the affair; but, in the opinion of his traducers, so ingeniously got up as almost to rival the happy stories of Gulliver himself? We must also remember that it was written immediately after the interview with sir Robert Walpole: —

"April 28, 1726.

"My Lord, — Your lordship having at my request obtained for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole, I accordingly attended him yesterday,

at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me, to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

"I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert Walpole than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, *not only without any view to myself*, but to any party whatsoever; and because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England and his own administration.

"I failed very much in my design; for I saw he conceived opinions, from the examples of the present and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty; a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

"Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain."

The portion that follows has no relation to his discourse with Walpole, but consists of an enumeration of the particular grievances under which Ireland labored; and the only additional reference is at the conclusion, where he says, "I most humbly entreat your lordship to give the paper to sir Robert Walpole, and to desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes."

But perhaps the strongest of all the testimonies in favor of Swift is the silence of the members of the Walpole family, and of their chief biographer Mr. Coxe, who, however severe upon the dean in other respects, stop and falter here, nor dared by adopting and giving circulation to the calumny to challenge an investigation of the truth. Sheridan, sir Walter Scott, and all the most impartial and enlightened writers who have treated upon this passage of the dean's history, have arrived at the same conclusion, not only upon general grounds, but after minute and particular investigation of the case. It will not be uninteresting in so important a matter briefly to give their views of an affair which in the present day has produced more impression than it at all deserved, and includes parties weak and prejudiced enough to note down for posterity the dean of St. Patrick as a self-convicted renegade and a fool "I would have those gentlemen," says Sheridan, "consider, in the first place, what little credit they do to sir Robert's understanding in declining the assistance of the first writer of the age, at a time when he was throwing away immense sums upon authors of mean talents. In the next place, it is to be hoped that candor will oblige them to retract what

they have said, as so convincing a proof is here produced of the falsehood of the charge. For it is impossible to suppose that Swift would have made such a representation of the interview, utterly *disclaiming all views to himself*, and desiring that it might be shown to Walpole, if the other had it in his power to contradict it, and by so doing render him contemptible in the eyes of his noble friend, as well as of all his adherents. I have a letter before me written at that time to the Rev. Mr. Stopford, then abroad at Paris (afterwards, through his means, bishop of Cloyne), in which he gives the same account. 'I was lately twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, the second at my desire, for an hour, wherein we differed in every point; but all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland. From whence, on the late death of the bishop of Cloyne, it was said I was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth in it; for I was neither offered nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the chief minister, and have never seen him since. And I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him.'

"I think it is hardly probable that Swift could have complained of him to the princess if he had such a story to tell of him. His complaint certainly related to Walpole's unjust and impolitic maxims with regard to Ireland, which was the sole subject of his discourse. And it appears that he had often, in his conversations with the princess, represented the cruel hardships under which that country groaned, inasmuch that, in a letter to lady Suffolk (July 24, 1731), he says: 'Her majesty gave me leave and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland; for the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be concerned.'

"Sir Robert himself never dropped any hint of this to Swift's friends, but in appearance seemed to wish him well. In a letter from Pope to him soon after his departure for Ireland, he tells him: 'I had a conference with sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us: he said he observed a willingness in you to live among us, which I did not deny; but at the same time told him you had no such design in your coming, which was merely to see a few of those that you love; but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly lord Peterborough and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more.'

"Whoever examines all Swift's letters at that time, will find that he was far from having any ambitious views. His wish was to have a settlement among his friends; and he aimed no higher than to change his preferments in Ireland for any church-living near them, that should not be much inferior in point of income, whether accompanied with any dignity or not. And this method of commuting benefices he chose, to avoid laying himself under any obligations to a party of whose measures he so utterly disapproved. Of this we have a striking instance

In the above-mentioned letter to an intimate friend, then abroad, to whom a false representation of his sentiments could have answered no end; where he declares that he would not accept even of a bishopric though offered him, except upon conditions which he was sure would never be granted. In a letter about that time to Mr. Worrall, he expresses himself to the same effect: 'As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately as I am told, and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behavior to those in power hath been directly contrary since I came here.'

"Hints and innuendoes were sufficient materials for Walpole's tools to work upon, and fabricate what stories they pleased, which were industriously propagated with the strongest asseverations of their truth by all their partisans; and this was one favorite method then in use of undermining those characters which they could not openly assault. Of this there was a strong instance given in regard to William Shippen, the honestest man and truest patriot that ever sat in the house. When Walpole found, after repeated trials, that his virtue was proof against all the offers he could make, it was given out by his emissaries that he privately received a pension from him, and that he was permitted to act the part of a patriot in order to keep his influence with his party, on certain occasions, that he might be of more effectual use in matters of greater concern. And this report was so industriously spread, and with such confidence, that many gave credit to it during his life. Nor were they undeceived till it was found that, after his death, this worthy man, who had lived with the utmost frugality, left no more behind him than his paternal estate, which was barely sufficient to entitle him to a seat in parliament, and 50*l.* in cash, peculiarly appropriated to the charges of his funeral."

The following account of this singular interview, from the pen of the distinguished author of "Waverley," will be read with feeling by all who know how to reverence genius of the loftiest order, free from every tincture of envy or malignity, vindicating pre-eminent and congenial powers of intellect from the low wordly-minded aspersions of beings who can imagine no purer or higher motives of human action than the successful intrigues and corruptions of a time-serving minister can supply. "He never," says sir W. Scott, "assumed, and probably disdained, the character of a mere man of letters, whose sufferings or enjoyments depended upon the public reception of his works. His writings he only valued in so far as they accomplished the object for which they were written, and was so far from seeking the reputation which they might have attracted to the author, that he almost in every instance sent them into the world without his name. Hence he felt no jealousy of contemporary authors, and was indifferent to the criticism with which his treatises were assailed, unless in so far as it affected the argument which they were designed to support. Bred under Temple, the favorite of Oxford, and now the champion of Ireland, his hopes and

fears were for the political interests which he espoused; his love was for party friends, and his hatred and vengeance for political opponents. His feelings were those of a statesman, not of an author, and had been exalted from the cause of a party to be fixed upon the liberties of a nation. The pecuniary emoluments of literature Swift seems never to have coveted. . . . . He was engaged in matters of more momentous importance.

"We have observed that Walpole, now the omnipotent prime minister, had violently assaulted Swift, in the house of commons, during the ministry of Oxford. Of this the dean retained no vindictive recollection; for, during the whole controversy about Wood's project, he treated the character of Walpole with considerable respect. . . . . Ere the dean had left that kingdom [Ireland], the primate, Boulter, to whom Walpole chiefly confided the efficient power in Irish affairs, had written to the English minister in the following terms: 'The general report is that dean Swift designs for England in a little time; and we do not question his endeavors to misrepresent his majesty's friends here, wherever he finds an opportunity. But he is so well known, as well as the disturbances he has been the fomenter of in this kingdom, that we are under no fear of his being able to disserve any of his majesty's faithful servants, by anything that is known to come from him; but we could wish some eye were had to what shall be attempted on your side the water.' This was quite enough to put Walpole on his spy and maligning system, and hence doubtless the insidious court which he paid the dean, to draw him from the increasing influence he was acquiring at court, and attempt to ruin him in the estimation of all parties, as he had done in other cases where an incorruptible front was opposed to his threats and bribes.

"Thus prepossessed against all that might come from the author of the 'Drapier's Letters,' Walpole turned a deaf ear to the grievances of Ireland; and, complaining that the king derived little revenue from that kingdom, proceeded to enlarge upon the opinions which he had adopted from its governors, in a manner which Swift deemed inconsistent with the notions of liberty which Britons have ever considered as the inheritance of a human creature. The minister and patriot parted on terms of mutual civility, but without having made the least impression on each other's opinions. . . . It need scarce be remarked that the most brazen effrontery would not have ventured in such a letter, to be so communicated (to Walpole), to conceal or misrepresent what had passed between them; and that the account so given, and never contradicted, must contain the genuine record of this remarkable conversation.

"An unworthy use was made of this interview, and of Swift's having accepted the previous invitation of Walpole; as if he had meant to barter his principles, and offer the minister the support of his pen, on condition of his being preferred in England. This charge requires a short investigation; for it was countenanced to a certain extent (not asserted)

by Walpole, and most zealously promulgated by his partisans. Had such an offer been made, it must have been worse than folly in Walpole to refuse the assistance of Swift, while he was expending very large sums to reward the political treatises of Arnal and Henley; so that, considering the well-known sagacity of the minister, as well as his unscrupulous mode of charming opposition to silence by the ready mode of corrupt influence, we may conclude that the offer not being accepted proves that it was never made. It is certain, indeed, that Swift would willingly have received from Walpole an opportunity of exchanging, and even at considerable disadvantage, his Irish deanery for some English living, which might have provided for his usual expenditure, and placed him for life in England. But this was uniformly opposed by the prime minister, not because he disdained to purchase the support of Swift's pen, but because he had little hopes of laying him under such a weight of obligation as might have prevented the risk of its being employed to his prejudice. Swift had declared he was neither offered nor would have received preferment, excepting on such conditions as would never be given to him. This is perfectly consistent with his desire to exchange the deanery of St. Patrick's for an English living; a transaction which might have been arranged on terms of such advantage to his successor as should lay Swift under no obligation, and leave his political conduct free and unfettered. If he would not accept of a bishopric but on his own terms, he could be hardly supposed to barter his independence merely to be translated to a worse living in England than he already possessed in the sister country. And admitting that Walpole retained no memory of former quarrels, he may have believed it by no means his interest to bring Swift to England, unless on such terms as would have made him entirely his own. Bolingbroke and Pulteney gave him enough of disturbance, without their forces being augmented by the keenest satirical writer of the age, whose friendships and principles were likely to engage him against the ministers of George I. Walpole, however, might have acted more wisely by at once and generously doing what must have gratified Swift, and trusting to his sense of justice and honor. It is certain that Pulteney's civilities had as yet failed to engage the dean in the politics of England; and in Swift's reply to the advice which Pope delicately insinuates, deprecating his involving himself in party disputes, and exhorting him to write only for truth, honor, and posterity, he seems to acquiesce in its propriety. But ancient friendship for Bolingbroke and new causes of resentment against Walpole combined to effect a change of his resolution." (Scott's "Memoirs," i. 321–3.)

The arguments here adduced, both general and particular, must, we think, be deemed conclusive with regard to the nature of the interview between a Swift and a Walpole; the respective understandings and the characters of the two being submitted to a fair and impartial investigation.

All this however is "sad stuff," as the dean truly expressed it when inquiring respecting the special merit of the different coats of arms adopted by his ancestors, and we are happy to dismiss it "to the tomb of all the Capulets" in exchange for some better or pleasanter subjects. Among the characteristic anecdotes, related of Swift's interviews with the princess, the following shows how greatly the dean possessed the art of making himself agreeable to parties of whatever rank, and of placing them in the position of lord Oxford, who frequently declared that he was not able to keep anything from him. When presented at Leicester-house, he said, alluding to the wild man caught in the woods of Hanover, "that he understood her royal highness loved oddities; and that having lately seen a wild boy from Germany, she was now desirous of seeing a wild dean from Ireland." The freedom of the dean's address was well received both by the princess and her consort; and we have shown, from his first introduction, when before in England, he was so far a favorite with the princess and every gay and fashionable circle as might well have authorized more ambitious projects than he seems ever to have entertained, in the event of his royal friends and patrons—then no great friends of Walpole — succeeding, as they would probably do at no distant period, to the throne. The dean while in England devoted his leisure moments to the revision of the MS. of "Gulliver's Travels;" and was enjoying himself at Twickenham, in the society of his old and best beloved friends, in a manner that reminded him of the pleasantest epoch of his life; Bolingbroke had returned from exile; Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, not only received him with open arms, but brought their most esteemed friends and connexions to admire and honor him in the novel character of the patriot of Ireland; when tidings reached him which threw a damp on all his hopes, and made him silently and sorrowfully withdraw himself from the intellectual circles of Twickenham and Dawley.

"The pleasure of popularity," says Johnson, "was interrupted by domestic misery. Mrs. Johnson, whose conversation was to him the great softener of the ills of life, began in the year of the drapier's triumph to decline, and two years afterwards so wasted with sickness that her recovery was considered as hopeless. Swift was then in England, and had been invited by lord Bolingbroke to pass the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where perhaps his presence contributed to restore her to imperfect and tottering health." "His letters on this melancholy subject," says Scott, "are a true picture of an agonized heart. Yet even the approaching calamity did not prevent his clinging to his peculiar system; and in a letter to Dr. Stopford he labors to impress on his correspondent that his agony at parting with Stella was that of friendship, not of love. He mentioned her as '*one* of the *two* oldest and dearest friends' he had in the world, and only distinguishes her from her gossiping and common-place companion Mrs. Dingley as 'the younger of the two;' and concludes by con-

juring Stopford to believe 'that violent friendship is much more lasting and as engaging as violent love.' His letter to Sheridan contains more deep and unrestrained expressions of anguish: — 'The account you give me is nothing but what I have for some time expected with the utmost agonies. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my exertions will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a christian. Judge in what a temper I write this. The very time I am writing I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of days be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable.' "

Swift set out for Ireland in the month of August, and was received on his arrival with the honors due to the liberator of the people from the worst of slavery — that of receiving their small pittance in a depreciated currency of halfpence and farthings, while their oppressors enrich themselves with the silver and the gold. Nor was this the sole boon that does immortal honor to his memory; he taught them by union and success the secret of their inherent power and future regeneration, to which the efforts of more modern patriots, for whom he prepared the way, are only as dust in the balance. His entry into Dublin was like a triumphal procession; and he was escorted amidst the ringing of bells, the blaze of bonfires, and the sounds of *feux-de-joie*, by a body of the most respectable citizens to the very doors of his deanery. This was the rich reward he most coveted, and that which gave it an additional zest was the partial recovery of his beloved friend, for whose sake he had left the social delights he was enjoying in England; he appeared for the moment reanimated with the glow of his happiest days, and it was remarked by his friends that his own health partook of the grateful change. We observe likewise a more happy and healthy tone in his correspondence, and he was at the same time not unpleasingly excited by watching the effect produced by his "Gulliver's Travels," brought out anonymously early in the ensuing November. He had as usual preserved a strict silence with regard to the authorship; he had not mentioned it to a single friend during his visit to England; some of the most knowing and judicious were thrown off the right scent, but Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot (doubtless well aware of the fact) were soon heard to declare that it must be *aut Erasmi aut Diaboli*. They all three wrote to him upon the subject, but in guarded terms, as well perhaps to avoid committing either the author or themselves, as to humor the mystery and to try in what manner he would be inclined to treat their suggestions as to its real paternity. As there runs a vein of unaffected pleasantry throughout the whole of it, and it throws the best light upon the author's views and the character of the work, we shall give portions of the correspondence before proceeding to make observations upon its merits and peculiarities. In one of these letters (Nov. 17, 1726) Gay addresses him as follows: "About ten days ago a book was published

here of the Travels of one *Gulliver*, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. You may see by this that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it have not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you."

"I have resolved," writes his friend Pope (Nov. 16, 1726), "to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs which, sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other, like useless dependants, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful: I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

"I find no considerable man very angry at the book: some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence or good judgment; the mob of critics you know always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them), so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark from a hackney coach; by computing the time I found it was after you left England, so for my part I suspend my judgment.

"I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. Howard her royal highness laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in everything, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed."

The passages relating to the work from the pen of Arbuthnot are of a playful turn, and describe very happily the impression it made at court

and everywhere else, and must have been extremely gratifying to the author:—

"I will make over all my profits to you for the property of 'Gulliver's Travels,' which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age can write such a merry work.

"I made my lord archbishop's[1] compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid[2] for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honor to see her she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince, which she laughed at. I tell you freely the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt[3] in time. I gave your service to lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad that was writ on her to the tune of Molly Mog, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres, which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit."

Another, from the dean's friend Mrs. Howard,[4] written with great humor and spirit, gives a striking picture of the intense interest and general attention which the appearance of so strange and inimitable a production then excited:—

"November, 1726.

"I did not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effect it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the princess that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess' use, the height of the Brobdignag dwarf multiplied by 2½. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method you may draw a line of twenty feet, and upon that by two circles form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular and better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado.[5] I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in

[1] Probably archbishop King, of Dublin.

[2] The dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland to some of the royal family and to Mrs. Howard.

[3] This refers to "A Key to the Lock; or a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entitled the Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion. By Esdras Barnevelt, apothecary."

[4] Indorsed "November, 1726. Answered 17th."

[5] See "Gulliver's Travels."

your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow, and the white silks; and though the gowns are for princesses the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colors. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the checker might be best managed.

"The princess will take care that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England, but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels,[1] and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here whether the big-endians and lesser-endians ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

"I cannot conclude without telling you that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo: and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits.[2] May we not hope, and with some probability expect, that in time our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, sir, your most humble servant, "Sieve Yahoo."[3]

The dean, not a little pleased at the reception of his book, and quite in his element, took infinite delight in watching its progress and the effect of its strong political satire and humorous strictures upon princes and ministers: while still affecting mystery he replied in the same spirit to the observations of his friends, keeping up the ball with unfeigned gaiety, and with equal dexterity and good humor:—

TO MRS. HOWARD.

"November, 17, 1726.

"Madam,—When I received your letter I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes; an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the 'Travels' of one captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although at the same time I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hun-

[1] In "Gulliver's Travels" high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties. Whig and Tory were alluded to in this familiar metaphor.

[2] An impostor called Mary Tofts put such a trick upon the public.

[3] Sieve is a name given by Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," to a court lady

dred pages in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness that you are a mercenary yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court, further than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me? which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which I suppose was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the princess and you have got the length of my foot, and sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you, in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs, buttered or poached, but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for as the world with respect to eggs is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps, some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: but rabbits, being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram —by which is meant the ministry—butting with his two horns, one against the church, and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister, to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes

ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words I assure you of my being, with truest respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant, "JONATHAN SWIFT."

The next, to his friend Pope, while it rallies the subject admirably, is full of the dean's best humor, and partakes of the fire as well as the wit of his earlier productions.

"Dublin, November 17, 1726.

"I am just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning if a book had not been sent me called 'Gulliver's Travels,' of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered,[1] and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least;[2] others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

"Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

"How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

"I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favor of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favor as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

"I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who, by a law here, is to be hanged the next couple he marries; he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend I would desire all my acquaintance to

[1] See the introductory letter from Gulliver to his cousin Simpson.

[2] Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society.

give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu."

However whimsical all this affected mystery at first appears, it was in perfect keeping with Swift's avowed resolution of sending his works secretly in the world to make their own way; nor would he consider himself accountable, or when called upon admit the authorship, as he has himself stated, with the exception of having been on one occasion surprised into the avowal from feelings of pique and vanity; and the letter to lord Oxford upon the English language, to which, as to most other letters, he affixed his name. It is known that he took singular pleasure in hearing the various opinions of the world — as in the cases of "Prior's Journey to Paris," and other pieces,—while he read his own productions and remained unsuspected, which he called a *bite*, and the doubts of Pope and Gay on many occasions must have afforded him no small entertainment. "This extraordinary work," says Sheridan, "bearing the stamp of such an original and uncommon genius, revived his fame in England, after so long an absence, and added new lustre to his reputation. "Perhaps no work," says sir W. Scott, "ever exhibited such general attractions to all classes. It offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age and disappointed ambition. The plan of the satire varies in the different parts. The Voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England, and sir Robert Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of the premier Flimnap, which he afterwards probably remembered to the prejudice of the dean's view of leaving Ireland. The factions of high-heels and low-heels express the factions of Tories and Whigs; the small-endians and big-endians the religious divisions of papist and protestant. And when the heir apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the prince of Wales, who at that period divided his favor between the two leading political parties, laughed very heartily at the comparison. Blefescu is France, and the ingratitude of the Lilliputian court, which forces Gulliver to take shelter there rather than have his eyes put out, is an indirect reproach upon that of England, and a vindication of the flight of Ormond and Bolingbroke to Paris. . . . The scandal which Gulliver gave to the empress, by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the royal palace, seems to intimate the author's disgrace with queen Anne, founded upon the indecorum of the 'Tale of a Tub,' which was remembered against him as a crime, while the service which it had rendered the high church was forgotten. It must also be remarked that the original institutions of the empire of Lilliput are highly commended, as also their system of public education; while it is intimated that all the corruptions of the

court had been introduced during the three last reigns. This was Swift's opinion concerning the English constitution.

"In the Voyage to Brobdingnag the satire is of a more general character; nor is it easy to trace any particular reference to the political events or statesmen of the period. It merely exhibits human actions and sentiments as they might appear in the apprehension of beings of immense strength, and, at the same time, of a cold, reflecting, and philosophical character. The monarch of these sons of Anak is designed to embody Swift's ideas of a patriot king, indifferent to what was curious, and cold to what was beautiful, feeling only interest in that which was connected with general utility and the public weal. To such a prince, the intrigues, scandals, and stratagems of an European court are represented as equally odious in their origin and contemptible in their progress. A very happy effect was also produced by turning the telescope, and painting Gulliver, who had formerly been a giant among the Lilliputians, as a pigmy amidst this tremendous race. . . . . Some passages of the court of Brobdingnag were supposed to be intended as an affront upon the maids of honor, for whom Delany informs us that Swift had very little respect.

"The voyage to Laputa was disliked by Arbuthnot, who was a man of science, and probably considered it as a ridicule upon the Royal Society; nor can it be denied that there are some allusions to the most respectable philosophers of the period. An occasional shaft is even said to have been levelled at sir Isaac Newton. The ardent patriot had not forgotten the philosopher's opinion in favor of Wood's halfpence. Under the parable of the tailor who computed Gulliver's altitude by a quadrant, and took his measure by a mathematical diagram, yet brought him his clothes very ill made and out of shape, by a mistake of a figure in the calculation, Swift is supposed to have alluded to an error of sir Isaac's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an incalculable amount. Newton published in the 'Amsterdam Gazette' a correction of this typographical error, but the circumstance did not escape the malicious acumen of the dean of St. Patrick's. It was also believed by the dean's friends that the office of flapper was suggested by the habitual absence of mind of the great philosopher. The dean told Mrs. D. Swift that sir Isaac was the worst companion in the world, and that if you asked him a question 'he would revolve it in a circle in his brain, round and round and round, (here Swift described a circle on his own forehead,) before he could produce an answer. . . . .

"The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is a composition which an editor of Swift must ever consider with pain. The source of such a diatribe against human nature could only be that fierce indignation which he has described in his epitaph as so long gnawing at his heart. dwelling in a land where he considered the human race as divided 'ween petty tyrants and oppressed slaves, and being himself a wor-

shipper of that freedom and independence which he beheld daily trampled upon, the unrestrained violence of his feelings drove him to loathe the very species by whom such iniquity was done and suffered. To this must be added his personal health, broken and worn down by the recurring attacks of a frightful disorder; his social comfort destroyed by the death of one beloved object and the daily decay and peril of another; his life decayed into autumn; and its remainder, after so many flattering and ambitious prospects, condemned to a country which he disliked, and banished from that in which he had formed his hopes and left his friendships; — when all these considerations are combined, they form some excuse for that general misanthropy which never prevented a single deed of individual benevolence. Such apologies are personal to the author; but there are also excuses for the work itself. The picture of the Yahoos, utterly odious and hateful as it is, presents to the reader a moral use. It was never designed as a representation of mankind in the state to which religion, and even the lights of nature, encourage men to aspire; but of that to which our species is degraded by the wilful subservience of mental qualities to animal instincts of man, such as may be found in the degraded ranks of every society when brutalized by ignorance and gross vice. In this view, the more coarse and disgusting the picture, the more impressive is the moral to be derived from it, since, in proportion as an individual indulges in sensuality, cruelty, or avarice, he approaches in resemblance to the detested Yahoo." (Scott's "Memoirs," &c., vol. i. 333–7.)

"This important year," says Johnson, "sent likewise into the world 'Gulliver's Travels,' a production so new and strange that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made; it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave the least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Houyhnhms."

Nothing can be more interesting than to give the views of the most celebrated biographers and commentators of Swift upon a production in every light so important as that of "Gulliver's Travels," upon which his fame as a writer of fiction —which gives him a rank with Cervantes Fielding, Le Sage, Smollett, and Marivaux — so broadly rests. It is for this reason we are inclined to dilate rather more upon it than any other single production from the same pen; for we feel assured that, with all his skill and ability in political controversy, had the fame of Swift depended upon temporary topics, or even upon his humorous satirical poems, he would have appeared like one of his own Lilliputians, a sort of pigmy among the giants of genius which the reigns of Anne and

George I. produced. "The Voyage to Lilliput," observes an able and distinguished commentator upon "Gulliver's Travels,"[1] "is an exposure of the policy of the English court during the reign of George I. Swift and his friends were persuaded that the treaty of Utrecht had been the salvation of Great Britain — that it had especially secured the naval superiority, and effectually prevented France from rivalling us at sea. He therefore regarded the impeachment of Oxford and the banishment of Bolingbroke as gross acts of national injustice, attributable chiefly to the ambition and jealousy of Walpole, whom he stigmatized under the name of Flimnap. The more minute political allusions are pointed out in the notes; it will be more convenient here to confine attention to generalities. Walpole had many enemies, even in the nominal Whig party who professed themselves adherents to the prince of Wales: these persons, aware that they could not of themselves form an administration, projected a coalition with the Tories, or, as they called them, the party of the country gentlemen. In the language of the day, they hoped to form a 'broad-bottom ministry;' they affected to describe the differences between the parties in principle as very trifling, not greater than that between the high-heels and low-heels of Lilliput; and as appeals had been made to religious prejudices, they represented the controversy between the Latin and English churches as not more important than that between the big-endians and little-endians. Projects for something like a union between the churches were not unfrequently made at the time; and the chances of success for a season seemed far from desperate. The prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was believed not to be indisposed to a union of parties, as is intimated by the heir-apparent of Lilliput wearing one shoe with a high and the other with a low heel. All these expectations were disappointed; but when the 'Travels' appeared they were rife in every political circle, and the nation generally looked for great advantages from their realization. The political views advocated in Lilliput were therefore generally popular; they gratified the entire body of the Tories, the discontented section of the Whigs, and the great multitude which in every free state looks for Utopian advantages from the mere fact of change.

"In Brobdingnag the satire takes a wider range — the object of assault is changed from the tactics of a party to the general system of policy. Like Bolingbroke, Swift attempts to sketch the ideal character of a patriot king and an efficient system of government. The fiction is very happily suited to the design: the opinions which beings of a reflective and philosophic character, endowed with immense force, were likely to

[1] A new edition by W. C. Taylor, LL.D of Trinity college, Dublin, with copious notes, a life of the author, and an essay on satirical fiction, and enriched with upwards of 400 wood engravings from designs by Grandville. In his estimate of Swift's genius and peculiarities we are happy to agree with a writer so esteemed and so acute as Dr. Taylor, but from his views of the dean's life and character we entirely dissent.

form of the intrigues and scandals of a European court, are developed with exquisite skill. It is a man viewing the political squabbles of an ant-hill, or Gulliver himself estimating the court of Lilliput. The political principles advocated in the Voyage to Brobdingnag were the same as those which the Tory party supported in parliament. From the imperfection of the parliamentary reports in these days, and from the influence of the cry of Jacobitism with which the Whig leaders assailed their opponents, we have only very imperfect specimens of Shippen, Windham, St. Aubin, &c.; but even the fragments which have been preserved prove that the Tory party in the reign of George I. was highly respectable in character, talent, and fearless advocacy of principle." ("Biographical Notice," pp. 35–37.)

That the Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is inferior as a work of art to those which precede it is a general opinion expressed by nearly all Swift's biographers and commentators. But it seems not to have been distinctly seen that the author's object was not so much to depict mankind as to expose their corruption and degeneracy — to point out as a warning the extent of that wretchedness and depravity to which the violent and continued passions, and the allurements of ambition, pleasure, and criminal designs, may impel them. At the same time it must be admitted that the picture is overcharged, and the condemnation of too sweeping and unsparing a character. "Where is the sense of a general satire," says Warburton, "if the whole species be degenerated; and where is the justice of it, if it be not?" Voltaire, who was in England at the time when "Gulliver's Travels" appeared, spread their fame among his correspondents in France, and the abbé Desfontaines undertook a translation, which succeeded extremely with the French public. He even ventured on the bold step of making a continuation, "Le Nouveau Gulliver;" and another, which appeared as the *third* volume of the "Travels," in 1727, was printed from a French work called "L'Histoire des Sévérambes;" ascribed to a M. Alletz, though Bayle had written the "History of the Severambians," a sort of republican novel, which Mandeville translated into English, and which surpasses the "Sethos" of Terasson, or the "Gaudentio di Luca" of the Italian. That Swift was in some measure indebted to preceding works of this kind, as well as to Rabelais, little doubt we think can be entertained; and a copy of the French Lucian, as he has been called, with Swift's MS. notes, is known to have been sold at the sale of his books in 1745. At a later period of his life Swift is stated to have undertaken a revision of "Gulliver's Travels," and to have made some bitter additions wherever the law or its professors are mentioned. The copy in which these emendations were made[1] came into the possession of Mr. Theophi-

[1] From all that can be ascertained, this copy is probably the same as the one mentioned by Mr. Crofton Croker as having fallen into the hands of a London bookseller of the name of Booth; but the original MSS. of nearly all the dean's other works are now in the possession of Mr. Edmund Swift, the son of Theophilus

lus Swift, and from him passed into the hands of the bishop of Ossory; but it is confidently believed that all or most of the alterations have been transferred to the latter editions, so as to have become only a matter of literary curiosity.

It was to be regretted that Swift's newly-acquired popularity, however it may have gratified him for a moment, tended little to soothe the increasing irritability of his mind. His last reception in England rather added to it by having revived his almost expiring hopes of obtaining a settlement in that kingdom — "where," as he observes in a letter to Gay, "he had passed the best and greatest part of his life, where he had made his friendships and left his desires." With this view he kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Howard, of whose situation he availed himself to pay civilities to the princess of Wales, who had expressed some wish to promote his removal. "I desire," he says, in his usual frank but dictatorial tone, "you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighborhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there." Having left Mrs. Johnson in a somewhat improved state of health, Swift accordingly arrived once more in England about the period he mentioned. The princess received him with her usual complacency; but the coolness of Walpole, as might be expected, had now assumed a more decided character than before. In a letter to his friend Sheridan he observes, "I have at last seen the princess twice this week by her own command; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. . . . . I am in high displeasure with Walpole and his partisans. A great man who was very kind to me last year doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there has not been one of them to see me." Swift, however, does not express his surprise at this change, easy enough to be accounted for in a great minister and a court whose adherents had been represented in so unfavorable a light in some passages of his late work — without seeking other causes of this unhappy enmity, which not only shut the door of promotion, but of comfort and consolation under broken health and declining years. For some time past the dean entertained a design of spending a short time in France for the recovery of his health, and is said to have been upon the point of carrying it into execution, when the death of the king, and an expected change of measures, induced him to postpone it. The Tories having, upon the breach between the late king and the prince, been well received at Leicester-house, it was supposed they would at all events come in for a share of the royal favor. But once more the expectations of Swift and his friends were doomed to be disappointed; and to give his own feelings on this important occasion,

Swift, to the last of whom sir W. Scott was so greatly indebted for much new and valuable matter. Though little or nothing of an original character remains in the hands of the present Mr. Swift, the editor in many other respects is proud to acknowledge his obligations to him.

we extract another passage from his letter to Dr. Sheridan (Jan. 24, 1727): — "The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used worse or better for being called Whig and Tory; and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults; we have made our offers; if otherwise we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed; but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous if he forgives the treatment of some people."

Swift adds, in a letter to lady Betty Germaine, that upon this occasion he was particularly distinguished by the queen; but that he had not formed a correct idea of the money-power and low court tact of Walpole, was very speedily shown by the result. His baneful star still held the ascendant; and notwithstanding the coarse, offensive language, too gross to be repeated, applied to the new queen when princess, he was reinstated in all his offices, and appeared with a new skin, more sleek and glossy than before.

In a little time, however, Swift entertained less sanguine expectations, as appears from the following passage in one of his letters to the same friend (July 1, 1727): — "Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I liked none of them."

Having at the same time been afflicted with some return of his disorder, he renewed his intention of visiting the continent; but he soon again changed his mind, being persuaded, he says, by certain persons with great vehemence, whom he could not disobey. He alludes to lord Bolingbroke and his friend Mrs. Howard. "There would not be common sense," wrote the former, "in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity of quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you." Of the interview also between himself and Mrs. Howard he gives an interesting account: "In a few weeks after the king's death I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a trip to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard, because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly prepossessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice, which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was 'by all

means not to go; it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected;' and my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the court towards me." Even the small hopes he still seems to have clung to from this source were destined, like so many before them, to be blasted in the bud. He might, by continuing upon the spot, and his frequent interviews with Mrs. Howard and the queen, have ultimately succeeded with them to propitiate Walpole, and have negotiated an exchange of preferments without any mean compliance or compromise of his principles. But a new attack of his frightful disorder, and accounts of Mrs. Johnson's sudden relapse, totally disqualified him for pursuing his views, and hurried him back, in a state of wretched grief and disappointment, to his old residence in Ireland. He took leave of the queen in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, explaining why it was he was not able to do so in person: — "I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favor me so far as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow that my disorder was of such a nature as to make me incapable of attending her as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favors," &c.

Swift's distress of mind at this period seems to have been poignant in the extreme. His usual mode of salutation in taking leave of his dearest friends for years before his death partook of that melancholy eccentricity so peculiar to him. "May God bless you!" he said; "I trust that we shall never meet again!" than which perhaps no stronger proof was ever given of a deep-seated and pervading grief of heart and soul. "I beg," he writes to Dr. Sheridan, in expectation of Stella's death, "if you have not written before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general; my weakness, my age, my friendship, will bear no more." In another letter he says, "I kept your letter an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him, and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. What have I to do in this world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer." And in a letter to his old acquaintance Mr. Stopford he observes, with his peculiar discrimination between the eventful epochs of human life, "I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, that was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. Dear James, pardon me. I know not what I am saying; but believe me that

violent friendship is much more lasting and as much engaging as violent love."

On the dean's arrival he found this beloved friend in the last stage of decay. He had the sorrow of watching over her in this state, of marking day by day and hour by hour (as he had done in his diary of Temple's decline) the gradual approaches of death for a period of five months. He did all that lay in his power — consistent with his strangely adopted resolution in one particular — to smooth the pillow of departing life; he gave his time, his consolation—he sat by, soothed, and prayed with her;[1] yet, with the singular contradiction that marked

[1] AN EVENING PRAYER BY DEAN SWIFT.

COMPOSED DURING THE SICKNESS OF STELLA.

"Oh! Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, and from whom no secrets are hid, who hast declared that all such as shall draw nigh to thee with their lips when their hearts are far from thee are an abomination unto thee; cleanse, we beseech thee, the thoughts of our hearts, by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that no wandering, vain, nor idle thoughts may put out of our minds that reverence and godly fear that becomes all those who come into thy presence.

"We know, O Lord, that while we are in these bodies we are absent from the Lord, for no man can see thy face and live. The only way that we can draw near unto thee in this life is by prayer; but, O Lord, we know not how to pray, nor what to ask for as we ought. We cannot pretend by our supplications or prayers to turn or change thee, for thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but the coming into thy presence, the drawing near unto thee, is the only means to be changed ourselves, to become like thee in holiness and purity, to be followers of thee as thy dear children. O, therefore, turn not away thy face from us, but let us see so much of the excellencies of thy divine nature, of thy goodness, and justice, and mercy, and forbearance, and holiness, and purity, as may make us hate everything in ourselves that is unlike to thee, that so we may abhor and repent of and forsake those sins that we so often fall into when we forget thee. Lord! we acknowledge and confess we have lived in a course of sin, and folly, and vanity, from our youth up, forgetting our latter end, and our great account that we must one day make, and turning a deaf ear to thy many calls to us, either by thy holy word, by our teachers, or by our own consciences; and even thy more severe messages, by afflictions, sicknesses, crosses, and disappointments, have not been of force enough to turn us from the vanity and folly of our own ways. What then can we expect in justice, when thou shalt enter into judgment with us, but to have our portion with the hypocrites and unbelievers? to depart for ever from the presence of the Lord; to be turned into hell with those that forget God? But, O God, most holy! O God, most mighty! O holy and most merciful Savior! deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death, but have mercy upon us, most merciful Father, and forgive us our sins for thy name's sake; for thou hast declared thyself to be a God slow to anger, full of goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering, and forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. O Lord, therefore show thy mercy upon us. O let it be in pardoning our sins past, and in changing our natures, in giving us a new heart and a new spirit, that we may lead a new life, and walk before thee in newness of life, that so sin may not have dominion over us for the time to come. O let thy good Spirit, without which we can do nothing, O let that work in us both to will and do such things as may be well pleasing to thee. O

his character throughout life, he is said to have refused the expiring being whom he so much loved the poor consolation of being considered as his wife, and of preserving her reputation from the slightest breath

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let it change our thoughts and minds, and take them off the vain pleasures of this world, and place them there where the only true joys are to be found. O fill our minds every day more and more with the happiness of that blessed state of living for ever with thee, that we may make it our great work and business to work out our salvation — to improve in the knowledge of thee, whom to know is life eternal. But, Lord, since we cannot know thee but by often drawing near unto thee and coming into thy presence, which in this life we can do only by prayer, O make us therefore ever sensible of these great benefits of prayer, that we may rejoice at all opportunities of coming into thy presence, and may ever find ourselves the better and more heavenly-minded by it, and may never wilfully neglect any opportunity of thy worship and service. Awaken thoroughly in us a serious sense of these things, that so to-day, while it is called to-day, we may see and know the things that belong to our peace, before they be hid from our eyes — before that long night cometh when no man can work. O that every night may so effectually put us in mind of our last, that we may every day take care so to live as we shall then wish we had lived when we come to die; that so, when that night shall come, we may as willingly put off these bodies as we now put off our clothes, and may rejoice to rest from our labors, and that our war with the world, the devil, and our own corrupt nature is at an end. In the mean while, we beseech thee to take us, and ours, and all that belongs to us, into thy fatherly care this night. Let thy holy angels be our guard, while we are not in a condition to defend ourselves, that we may not be under the power of devils or wicked men; and preserve us also, O Lord, from every evil accident, that, after a comfortable and refreshing sleep, we may find ourselves, and all that belongs to us, in peace and safety. And now, O Lord, being ourselves still in the body, and compassed about with infirmities, we can neither be ignorant nor unmindful of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. O Lord, we must acknowledge that they are all but the effects of sin; and therefore we beseech thee so to sanctify their several chastisements to them, that at length they may bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and then be thou graciously pleased to remove thy heavy and afflicting hand from them. And O that the rest of mankind, who are not under such trials, may by thy goodness be led to repentance, that the consciences of hard-hearted sinners may be awakened, and the understandings of poor ignorant creatures enlightened, and that all that love and fear thee may ever find the joy and comfort of a good conscience beyond all the satisfactions that this world can afford. And now, blessed Lord, from whom every good gift comes, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should offer up unto thee our thanks and praise for all thy goodness towards us, for preserving peace in our land, the light of thy gospel, and the true religion in our churches; for giving us the fruits of the earth in due season, and preserving us from the plague and sickness that rages in other lands. We bless thee for that support and maintenance which thou art pleased to afford us, and that thou gives us a heart to be sensible of this thy goodness, and to return our thanks at this time for the same; and as to our persons, for that measure of health that any of us do enjoy, which is more than any of us do deserve. We bless thee, more particularly, for thy protection over us the day past; that thy good spirit has kept us from falling into even the greatest sins, which, by our wicked and corrupt nature, we should greedily have been hurried into; and that, by the guard of thy holy angels, we have been kept safe from any of those evils that might have befallen

of future scandal by being permitted to die within the deanery — the spot which, if she were indeed married to one whose friendship was so fatal to her sex, she had a right to consider her own home. He is even stated to have given directions to Dr. Sheridan and Mr. Worrall that she might not be removed thither, because it would be improper, and evil-minded persons might put a bad interpretation upon it. Nay, it has been placed on record that within a few days of her dissolution, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she entreated Swift, in the most pathetic terms, to grant her dying request. Swift, it is added, made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, and never saw her more. Indignant, we are told, at this barbarity, she however summoned sufficient fortitude to make her will, by which she bequeathed her whole fortune, by her own name, to charitable uses.

Swift's whole plan of life was now changed, and all his domestic comforts vanished. Although he still continued to complain of living in a nation of slaves, his anxiety for removing appears in a great measure abated. Overwhelmed as he was with private griefs and disappointments, as a public character it was not in his nature to despond; and by those who knew him best he is stated to have directed his future cares and exertions to the relief of the indigent, to the endowment of charities, and to the support of the injured and oppressed. He moreover resumed his pen; he exposed in a great variety of publications the causes of the distresses under which Ireland labored, at the same time recommending to the British government the means by which they might be removed. He promoted the usefulness of the best public charities that ever were planned; and in obedience to the great scripture truths he gave largely to the poor, and created a fund purposely to advance the interests of small tradesmen, and those who from unavoidable causes stood in need of temporary accommodation to rescue them from ruin. Even to the poorest he was a friend, and from those who would borrow "he turned not away;" and not a few anecdotes are mentioned which convey an idea of his eccentricity in the least matters. The dean was accustomed to give money to several necessitious persons whose history he knew, and whom he met in his walks. With his

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us, and which many are now groaning under who rose up in the morning in safety and peace as well as we. But above all, for that great mercy of contriving and effecting our redemption, by the death of our Savior Jesus Christ, whom, of thy great love to mankind, thou didst send into this world, to take upon him our flesh, to teach us thy will, and to bear the guilt of our transgressions, to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; and for enabling us to lay hold of that salvation, by the gracious assistances of thy Holy Spirit. Lord, grant that the sense of this wonderful love of thine to us may effectually encourage us to walk in thy fear and live to thy glory, that so, when we shall put off this mortal state, we may be made partakers of that glory that shall then be revealed, which we beg of thee for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, who died to procure it for us, and in whose name and words we do offer up the desires of our souls unto thee, saying,

"Our Father, &c."

ready wit he used to give to each the name most appropriate to her condition, means of livelihood, and some peculiarity of manner, or even bodily infirmity. He would accost them as Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pallagowna, Floranella, Stumpanthea, &c.: and in one of his letters he says, "Cancerina is dead, and I let her go to her grave too without a coffin." He relieved them while living.

With a liberal and generous disposition towards others, Swift observed a plan of strict economy and even of self-denial in regard to himself and those elegancies and luxuries he might have commanded. He paid off with conscientious punctuality the heavy charges on his induction, and others relating to the deanery, which he left far more flourishing than he found it; and afterwards dividing his income into three parts, he devoted one to his domestic expenses; the second to a provision against the accidents of life, to go into some charitable foundation at his death; and the third in charities to the poor and distressed. It is asserted by Sheridan that many families in Dublin now living in great credit owed the foundation of their fortunes to the sums first borrowed from the dean's charitable fund. Small as the spring was, yet, by continual flowing, it watered and enriched the humble vale through which it ran, still extending and widening its course. His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great that he was consulted by several corporations in regard to trade; and they were happy who could obtain him for an umpire in their decisions. From his sentence there was no appeal; he had an eye to remove all public nuisances, and his strict vigilance and extended information in great measure supplied a city police. He maintained his remarkable ascendancy over the mind and temper of the Irish people, and was universally recognised as a sort of pope or spiritual ruler by the title of The Dean. His extraordinary reputation gave him the power of a censor-general, and he made it as formidable and more useful than that of ancient Rome. Whatever the dean said or did was received without question as infallibly right; and we may judge of the strange impression of his power from a passage in a letter from the lord-lieutenant himself (Carteret), in which he says (March 24, 1732), "I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's." In the postscript also to another letter he says (March 24, 1736), "When people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift." It is at this period that the genuine qualities of the dean's mind — as in his more prosperous political day, when, instead of arrogance and conceit, the virtues of religious humility, compassion, and beneficence, shone so conspicuous — appeared in their native force and brilliancy. He had resigned all ambitious views; he knew that Walpole was bitterly exasperatd against him for the satirical severity of his poems, especially the "Epistle to a Lady," and a "Rhapsody on Poetry;" besides that terrific character of the statesman

in an "Account of the Court and Empire of Japan;" add to which some forged letters (like so many others springing doubtless from the paid hirelings of Walpole) in favor of Mrs. Barber, bearing the dean's signature, and which *strongly excited the queen's displeasure.* It is singular that, in the position in which the parties stood, with Walpole's known enmity and consequent jealousy of Swift's influence with the queen, or at least the pleasant understanding existing between them, his different biographers should have agreed in attributing the forgeries to less interested quarters. Sir W. Scott is thus of opinion that Pilkington was the originator of them with a similar view, while Mr. Croker is inclined to think that Barber was the forger; but when we recall to mind the affair of the intercepted letter, and the base views attributed to Swift from the same source, suspicion naturally falls on him who had most to gain by calumniating so formidable an adversary, whose dreadful bolts would be rendered innocuous if the "Jupiter Fulminans" was levelled with the earth.

But vast as was now the dean's popularity, surpassing all that he had attained in England, it was in Ireland chiefly confined to the middle and lower classes; and hence probably his well-known maxim, "that the little virtue left in the world is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition nor *driven by poverty.*" Though a sound churchman, he had the greatest reverence for civil freedom, with unfeigned hatred of the base trickeries of the court and government of that venal day, when a queen deigned, for a ministerial bribe, to return an answer to the man who had heaped on her the most opprobrious terms that would now be thought to disgrace a common prostitute. But the better class to which the dean alluded he could govern as with a silken thread; while by the populace he was revered almost as a being of superior order. If inclined to be mischievous, or engaged in a squabble or skirmish the approach of the dean was sufficient to scatter the most refractory, without either civil or military aid; and more than once a mob was seen to disperse like schoolboys at the sight of their master, who, as he himself said, if he had lifted up his little finger, would have torn his enemy to pieces. With regard to the higher class, as it is termed, he is said to have looked upon them as wholly incorrigible, and latterly he refused to hold further intercourse with them except upon some unavoidable business. He declares he had little personal acquaintance with any lord spiritual or temporal in the kingdom; he regarded the members of the existing house of commons as a set of needy venal prostitutes, who sacrificed principle, character, and the interests of their country to the lure of the tempter of their avarice and ambition. With these, as he vowed at the outset of his career, he carried on a perpetual war, striking deep into their corrupt mass the stings of his keen, relentless satire, which being enabled only to return with secret hatred and vengeance, they retaliated upon him by every species of obloquy they could invent.

During the dean's life, however, he uniformly made them repent their folly; and we are presented with some exquisitely amusing details of the last campaign of this glorious old assertor of Ireland's liberties with corrupt sycophants, tyrant ministers, and a prostituted court.

The royal personages themselves affected to consider the refined irony with which he held up the court proceedings to scorn and ridicule, in a literal sense; and, aware how ill and ungratefully the great patriot had been treated by a corrupt and brutal government, and how well they had merited resentment, wisely pocketed the compliment as it stood. But it was different with Walpole, who, lashed into rage by the dean's resistless strokes repeated upon the tenderest parts of his character, resolved to retort by the only means he had in his power. He had the editor, printer, and publishers of the two poems all arrested; and prosecutions were immediately commenced. Possessing evidence that Swift was the author, he conceived he should at last be able to wreak his full vengeance; and ordered a warrant to be made out for his apprehension, and being conducted to England to take his trial.

The messenger is said to have been ready in waiting, when, fortunately perhaps for both parties, a friend of Walpole, well acquainted with the state of Ireland, being informed of his intention, inquired what army was to accompany the messenger, and whether he could conveniently spare ten thousand men at that moment; for no less a number would succeed in bringing the Drapier a prisoner out of that kingdom. Walpole, it is added, upon this recovered his senses, and was induced, with some reluctance, to abandon his design. "Had the poor fellow," says Sheridan, "attempted to execute his commission, he would most assuredly have been hanged by the mob; and this might have involved the two countries in a contest which it was by no means the interest of a minister to engage in."

The obnoxious poems, it seems, were sent to Mrs. Barber, then in London, by Pilkington, in order that she might turn them to the best account she could, being at that time in distressed circumstances. He also obtained from the dean letters of recommendation to alderman ———, lord-mayor elect, by whom in consequence of such recommendation he was appointed city chaplain. Yet this man had the baseness to turn informer, says Sheridan, against his benefactor as the author, and Mrs. Barber as the editor; who thereupon was confined for some time in the house of a king's messenger. But upon examination the gentlemen of the long robe could discover nothing in the poems that came under the denomination of a libel, or incurred any legal punishment; and according to this version of the case, the publishers were released and the prosecution was dropped.

Upon the subject of the forged letters he writes to his friend Pope in the language of an injured man conscious of his own rectitude and fearless of any evil consequences, as insinuated by some of those friends who were aware of the extent of the conspiracy to rob the dean of his

fair and honest fame: — "As to those three forged letters you mention, supposed to be written by me to the queen on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger; and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife, declining in the world, because she has a knack of versifying; was to suppose or fear a folly so transcendant that no man could be guilty of who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand, and why I should disguise my hand and yet sign my name is unaccountable. If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb."

In his communication with Mrs. Howard on the same subject he observes — "I find, from several instances, I am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her majesty, in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name; and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet sign my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. I am sensible *I owe a great deal of this usage to sir Robert Walpole," &c.*

From this and other passages of Swift's letters at this period, it is evident he attributes the displeasure he had incurred at court to the art of Walpole, and in nearly all his latter poems he gives full scope to his resentment. His residence in, and the unhappy condition of, the country he had made so many efforts to regenerate, tended to embitter his declining years. In one of his letters to Bolingbroke he deplores the irritation of mind which the continual sight of misery he was unable to alleviate, owing to the infliction of unjust laws, made him unable to control. "I find myself," he says, "disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful: and my rage is so ignoble that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live .... but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

And in another to Pope, speaking of his letters, he observes, "None of them have anything to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your religion and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruptions in both kingdoms, and especially of this, such is my weakness."—The aversion he had so long felt for his continued residence in Ireland is still more strongly expressed in a passage of a confidential letter to Dr. Sheridan, which contained the singular request that the doctor would attend his body, when he was dead, as far as Holyhead, to see it interred there; "for," he observes, with a spirit worthy the best patriots of antiquity, "I would not willingly lie in a country of slaves."

About the year 1736, the dean's memory became more and more impaired; and those brilliant faculties which had enlightened and entertained the world gave signs of evident decay. He was engaged in composing the poem of the "Legion Club," when one of his fits of giddiness and deafness returned with such violence that he never recovered from the consequences. From that moment he seldom attempted any composition that required much thinking or more than a single sitting to complete; a melancholy proof of his rapid decline. That melancholy was fearfully increased by his knowledge that the approaching calamity of loss of intellect was the effect of disease, not of age and time; a strange and fatal disorder which had attended him like his shadow, or pursued him like an assassin, by whose dagger he knew he must fall, while vainly hurrying to escape from place to place. No affliction can be imagined more terrible than that with which so sunlike and clear an intellect, so piercing a wit, and so grand and powerful a mind were thus threatened. His misery was increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene he foresaw must be his lot. He was often heard to offer up earnest prayers to God, "to take him away from the evil to come;" and as each lamented day of his birth came round, he would recur to his bible in an agony of spirit, and repeat the solemn and awfully grand adjurations of afflicted Job. To put the climax to his sufferings, his passions, always of a violent character, tended further to weaken and pervert his understanding; and that he was himself perfectly conscious of the hopeless state of his health was shown by his observation to a brother clergyman upon occasion of a narrow escape from death. They had been standing conversing immediately below a large heavy mirror, and had just removed when the cords that supported it suddenly gave way, and it fell with great violence to the ground. His friend immediately uttered an ejaculation of gratitude for his providential escape; and Swift's reply was very remarkable: "Had I been alone," he said, "I could have wished I had not removed." Dr. Young has recorded another instance of this sad prescience in the mind of the unfortunate dean. When walking out with some friends about a mile from Dublin, it was observed that he had suddenly disappeared: Dr. Young turned back, and found Swift at some distance gazing intently

at the top of a lofty elm, the head of which had been blasted. Upon his friend's approach he pointed to it, significantly adding, "I shall be like that tree, and die first at the top." "An unusually long fit of deafness soon disqualified him for conversation," says Sheridan, "and made him lose all relish for society; few were desirous of visiting him in that deplorable state." He could no longer amuse himself with writing; and having formed a resolution of never wearing spectacles, he was equally prevented from reading. Without employment or amusement of any kind, the time wore heavily along; and not a ray, except derived from religious hope in the intervals of pain, pierced the surrounding gloom. We hasten in sorrow, as from some unavoidable calamity, over the closing scene. The state of his mind is vividly described in a few sentences to his friend and comforter, Mrs. Whiteway: —"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and in mind. All I can say is, I am not in torture, but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray, let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.—I am, for those few days, yours entirely, J. Swift. If I do not blunder, it is Saturday."

Yet, near as he naturally supposed he was to his end, he survived upwards of five years after the date of these lines. His understanding wholly failed; and it was found necessary to appoint legal guardians of his person and estate. As if doomed to exhaust the catalogue of human miseries beyond those incident to infirmity or age, he was only relieved from a fit of lunacy which continued several months, by sinking into a state of idiotcy which lasted till his death. This event took place October 19th, 1745. No sooner were the tidings known than the citizens of Dublin gathered from all quarters, and gave unfeigned testimony of the respect, and even veneration, in which he was held. They forced their way into the deanery, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor; and happy were they who first got into the chamber where that noble heart lay still from the indignant griefs which had torn it, to procure locks of his hair, or the least memento, to hand down as sacred reliques to their children and their far posterity. "So eager were these numbers, that in less than an hour," says Sheridan, "his venerable head was entirely stripped of all its silver ornaments, till not a hair remained.[1] There were to be heard nothing but lamentations round the precincts where he lived, as if he had been suddenly cut off in the flower of his years."

He was buried in the most private manner, according to the directions

[1] "Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue."

in his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's cathedral; and by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin epitaph, written by himself:—

Hic depositum est corpus
JONATHAN. SWIFT. S. T. P.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Decani
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius cor lacerare nequit;
Abi viator
Et imitare si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit anno (1745)
Mensis (Octobris) die (19)
Ætatis anno (78)

"The later letters of Swift," it is observed by Dr. Warton, "are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellect and temper and strength of mind and body, and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into discontent, into peevishness, into indignity, into torpor, into insanity." In the sad accounts of his latter state some curious facts have also been preserved, which show that he had occasional intervals of sense. His physician used to accompany him out for the air; and on one of these days Swift remarked a new building he had not before seen, and inquired for what it was designed, to which Dr. Kingbury replied, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city." "Oh, oh!" said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of this; it is worth remarking. 'My tablets,' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets; memory, put down that;'" which led to the following epigram, supposed to be the last verses which he produced:—

"Behold a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."

In the very singular exhortation, likewise, addressed to the sub-dean and chapter of St. Patrick's, as late as January, 1741, he displayed some of those gleams and even flashes of peculiar humor which shone in his best days, though fast verging upon imbecility.

By Swift's will, which is dated in May, 1740, a short time before he sunk into comparative unconsciousness, he left about 1200*l.* in legacies, and the bulk of his fortune, upwards of 11,000*l.* to erect and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics.

Nearly all the biographers of this illustrious but eccentric genius have found reason to remark that his character was so various and so contradictory as to render it difficult to convey a clear and accurate idea of it

as a whole. It is a magnificent picture, composed of strong lights and shadows, but in which the grandeur of design, the rich and varied composition, the general effect and splendid colors, become only more powerful from the occasional contrast of the depth of shadows giving relief to other parts of the subject. His conduct in the discharge of what he conceived to be his public duties, the greatness and disinterestedness of his literary character, and his general benevolence, far outweigh the less estimable traits of his singular and powerful mind. As a public man, indeed, no one in similar circumstances ever evinced more true greatness and disinterestedness of conduct; he provided for all who applied to him deserving his support, before he received any recompense for his arduous labors in the cause, as he esteemed it, of the religion and liberties of his country. Perhaps his crowning merit, coming immediately after the days of our Charleses and Jameses, was to teach literary men not only to respect themselves, but by consistent principle, manly independence, and long assiduous intellectual cultivation, to claim respect and equality of mind instead of patronage from superiors only in rank and station. The same elevation of intellect, the same moral strength and resolution, will be found to animate the whole circle of his duties. The bold asserter of civil liberty combined with the highest religious doctrine, he was also the strenuous supporter of the rights of the Anglican church as of his own cathedral, and in attention to its economy and revenues he was most strict and exemplary. Here, if carried no further, is fame enough for any one. In the words of his friend Pope it may in this respect be said—

> "Honor and fame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

With a rare sense of justice, presenting a pattern to greater members of the church, he consulted the interest of his successors in preference to his own, and diverted not the renewal of leases to family purposes. Another excellent feature of his religious character was, that no one more detested the vice of hypocrisy; and his great anxiety that no stain of the kind should attach to his memory betrayed him into a certain boldness and plainness of manners which gave offence in high quarters, and often proved distasteful to those who were not aware at the time of his pure and lofty motives. Lord Bolingbroke on this head declared, with great justice, that Swift's conduct through life was that of hypocrisy reversed; and in real love of peace, of good-will to men, and charity to all ranks and creeds (as witness his friend Pope and so many others), he was surpassed by few, and in the still higher christian virtues of truth and fidelity by none. His piety, by the admission of his worst enemies, was sincere; he regularly attended public worship, and always read prayers to the members of his household in the morning and in the evening.

Next in importance, if considered as a citizen and a patriot, he was

uniformly steady and vigilant in his duty, directed by the best motives, though he may sometimes have mistaken the means, in his intense eagerness to punish vice and folly by a public exposure of details before considered safe from the shafts of satire, and left to conscience or Heaven to discharge.

In his wonderful efforts to correct the erroneous system so long pursued by the government of Ireland, his conduct, like his writings, did him immortal honor and gave him deserved perpetuity of fame. His ambition and greatness of spirit allowed him to make no distinction with regard to persons; he spoke as he thought, and told the greatest the severest truths; and his wise opinions were always received with respect, if not reverence, although seldom obeyed. He was fearless to a fault in the stern unflinching assertion of his cause, and never shrunk from the eye or withering frown of power; no prosecution could make him even withdraw from public notice, much less silence the resistless eloquence of his tongue and pen. Nor did the unanimous applause of a grateful nation for the successful efforts of the Drapier appear to change or to exalt him in his own eyes; it even failed to administer balm to hts suffering mind.

In point of natural disposition, Swift had all the irritability and more than the unhappiness peculiar to a richly-gifted intellect. Then disappointment, the most disastrous combination of circumstances, and consequent discontent, haunted him almost from his childhood, soured his temper towards the close of life, and prevented him from enjoying real happiness. "I remember," he says to lord Bolingbroke, "when I was a little boy I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments." That Swift's unhappy feelings and views were wholly sincere and unaffected there can be no doubt, from the sad effects produced upon those he most loved and upon his own mind; it was the evil spirit of his destiny, which no exorcism of love, or fame, or success beyond the fondest hopes of genius, could ever expel; it tore his heart with cruel indignation, and seemed a part of his very nature:

"Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret."

It might appear from some portion of his letters that the charge of misanthropy brought against Swift is not wholly unfounded; but when we turn on the other hand to his warm and constant friendship and wide-spread charity, we are inclined to think that it sprung, as he has himself recorded, "from his rage and resentment at the mortifying sight of the slavery, folly, and baseness about him, and among which he was forced to live." He informs Dr. Sheridan, with the air of an anxious friend, that "he would every day find his description of yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson."

In these maxims we can evidently trace the results of disappointment, disease, and age. Though Swift was so well acquainted with human nature from its highest to its lowest scene, still his knowledge was that of the poet rather than of the philosopher — a fatal dower of the imagination, morbid in some respects, rather than derived from the process of reasoning and founded upon experience and facts. In its main character, indeed, it is the knowledge of Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Fielding, and Scott, rather than of Aristotle, Locke, or of men attached to philosphy, science, taste, and virtue.

With regard to the peculiarities of his style, vigor, simplicity, and conciseness assuredly take the lead. He was the first writer who expressed his meaning without any display of subsidiary epithets or expletives of any kind, tending to weaken the impression of simple truth. In the use of synonymes he was even more sparing than Addison, and devoted his attention to illustrate the force of his ideas; and it is thus that metaphor is so seldom met with in his works. But he abounds in clear and beautiful allegory, and his images are always just and new. In political discussion, his favorite study, he was superior to any man of his time, not excepting Addison. His poems, like his masterly political allegories, are a series of general and particular satires, and were mostly written for some special occasion. Even before the complimentary lines of Pope he had taken his rank as the Rabelais of England: —

> "Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair."

If less learned, his wit was more piercing and his satire more close and trenchant. His ideas flowed with ease and rapidity, and he used to say "when he sat down to write a letter he never leaned his head upon his elbow till he had finished it." *Cum magnis vixisse* appears to have been no less his favorite motto than it was that of Horace, and his letters everywhere attest his high ambition of intellectual rule, and his proud desire of dictating them to the most eminent and great. His Journal and letters are the most genuine and valuable transcripts of his mind; for in these he threw off all party trammels, and his extraordinary and often contradictory qualities shine forth without alloy. They display complete knowledge of the world, combined with innumerable traits of benevolence, fierce resentment, and an indignation at the sufferings and oppression of the people, which hurried him into misanthropy. Though lofty and commanding with his superiors in rank, towards his equals he was full of social ease, wit, and spirit; and though rough in appearance, was really and condescendingly kind to his inferiors. While economical and saving, he devoted his money to the noblest purposes; and he appears in this respect to have modelled his conduct upon his excellent observation to lord Bolingbroke, "that a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart;" but in his declining years he is thought to have furnished some proof of his distinguished friend's reply,

"that a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions."

Swift was celebrated for his amusing anecdote as well as surpassing wit and repartee, and he had an excellent way of telling a story; always brief and pithy, as if careful not to engross the whole time and conversation of the company. Addicted to no vice, he seemed to rise superior to the meaner temptations and pleasures of the world; he was heard to declare that on no occasion was he intoxicated — neither, it might be added, with wine nor power; while from women and gaming he appears to have kept himself free, from choice as well as principle.

Swift was of middle stature, inclining to tall, robust, and manly, with strongly marked and regular features. He had a high forehead, a handsome nose, and large piercing blue eyes, which retained their lustre to the last. He had an extremely agreeable and expressive countenance, which, in the words of the unfortunate Vanessa, sometimes shone with a divine compassion, — at others, the most engaging vivacity, indignation, fearful passion, and striking awe. His mouth was pleasing, he had a fine regular set of teeth, a round double chin with a small dimple; his complexion, a light olive or pale brown. His voice was sharp, strong, high-toned; but he was a bad reader, especially of verses, and disliked music. His mien was erect, his head firm, and his whole deportment commanding. There was a sternness and severity in his aspect, which wit and gaiety did not entirely remove. When pleased he would smile, but never laughed aloud.

In his diet Swift was abstemious: he preferred plain dishes, generally hashed; and in drinking he seldom exceeded a pint of claret. In his person he was neat and clean even to superstition, and appeared regularly dressed in his gown every morning, to receive the visits of his most familiar friends.

No man, it is agreed by all his biographers, ever appreciated with greater tact the qualities and sincerity of his friends; and the better to assist his judgment, he formed a sort of calendar of friendship, in which he arranged them under the heads of *ungrateful, indifferent, doubtful;* and it is mortifying to think that he should have found reason to class so many, even among those whom he had benefitted, under the former head.

With regard to Swift's natural disposition, his love of study, his sagacious knowledge of mankind, it has been well observed by Scott that Shakspeare's description of Cassius will apply to him admirably: —

> 'He reads much,
> He is a great observer, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men.——
> Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
> As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
> That could be moved to smile at anything."

In his latter days Swift was an early riser, though at one period of his life he was said to lie in bed and think of wit for the day. Of his learning it has been said that it was not that of a professed scholar. Dr. J. Wharton pointed out the errors of quantity in his Latin verse. His Latin prose is far from classical. His letter to Pope on his translation of Homer does not show any familiar acquaintance with the original; and his "Letter to Lord Oxford on the Improvement of the English Language" is almost superficial. In his controversy on Phalaris he had wit and sarcasm in abundance, but little learning, to bring to the support of his friend Temple. In the same way, his observations on the character of Brutus are very inferior to the masterly review of the character in the third volume of Gibbon's Memoirs." In Greek his knowledge is said to have enabled him to read the best authors with tolerable facility, but not more; and as regarded Latin, it did not enter into the critical niceties of the language. Our great Chaucer's flow of wit, the amenity and graces of his frank joyous spirit, were Swift's early admiration and study; he even made a selection of a number of epithets in alphabetical order, with references, and a list of the *oaths* used by the different characters in his stories. Like most other men of genius and active mind, he is said to have been fond of old romances, and to have carefully studied them — a fact that rather surprises us — with close attention. His collection of books,[1] however, comprehended none of the elder dramatists, not even a copy of Shakspeare, and the modern plays of Wycherly and Rowe were presented by the authors. History was his leading pursuit, and in the decline of life he confined his attention nearly altogether to Clarendon. Like most men of genius, Swift was fond of residing in the country, though not at all susceptible to the charms of what is termed romantic, picturesque, or grand scenery. He detested field-sports and cruelty of all kinds, but delighted in planting and rural scenery, for the freedom it gave him from restraint, the open air, and exercise, of which he was excessively fond. His independent but wayward character often made him appear, to those unacquainted with him, full of contradictions. A zealous churchman, he had the highest respect for the rights of his order, though he wrote with a spirit of satire and a levity bordering upon profaneness. The object in view being good, he was not over-scrupulous with regard to the means of effecting it; and though a friend to liberty, he ranged himself on the side of the Tories. This choice, between two of the least evils, led to many impositions and forgeries on the side of his foes, who attributed to him a thousand meanesses and follies which he never said or did. Perhaps the strongest instance is to be found in the "Courtier's Creed,"

[1] Many of which are at this time in the hands of his descendant, Mr. Edmund Swift, conservator of the regalia in the Tower, who possesses also a portrait of the dean taken when he was in advanced years, and some other curiosities appertaining to his celebrated relative, especially the original MSS. of Swift's political treatises and poems previously published.

which, with all its clever application, contains that air of profaneness which Swift conscientiously avoided; but it is well invented. "I believe," it runs, "in king George II., the greatest captain and the wisest monarch between heaven and earth; and in sir Robert Walpole, his only minister, our lord, who was begotten of Barret, the attorney, born of Mrs. W. of Houghton, accused of corruption, convicted, expelled, and imprisoned. He went down into Norfolk; the third year he came up again; he ascended into the administration, and sitteth at the head of the treasury, from whence he shall pay all those who shall vote as they are commanded. I believe in Horace's [his brother's] treaty, the sanctity of the bishops, the independency of the lords, the integrity of the commons, restitution from Spain, resurrection of credit, discharge of the public debts, and peace everlasting. Amen."

Swift's public spirit and extensive charities failed to protect him from the charges of parsimony and avarice, though even Johnson admitted they were never suffered to encroach upon his virtue; for though frugal by inclination, he was liberal by principle. "Wealth," he said, "is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher. Gay is a slave just by 2000*l.* too little, but he could not live *sine dignitate;* he declares it would kill him in a month to make any abatement in his liberalities." He writes also to Pope — "Your wants are so few that you need not be rich to supply them, and my wants are so many that a king's 7,000,000 of guineas would not support me."

The dean's singularities were indulged even in the most refined society, for, though a perfect master of aristocratic and court manners, he nevertheless put them aside, and assumed a frankness and bluntness which beat down all defence, and proved at first intolerably annoying. He once insisted upon lady Burlington singing for him, though she expressed repeated wishes to be excused, and not knowing her tormentor, at length burst into tears; while it is recorded that Vanessa actually struck him for his freedom of manner the first time she was in his company. Sometimes he carried his peculiarity to a ludicrous or insulting length, especially towards ladies if they showed any want of attention or respect. Dining at a house where part of the tablecloth next him happened to have a small hole, he tore it as wide as he could, so as to eat his soup through it. The reason assigned for such behavior was to mortify the lady of the house, and to teach her to pay a proper attention to housewifery. Though steady in his friendships, his aversion, as in the instances of Somers, Wharton, and Marlborough, was carried even beyond the grave, and he pursued their funeral trains with keen satirical epitaphs. He levelled sarcasms at Steele in his "Rhapsody on Poetry;" and seized upon chief-justice Whitshed like a fierce terrier upon some noxious vermin, which he tears and worries after it is killed. By a re-iterated fire of lampoons, squibs, and epitaphs, he made him odious and contemptible in the eyes of the people, considering it his duty, as in the case of Wood, to make him an example to all future

melancholy instance of the fall of human greatness. His life is a mournful and striking example of the power of disappointment totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil. The miseries to which human nature is subject made him often think it better never to have existed at all; and this sentiment led him to adopt as a maxim, 'Non nasi homini longe optimum est.' It was under this persuasion that he always read the third chapter of Job upon his birth-day; and whoever visited him then was sure to see that part of the bible lying open before him. . . . . .

"In short, he lived an honor to the human mind, and died, as he had lived in his latter years, a sad monument of the infirmities incident to it; and a melancholy, mortifying memento to the vanity of pride of parts. His death eclipsed the gaiety of his native country, and impoverished the scanty stock of public virtue."

POETICAL WORKS.

ODE TO DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Written in May, 1689, at the desire of the lord bishop of Ely.

Sancroft, primate of England, at the Revolution joined with his brethren in resisting the encroachments of James upon liberty and religion.

TRUTH is eternal, and the son of heaven,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub and chief lamp of that high sacred seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day;
First of God's darling attributes,
Thou daily seest him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in ev'ry sublunary dance;
How shall we find thee then in dark disputes?
How shall we search thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?
In dagger contests, and th' artillery of words, [swords),
(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are madmen's
Contrived to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt?

II.

But where is even thy image on our earth?
For of the person much I fear,
Since heaven will claim its residence as well as birth,
And God himself has said, he shall not find it here.
For this inferior world is but heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made;
Whence the weak shapes wild and imperfect pass,
Like sunbeams shot at too far distance from a glass,
Which all the mimic forms express,
Though in strange uncouth postures, and uncomely dress;

So when Cartesian artists try
To solve appearances of sight
In its reception to the eye,
And catch the living landscape through a scanty light,[1]
The figures all inverted show,
And colors of a faded hue;
Here a pale shape with upward footstep treads,
And men seem walking on their heads;
There whole herds suspended lie,
Ready to tumble down into the sky;
Such are the ways ill-guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.
Disjointing shapes as in the fairy land of dreams,
Or images that sink in streams;
No wonder then, we talk amiss
Of truth, and what or where it is;
Say, Muse, for thou, if any, know'st,
Since the bright essence fled, where haunts the reverend ghost?

III.

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue be
(High Truth!) the best resemblance of exalted thee,
If a mind fix'd to combat fate
With those two powerful swords, Submission and Humility,
Sounds truly good or truly great;
Ill may I live, if the good Sancroft, in his holy rest,
In the divin'ty of retreat,
Be not the brightest pattern earth can show
Of heav'n-born Truth below;
But foolish man still judges what is best
In his own balance, false and light,
Foll'wing opinion, dark and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight.

IV.

And some, to be large ciphers in a state,
Pleased with an empty swelling to be counted great,
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space,
Rapt through the wide expanse of thought,
And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in one place;
Errors like this did old astronomers misguide,
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pride,
Who, like hard masters, taught the sun
Through many a heedless sphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make,
And thousand incoherent journeys take,
Whilst all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light earth's inconsiderable spot.

[1] The experiment of the dark chamber, to demonstrate light to be by reception of the object and not by emission.

The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
  Hung loosely on the church's pinnacle,
Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and still;
But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
    By gazing upward giddy grow,
    And think the church itself does so;
  Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
  Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's motion quite irregular appears,
    Because 'tis opposite to theirs.

V.

In vain then would the Muse the multitude advise,
  Whose peevish knowledge thus perversely lies
    In gath'ring follies from the wise;
  Rather put on thy anger and thy spite,
    And some kind pow'r for once dispense
  Through the dark mass, the dawn of so much sense,
To make them understand and feel me when I write;
  The Muse and I no more revenge desire,
Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like fire;
  Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins
    (Say, hapless isle, although
    It is a bloody list we know)
Has given thee up a dwelling-place to fiends?
    Sin and the plague ever abound
In governments too easy, and too fruitful ground;
    Evils which a too gentle king,
    Too flourishing a spring,
    And too warm summers bring:
  Our British soil is over rank, and breeds
  Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous weeds,
  And every stinking weed so lofty grows,
  As if 'twould overshade the royal rose;
  The royal rose, the glory of our morn,
    But, ah! too much without a thorn.

VI.

Forgive (original mildness) this ill-govern'd zeal,
'Tis all the angry slighted Muse can do
    In the pollution of these days;
  No province now is left her but to rail,
  And poetry has lost the art to praise,
    Alas, the occasions are so few:
    None e'er but you
  And your Almighty Master knew
  With heavenly peace of mind to bear
(Free from our tyrant passions, anger, scorn, or fear)
The giddy turns of pop'lar rage,
And all the contradictions of a poison'd age;
  The Son of God pronounced by the same breath
    Which straight pronounced his death;

And though I should but ill be understood,
In wholly equalling our sin and theirs,
And measuring by the scanty thread of wit
What we call holy, and great, and just, and good,
(Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance make use),
And which our wild ambition foolishly compares
With endless and with infinite;
Yet pardon, native Albion, when I say,
Among thy stubborn sons there haunts that spirit of the Jews,
That those forsaken wretches who to-day
Revile his great ambassador,
Seem to discover what they would have done
(Were his humanity on earth once more)
To his undoubted Master, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII.

But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wond'rous proud,
Though very turbulent and very loud;
The crazy composition shows,
Like that fantastic medley in the idol's toes,
Made up of iron mix'd with clay,
This crumbles into dust,
That moulders into rust,
Or melts by the first shower away.
Nothing is fix'd that mortals see or know,
Unless, perhaps, some stars above be so;
And those, alas, do show,
Like all transcendent excellence below;
In both, false mediums cheat our sight,
And far exalted objects lessen by their height:
Thus primitive Sancroft moves too high
To be observed by vulgar eye,
And rolls the silent year
On his own secret regular sphere,
And sheds, though all unseen, his sacred influence here.

VIII.

Kind star, still may'st thou shed thy sacred influence here,
Or from thy private peaceful orb appear;
For sure we want some guide from heaven to show
The way which every wand'ring fool below
Pretends so perfectly to know:
And which, for aught I see, and much I fear,
The world has wholly miss'd;
I mean the way which leads to Christ:
Mistaken idiots! see how giddily they run,
Led blindly on by avarice and pride;
What mighty numbers follow them,
Each fond of erring with his guide:
Some whom ambition drives, seek Heaven's high Son
In Cæsar's court, or in Jerusalem:
Others, ignorantly wise,
Among proud doctors and disputing Pharisees:

What could the sages gain but unbelieving scorn;
Their faith was so uncourtly, when they said
That Heaven's high Son was in a village born;
That the world's Savior had been
In a vile manger laid,
And foster'd in a wretched inn?

IX.

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
Why should the first be ruin'd and laid waste,
To mend dilapidations in the last?
And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty prince,
Thinks Heaven has cancell'd all our sins,
And that his subjects share his happy influence;
Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should,
But wicked kings draw more examples than the good.
And divine Sancroft, weary with the weight
Of a declining church, by faction, her worst foe, oppress'd,
Finding the mitre almost grown
A load as heavy as the crown,
Wisely retreated to his heavenly rest.

X.

Ah! may no unkind earthquake of the state,
Nor hurricano from the crown,
Disturb the present mitre, as that fearful storm of late,
Which, in its dusky march along the plain,
Swept up whole churches as it list,
Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a mist;
Like that prophetic tempest in the virgin reign,
And swallow'd them at last, or flung them down.
Such were the storms good Sancroft long has borne;
The mitre, which his sacred head has worn,
Was, like his master's crown, inwreath'd with thorn.
Death's sting is swallow'd up in victory at last,
The bitter cup is from him pass'd;
Fortune in both extremes
Though blasts from contrariety of winds,
Yet to firm heavenly minds,
Is but one thing under two different names;
And even the sharpest eye that has the prospect seen
Confesses ignorance to judge between;
And must to human reasoning opposite conclude,
To point out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI.

Thus Sancroft, in the exaltation of retreat,
Shows lustre that was shaded in his seat;
Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorified;
Which the disguise of greatness only served to hide
Why should the sun, alas! be proud
To lodge behind a golden cloud?

Though fringed with evening gold the cloud appears so gay,
'Tis but a low-born vapor kindled by a ray:
At length 'tis overblown and past,
Puff'd by the people's spiteful blast,
The dazzling glory dims their prostituted sight,
No deflower'd eye can face the naked light:
Yet does this high perfection well proceed
From strength of its own native seed,
This wilderness, the world, like that poetic wood of old,
Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
Where the bless'd spirit lodges like the dove,
And which (to heavenly soil transplanted) will improve,
To be, as 'twas below, the brightest plant above;
For, whate'er theologic lev'llers dream,
There are degrees above, I know,
As well as here below,
(The goddess Muse herself has told me so,)
Where high patrician souls, dress'd heavenly gay,
Sit clad in lawn of purer woven day,
There some high-spirited throne to Sancroft shall be given,
In the metropolis of Heaven;
Chief of the mitred saints, and from archprelate here,
Translated to archangel there.

XII.

Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
Either our blindness or our fate,
To lose the providence of thy cares,
Pity a miserable church's tears,
That begs the powerful blessings of thy pray'rs.
Some angel, say, what were the nation's crimes,
That sent these wild reformers to our times:
Say what their senseless malice meant,
To tear religion's lovely face;
Strip her of ev'ry ornament and grace,
In striving to wash off th' imaginary paint?
Religion now does on her deathbed lie,
Heart-sick of a high fever and consuming atrophy;
How the physicians swarm to show their mortal skill,
And by their college arts methodically kill:
Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and the design the same;
Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
Is but the patient's death and gain! —
Check in thy satire, angry Muse,
Or a more worthy subject choose:
Let not the outcasts of this outcast age
Provoke the honor of my Muse's rage,
Nor be thy mighty spirit rais'd,
Since Heaven and Cato both are pleas'd —

(The rest of the poem is lost.)

ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-park in June. 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies!
Till its first emperor, rebellious man,
Deposed from off his seat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found;
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
'Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools:
For learning's mighty treasures look
Into that deep grave, a book;
Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since she died;
Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priest, her train, and followers, show,
As if they all were spectres too!
They purchase knowledge at th' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;

Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility.
And sick with dregs and knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up and nauseate company.

IV.

Curst be the wretch! nay, doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy),
Who learn'd himself that heresy first
(Which since has seized on all the rest),
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scaped this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learned, good, and great,
Which we ne'er joined before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compared to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;
War, that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For, though with loss or victory a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies:
And ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipp'd in blood, nor widow's tears, nor orphan's cries.
About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire, the lightning plays;
Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shafts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly),
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow and how gross the cheat!
Look where the pulley's tied above!
Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountains shake!
The mighty mountain labors with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scared at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little mouse, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favorite Muse
What serpent's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where she lies!
See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
And though he oft renewed the fight,
And almost got priority of sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite:
Till, at last, tired with loss of time and ease,
Resolved to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing, beloved Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Show the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;

Go, publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain;
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this flight
She soars clear out of sight.
These are the paradises of her own:
Thy Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led,
To the loved pastures where he used to feed,
Runs violent o'er his usual course.
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-loved streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft she looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town;
And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierced by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upward fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your nobler pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fate:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade;

Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy;
Me she has to the Muse's galleys tied:
In vain I strive to cross the spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar;
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again;
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, sir, accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease;
And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy:
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow:
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth),
By an equivocal birth,
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

The recovery of this Ode was owing to the exertions of M. Nichol. (See his select collection of poems, 1778.)

To purchase kingdoms and to buy renown
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown,
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made,)
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due,
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
  You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
  Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
  Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
  Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
  To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
  Which what is bravely won does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
  An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
  That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amazed, thy action at the Boyne we see!
  When Schomberg started at the vast design:
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
  Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
  You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
  And spare the labor of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply
  To interrupt the fortune of your course:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
  Of secret malice or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
  Of glorious deeds that must all tongues employ;
William's the pledge and earnest given by Fate
  Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.[1]

Moor-park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

As when the deluge first began to fall,
  That mighty ebb never to flow again,
When this huge body's moisture was so great,
  It quite o'ercame the vital heat;
That mountain which was highest first of all
Appeared above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight;
And 'twas, perhaps, Parnassus, if in height
  It be as great as 'tis in fame,
  And nigh to heaven as is its name;

[1] "I have been told that Dryden, having perused these verses, said 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;' and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden."—JOHNSON.

So, after th' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little household did embark,
With her world's fruitful system. in her sacred ark,
  At the first ebb of noise and tears,
Philosophy's exalted head appears
And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;
  And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
  To crown the happy conqueror,
  To show the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
  When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
  When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat,
  On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the first that grew,
The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain),
  And thence, with joyful, nimble wing,
  Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king.[1]
  And the Dove-Muse is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frightened at the war,)
  And now discovers from afar
  A peaceful and a flourishing shore:
    No sooner did she land
  On the delightful strand,
  Than straight she sees the country all around,
  Where fatal Neptune ruled erewhile,
Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
    And many a pleasant wood;
  As if the universal Nile
  Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
  Preserved by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
      Famed Delos did of old;
  And the transported Muse imagined it
To be a fitter birthplace for the God of wit,
      Or the much-talk'd-of oracular grove
  When, with amazing joy, she hears
An unknown music all around,
      Charming her greedy ears
      With many a heavenly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love;
While angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue.
  In vain she catches at the empty sound,
In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
  And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

[1] The Ode I writ to the king in Ireland. — SWIFT.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen;
Forgive a young and almost virgin Muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
Has forced to grope her uncouth way,
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye:
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence! the scurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions still,
Both the good-natured and the ill,
Yet whereso'er you look, you'll always find
We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the first sect of these,
All merit, that transcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise.
And our good brethren of the surly sect,
Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though, possess'd of present vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does widely shroud
From us the blind and thoughtless crowd,
Like the famed hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see,
Do laugh, perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great and good,
Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war, methinks, has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home, in fear
Of every censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the stage,
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or anything at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to say that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms justling in a heap;
Which, from eternal seeds begun,
Justling some thousand years, till ripen'd by the sun,
They 're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I'm satisfied to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene,
Is wonderfully moved by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease,
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye,)
That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Else why should the famed Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienced glories wait)
Still wear, still dote on his invisible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is, perhaps, as hard t' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the sight,
I would not draw the idea from an empty name;
Because, alas! when we all die,
Careless and ignorant posterity,
Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colors of these days:
These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less.
Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit,
Enthroned with heavenly Wit!
Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out these, believe true Fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due:
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, straight became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly, slippery god, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrowed more variety of shapes
Than you, to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phenomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame

Contrive to shock your minds with
Doubts where the Delphic god would pe in
The god of learning and of lie
Would want a god himself to (

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft in fools and madmen's hands than sages',
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restored her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dress'd her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers,
The rebel Muse, alas! takes part,
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my first transport said:
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be shed,
Lie upon you and on your children's head!
For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be)!
Have even increased their pride and cruelty
Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,

And which they've now the consciences to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years.
Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from us;
And had they common generosity,
They would not use us thus.
Well — though you've raised her to this high degree,
Ourselves are raised as well as she;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me,
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the closing an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve this nobler work, most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noontide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it pass'd,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
For, when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again,)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth;
From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet shall the traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign:

And to all future mankind show
How strange a paradox is true,
That men who lived and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred lists of fame.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

Written in November, 1693.

THRICE, with a prophet's voice and prophet's power,
The muse was called in a poetic hour,
And insolently thrice the slighted maid
Dared to suspend her unregarded aid;
Then, with that grief we form in spirits divine,
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine.
Once highly honored! false is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence!
Who, to pollute my shades, bring'st with thee down
The most ungenerous vices of the town;
Ne'er sprung a youth from out this isle before
I once esteem'd, and loved, and favor'd more,
Nor ever maid endured such courtlike scorn,
So much in mode, so very city-born;
'Tis with a foul design the muse you send,
Like a cast mistress, to your wicked friend;
But find some new address, some fresh deceit,
Nor practice such an antiquated cheat;
These are the beaten methods of the stews,
Stale forms, of course, all mean deceivers use,
Who barbarously think to 'scape reproach,
By prostituting her they first debauch.
Thus did the muse severe unkindly blame
This offering long design'd to Congreve's fame;
First chid the zeal as unpoetic fire,
Which soon his merit forced her to inspire;
Then call this verse, that speaks her largest aid,
The greatest compliment she ever made,
And wisely judge, no power beneath divine
Could leap the bounds which part your world and mine;
For, youth, believe, to you unseen, is fix'd
A mighty gulf, unpassable betwixt,
Nor tax the goddess of a mean design
To praise your parts by publishing of mine;
That be my thought when some large bulky writ
Shows in the front the ambition of my wit;
There to surmount what bears me up, and sing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing;
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tower,
Were my desires but heighten'd to my power.
Godlike the force of my young Congreve's bays,
Softening the Muse's thunder into praise;
Sent to assist an old unvanquish'd pride
That looks with scorn on half mankind beside;

A pride that well suspends poor mortals' fate,
Gets between them and my resentment's weight.
Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T' avert th' impending judgments of my pen.
Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my Congreve will reform the stage:
For never did poetic mind before
Produce a richer vein, or cleaner ore;
The bullion stamp'd in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furnish half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forced on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a stock maintain
From broken scraps and filings of your brain.
Through native dross your share is hardly known,
And by short views mistook for all their own;
So small the gain those from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the sun's scatter'd beams which loosely pass,
When some rough hand breaks the assembling glass.
Yet want your critics no just cause to rail,
Since knaves are ne'er obliged for what they steal.
These pad on wit's high road, and suits maintain
With those they rob, by what their trade does gain
Thus censure seems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the sun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Crusts o'er the day, shadowing its portent beam,
As ancient nature's modern masters dream;
This bids some curious praters here below
Call Titan sick, because their sight is so;
And well, methinks, does this allusion fit
To scribblers and the god of light and wit;
Those who by wild delusions entertain
A lust of rhyming for a poet's vein,
Raise envy's clouds to leave themselves in night,
But can no more obscure my Congreve's light
Than swarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.
What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you blush the shameful birth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since,
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes' in dissecting flies:
For, could you think? the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;

Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaux
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetic schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those pow'rs the critics, who may boast the odds
Oe'r Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worshipp'd cats and sacrificed to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?

Haply you judge these lines severely writ
Against the proud usurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my story, short and true;
To draw conclusions shall be left to you;
Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the scene just here at Farnham school.

Last year a lad hence by his parents sent
With other cattle to the city went;
Where having cast his coat, and well pursued
The methods most in fashion to be lewd,
Return'd a finish'd spark this summer down,
Stock'd with the freshest gibberish of the town;
A jargon form'd from the lost language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diseased conceptions, weak and wild,
Sick lust of souls, and an abortive child;
Born between whores and fops, by lewd compacts,
Before the play, or else between the acts;
Nor wonder, if from such polluted minds
Should spring such short and transitory kinds,
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote,
Last just as long as ev'ry cuckoo's note:
What bungling, rusty tools, are used by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed:
When man's ill genius to my presence sent
This wretch, to rouse my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's-inn grace,
Squander'd his noisy talents to my face;
Named every player on his fingers' ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;
Talk'd with that saucy and familiar ease
Of Wycherly, and you, and Mr. Bays;
Said, how a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroics next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would lose you quite,
And told you so at Will's but t'other night.

Thus are the lives of fools a sort of dreams,
Rend'ring shades things, and substances of names;
Such high companions may delusion keep,
Lords are a footboy's cronies in his sleep.

As a fresh miss, by fancy, face, and gown,
Render'd the topping beauty of the town,
Draws ev'ry rhyming, prating, dressing sot,
To boast of favors that he never got;
Of which, whoe'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meanest coxcomb you can find
But thanks his stars that Phillis has been kind;
Thus prostitute my Congreve's name is grown
To every lewd pretender of the town.
Troth I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the fashionable wit;
These are the slaves whom reputation chains,
Whose maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, should the vilest scribbler to the pit,
Whom sin and want e'er furnish'd out a wit;
Whose name must not within my lines be shown,
Lest here it live, when perish'd with his own;
Should such a wretch usurp my Congreve's place,
And choose out wits who ne'er have seen his face;
I'll bet my life but the dull cheat would pass,
Nor need the lion's skin conceal the ass;
Yes, that beau's look, that vice, those critic ears,
Must needs be right, so well resembling theirs.

Perish the Muse's hour thus vainly spent
In satire, to my Congreve's praises meant;
In how ill season her resentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private Muse's fate,
In pleasing all that's good among the great,
Where though her elder sisters crowding throng,
She still is welcome with her inn'cent song;
Whom were my Congreve blest to see and know
What poor regards would merit all below!
How proudly would he haste the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at Apollo's feet!

Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave:
'Tis the world's wat'ry hour-glass streaming fast,
Time is no more when th' utmost drop is past;
Here, on a better day, some Druid dwelt,
And the young Muse's early favor felt;
Druid, a name she does with pride repeat,
Confessing Albion once her darling seat;
Far in this primitive cell might we pursue
Our predecessors' footsteps still in view;
Here would we sing—But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the same;
Yes: you are all malicious standers-by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muse and I.

Since thus I wander from my first intent,
Nor am that grave adviser which I meant,

Take this short lesson from the god of bays,
And let my friend apply it as he please:
Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod,
But give the vigorous fancy room.
For when, like stupid alchemists you try
To fix this nimble god,
This volatile mercury,
The subtile spirit all flies up in fume;
Nor shall the bubbled virtuoso find
More than a fade, insipid mixture left behind.[1]
While thus I write, vast shoals of critics come,
And on my verse pronounce their saucy doom;
The Muse like some bright country virgin shows
Fall'n by mishap among a knot of beaux;
They, in their lewd and fashionable prate,
Rally her dress, her language, and her gait;
Spend their base coin before the bashful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid:
She, who on shady banks has joy'd to sleep
Near better animals, her father's sheep;
Shamed and amazed, beholds the chattering throng,
To think what cattle she is got among;
But with the odious smell and sight annoy'd,
In haste she does th' offensive herd avoid.[2]
'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell.
The Muse retreats far in yon crystal cell;
Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,
Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.
In this descending sheet you'll haply find
Some short refreshment for your weary mind;
Nought it contains is common or unclean,
And, once drawn up, is ne'er let down again.

OCCASIONED BY

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

Written in December, 1693.

STRANGE to conceive how the same objects strike
At distant hours the mind with forms so like!
Whether in time Deduction's broken chain
Meets and salutes her sister link again;
Or haunted Fancy, by a circling flight,
Comes back with joy to its own seat at night;
Or whether dead Imagination's ghost
Oft hovers where alive it haunted most;
Or if Thought's rolling globe, her circle run,
Turns up old objects to the soul her sun;
Or loves the Muse to walk with conscious pride
O'er the glad scene whence first she rose a bride:—

[1] Out of an ode I writ, inscribed "The Poet." The rest of it is lost.—*Original.*

[2] Would not one imagine that Swift had at this time already conceived his idea of the Yahoos?

Be what it will; late near yon whisp'ring stream,
Where her own Temple was her darling theme
There first the visionary sound was heard,
When to poetic view the Muse appear'd.
Such seem'd her eyes, as when an evening ray
Gives glad farewell to a tempestuous day;
Weak is the beam to dry up Nature's tears,
Still every tree the pendent sorrow wears;
Such are the smiles where drops of crystal show
Approaching joy at strife with parting woe.
As when, to scare th' ungrateful or the proud,
Tempests long frown, and thunder threatens loud,
Till the blest sun, to give kind dawn of grace,
Darts weeping beams across heaven's watery face;
When soon the peaceful bow unstring'd is shown,
A sign God's dart is shot, and wrath o'erblown:
Such to unhallow'd sight the Muse divine
Might seem when first she raised her eyes to mine.
What mortal change does in thy face appear,
Lost youth, she cried, since first I met thee here!
With how undecent clouds are overcast
Thy looks, when every cause of grief is past!
Unworthy the glad tidings which I bring,
Listen while the Muse thus teaches thee to sing:
As parent earth, burst by imprison'd winds,
Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
And shakes the atheist's knees; such ghastly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear;
Mild Dorothea,[1] peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long
Not dared to injure with our lowly song;
Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
The best companion for the best of men:
As some fair pile, yet spared by zeal and rage,
Lives pious witness of a better age:
So men may see what once was womankind,
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind.
You that would grief describe, come here and trace
Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face:[2]
Grief from Dorinda's face does ne'er depart
Farther than its own palace in her heart:
Ah, since our fears are fled, this insolent expel,
At least confine the tyrant to his cell.
And if so black the cloud that heaven's bright queen
Shrouds her still beams; how should the stars be seen?
Thus when Dorinda wept, joy every face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each menial look;
The humble tribe mourn'd for the quick'ning soul,
That furnish'd spirit and motion through the whole;
So would earth's face turn pale, and life decay,
Should Heaven suspend to act but for a day;

[1] Sister to sir William Temple.
[2] Lady Temple, a very accomplished woman.

So nature's crazed convulsions make us dread
That time is sick, or the world's mind is dead.
Take, youth, these thoughts, large matter to employ
The fancy furnish'd by returning joy;
And to mistaken man these truths rehearse,
Who dare revile the integrity of verse:
Ah, favorite youth, how happy is thy lot!
But I'm deceived, or thou regard'st me not;
Speak, for I wait thy answer, and expect
Thy just submission for this bold neglect.

Unknown the forms we the high-priesthood use
At the divine appearance of the Muse,
Which to divulge might shake profane belief,
And tell the irreligion of my grief;
Grief that excused the tribute of my knees,
And shaped my passion in such words as these!

Malignant goddess! bane to my repose,
Thou universal cause of all my woes;
Say whence it comes that thou art grown of late
A poor amusement for my scorn and hate;
The malice thou inspirest I never fail
On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail;
Fools' commonplace thou art, their weak ensconcing fort,
Th' appeal of dulness in the last resort:
Heaven, with a parent's eye regarding earth,
Deals out to man the planet of his birth:
But sees thy meteor-blaze about me shine,
And, passing o'er, mistakes thee still for mine:
Ah, should I tell a secret yet unknown,
That thou ne'er hadst a being of thy own,
But a wild form dependent on the brain,
Scattering loose features o'er the optic vein;
Troubling the crystal fountain of the sight,
Which darts on poet's eyes a trembling light;
Kindled while reason sleeps, but quickly flies,
Like antic shapes in dreams, from waking eyes,
In sum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name,
A walking vapor, like thy sister Fame.
But if thou be'st—what thy mad votaries prate,
A female power, loose govern'd thoughts create;
Why near the dregs of youth perversely wilt thou stay,
So highly courted by the brisk and gay?
Wert thou right woman, thou should'st scorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forsook;
Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
Assigned for life to unremitting grief;
For, let Heaven's wrath enlarge these weary days,
If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays.
Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,
That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find;

Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly born
With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn;
Which, bow'd by evening breeze, with bending stalks
Salutes the weary trav'ller as he walks;
But o'er the afflicted with a heavy pace
Sweeps the broad scythe, and tramples on his face.
Down falls the summer's pride, and sadly shows
Nature's bare visage furrow'd as he mows:
See, Muse, what havoc in these looks appear,
These are the tyrant's trophies of a year:
Since hope, his last and greatest foe, is fled,
Despair and he lodge ever in its stead;
March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion slow,
Still scatt'ring desolation where they go.
To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great:
"Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale:
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hast hoped esteem —"
Madness like this no fancy ever seized,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleased;
Since one false beam of joy in sickly minds
Is all the poor content delusion finds.
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce this visionary power;
And since thy essence on my breath depends,
Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1698.

Peruse my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Exposed to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint;"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "True tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"

Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
To think that your brain's issue is
Expos'd to th' excrement of his,
In power of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place,
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book and such a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He 's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION. 1700.

To their excellencies the lords justices of Ireland,[1]
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly showeth, that I went to warm myself in lady **Betty's**[2] **chamber,** because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and **sixpence, besides** farthings, in money and gold;
So because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which God knows is a very small **stock,**
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my **smock** was unripp'd,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd;
Then the bell rung and I went down to put my lady to bed;
And God knows I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So when I came up again I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I search'd and miss'd my purse, Lord! I thought I **should** have sunk outright.
"Lord! madam," says Mary, "how d'ye do?" — "Indeed," says I, "never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?"
"Lord help me!" says Mary, "I never stirr'd out of this place!"
"Nay," said I, "I had it in lady Betty's chamber, that 's a plain case."
So Mary got me to bed, and covered me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought that I went and searched the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's[3] box, tied in a rag, the money was found.

[1] The earls of Berk[illegible]y and of Galway.
[2] Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germain. [3] Wife to one of the footmen.

So next morning we told Whittle,[1] and he fell a swearing,
Then my dame Wadgar[2] came, and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know what a loss I have had?"
"Nay," says she, "my lord Colway's[3] folks are all very sad;
For my lord Dromeday[4] comes a Tuesday without fail."
"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."
Says Cary,[5] says he, "I have been a servant this five-and-twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I lived I never heard of such a thing."
"Yes," says the steward,[6] "I remember when I was at my lord Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of *gooseberries*."
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief:
(Now you must know of all things in the world I hate a thief:)
However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slily about:
"Mrs. Dukes," said I, "here's an ugly accident has happened out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse;[7]
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now Mrs. Dukes you know, and everybody understands,
That, though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."
"The *devil* take me!" said she (blessing herself), "if ever I saw't!"
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man:
"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the CHAPLAIN[8] will be here anon."
So the chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
"*Parson*," said I, "can you cast a *nativity* when a body's plunder'd?"
(Now you must know he hates to be called *parson*, like the *devil!*)
"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says,[9] d'ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know."
"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honor the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a conjurer in all my life."
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. "Lord!" said I, "what shall I do?
I have lost my money and shall lose my true love too!"

---

[1] The earl of Berkeley's valet. [2] The old deaf housekeeper. [3] Galway.
[4] The earl of Drogheda, who, with the primate, was to succeed the two earls then lord justices of Ireland.
[5] Clerk of the kitchen. [6] Ferris; termed in his journal a scoundrel dog.
[7] A usual saying of hers. [8] Swift.
[9] Dr. Bolton, one of the chaplains.

Then my lord call'd me: "Harry,"[1] said my lord, "don't cry;
I'll give you something toward thy loss:" "And," says my lady, "so will I."
"Oh! but," said I, "what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to?"
For that, he said (an't please your excellencies), I must petition you,
The premises tenderly considered, I desire your excellencies' protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And over and above, that I may have your excellencies' letter,
With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, shall e

---

A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

Written at the castle of Dublin, 1699.

My lord,[2] to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the doctor out.
But then his honor cried, Gadzooks!
And seem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But h' thinks upon Jack How.[3]
My lady, though she is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedged in corner of a chair,
Takes snuff and holds the stakes.
Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
For pair royals and sequents;
But wisely cautious of her pence,
The castle seldom frequents.
Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.
But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new dye the lining.
"With these is parson Swift,
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift,
To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

---

[1] A cant word of lord and lady Berkeley to Mrs. Harris.
[2] The earl of Berkeley. [3] Paymaster to the army.

A BALLAD.

To the tune of the Cutpurse.[1] Written in August, 1702.

I.

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would need show his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in;
Then all in the place
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold, the next morning, a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely filled up in the middle.
Cho. Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;
Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement;
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite;
That he came through the keyhole, or in at the casement;
And it needs must be one that could both read and write;
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below;
Howe'er, it was civil, in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have filled it so well of himself.
Cho. Let censuring, &c.

III.

Even so master Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand;
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from invisible hand.
Then, good doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift;
And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. Let censuring, &c.

THE DISCOVERY.

The following lines probably had some share in determining the earl to get rid of so untractable a dependent, by gratifying him with a living.

When wise lord Berkeley first came here,[2]
Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
Ere a week past committing blunders.

---

[1] Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza, which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.—Swift.

[2] To Ireland as one of the lord justices.

Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out slipp'd a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.
Now enters Bush with new state airs,
His lordship's premier minister;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyster.[1]
With head reclining on his shoulder
He deals and hears mysterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Asks of his neighbor, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
The courtiers kept their distance due,
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my lord and Bush
Whispering in junto most profound,
Like good king Phyz and good king Ush,[2]
While all the rest stood gaping round.
At length a spark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanced on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand dispute:
To learn what northern kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd or fall of coin;
For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
Disguised in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay
Puts this to's excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord seems pleased, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our listener stood awhile confused,
But gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enraged to see the world abused,
By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

THE PROBLEM.

"That my lord Berkeley stinks when he is in love."

Did ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex?
So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink!

[1] Always taken before my lord went to council. [2] See "The Rehearsal."

The ladies vow and swear they'll try
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favorite nymph can smell it.
But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws;
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weasel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings who in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to ——
Beside all this, deep scholars know
That the main string of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an —— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favor or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a ——;
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathize with human ——.
Thus, when you feel a hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bowstring at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a ——.
Watching the first unsavory wind,
Some ply before and some behind.
My lord, on fire amid the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the back way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breach it flashes first;
So from my lord his passion broke,
He —— first, and then he spoke.
The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.
You smell the stink! by ——, you lie,
Quoth Ross, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.

Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear;
Let's not fall out; we all had share;
And by the most I can discover,
My lord's a universal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER. 1705.

[From Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. x. c. 67, lib. xxix. c. 4.]

AT the siege of Namur lord Cutts commanded and headed a storming: and displayed such cool intrepidity that he was complimented with the na..... the Salamander, as if the scene of flame and terror had been his proper el

As mastiff dogs, in modern phrase, are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar;*
As pies and daws are often styled
With christian nicknames, like a child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would best their nature suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valor, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by *fame*,
Besides the getting of a *name?*
But e'er since men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For something that will conquer *fire.*
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump?*
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump.*
Are these too low? — then find out grander,
Call my LORD CUTTS a *Salamander.*
'Tis well; — but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judged by standers-by.
First, then, our author has defined
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and shining train:
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has raised a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,

Burnish and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene,
Then shrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant — why, then, look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!"
Further, we are by Pliny told,
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spews a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or love, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like Carleton cheap, or famed Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects,
Her tainted carcase to pursue,
As from the salamander's spew;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.
"Then I'll appeal to each bystander,
If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Who commanded the British forces in Spain.

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette a-la-main,
This day's arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strewn,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigor,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

The queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH[1] heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with SCOTCH.
Bless'd revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal,
A vessel with a double keel:
Which just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

[1] The motto on queen Anne's coronation medal.

TO MRS. BIDDY FLOYD.

Or, the receipt to form a beauty, 1708.

When Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
Of nice coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and the best clay employ'd:
Then call'd the happy composition Floyd

THE REVERSE

(to swift's verses on biddy floyd);

OR MRS. CLUDD.

Venus one day, as story goes,
But for what reason no man knows,
In sullen mood and grave deport,
Trudged it away to Jove's high court;
And there his godship did entreat
To look out for his best receipt:
And make a monster strange and odd,
Abhorr'd by man and every god.
Jove, ever kind to all the fair,
Nor e'er refused a lady's prayer,
Straight ope'd 'scrutoire, and forth he took
A neatly-bound and well-gilt book;
Sure sign that nothing enter'd there
But what was very choice and rare.
Scarce had he turn'd a page or two,—
It might be more, for aught I knew;
But, be the matter more or less,
'Mong friends 'twill break no squares I guess;—
Then, smiling, to the dame quoth he,
Here's one will fit you to a T.
But, as the writing doth prescribe,
'Tis fit the ingredients we provide.
Away he went, and search'd the stews,
And every street about the Mews;
Diseases, impudence, and lies,
Are found and brought him in a trice.
From Hackney then he did provide
A clumsy air and awkward pride;
From lady's toilet next he brought
Noise, scandal, and malicious thought.

These Jove put in an old close-stool,
And with them mix'd the vain, the fool.
But now came on his greatest care,
Of what he should his paste prepare;
For common clay or finer mould
Was much too good such stuff to hold.
At last he wisely thought on mud;
So raised it up, and call'd it — *Cludd*.
With this, the lady, well content,
Low curtsied, and away she went.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONORABLE MRS. FINCH.[1]

Under her name of Ardelia.

PHŒBUS, now shortening every shade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenced his head with his own bays
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant —
But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolved upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

[1] Afterwards countess of Winchelsea.

"Hear my request," the virgin said;
"Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow obliged, by passion led,
The god could not refuse her prayer:
He waved his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
But made his leg and went away.

He hoped to find some lucky hour,
When on their queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power:
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
"Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler part.

"Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name!

"Of modest poets be thou first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

"And last, my vengeance to complete,
May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!"

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt, 1703.

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.

Each number had its different power;
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets or elegies to Chloris
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observed they grew a numerous race;
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil, therefore, to prevent,
He wisely changed their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With license to build castles there:
And 'tis conceived their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van
In higher strains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald[1] and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;
Or, by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
"Great Jove!" he cried, "the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
Jove smiled, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolved to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies,
Takes a French play as lawful prize;

[1] Sir John Vanbrugh, then Clarencieux king of arms.

Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, "a *bite*."
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest;
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks?
Why then old plays deserve old bricks;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienced bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second hand,)
Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit—
And first the prologue built a wall,
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produced no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and so
A cellar next was dug below;
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room.
Thus far advanced, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place, not decent here to name.

Now, poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
"Where may the poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie.
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van:—

"Thrice happy poet! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail;

Or harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise;
Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt!
Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contrived, though thou art small;
For every wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame:
But neither bulk nor shape the same;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile;
So chemists boast they have a power
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own."

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

1708.

When mother Cludd had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How miss pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:
He view'd the edifice, and smiled,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observed them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admired, and took
The model in his table-book:
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolved a house to build:
A real house, with rooms and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs;

Taller than miss's by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envying to see themselves outdone.
From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building famed, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the Second:
No wonder, since wise authors show
That best foundations must be low;
And now the duke has lately ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
But raillery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A mousetrap-man chief engineer.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET.

1706.

Imitated from the eighth book of Ovid.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighborhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;

And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What ar't?"
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Mall,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter:
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews:
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine,
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson, if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He smoked his pipe and read the news;

Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine;"
Found his head filled with many a system:
But classic authors, — he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edged with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin, flounced with lace.
"Plain goody" would no longer down,
'Twas "madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amazed to see her look so prim,
And she admired as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out —
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!" —
"Sprout!" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And really yours is budding too —
Nay, — now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."
Description would but tire my Muse;
In short they both were turn'd to yews.
Old goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A GRUB-STREET ELEGY.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE, THE ALMANAC-MAKER. 1708

WELL; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead! nay more, he died
Ere he could prove the good 'squire lied.
Strange an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky;
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling[1] and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.
A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes:
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.
Besides, that slow-paced sign Bootes,
As 'tis miscall'd we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade and call'd it *Boots!*[2]
The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refiner in barometry)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacs or shoes.
Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts;

[1] Partridge was a cobbler.—SWIFT.

[2] See his almanac.—SWIFT.

And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.
Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To show his skill he Mars could join
To Venus, in aspect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.
Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by p—g out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclosed artificers to choke.
Though, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull would lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dried;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make the ends;
The points of Sagittarius's dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheddled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.
For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and sit[1] astride,
To take thee kindly in between;
And then the signs will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
Who to the stars, in pure good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.

[1] "Tibi brachia contrahit ingens Scorpius," &c.

Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a-week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY. 1709.

SEVEN and ten, addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne,
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetyng shoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich understonde,
From towne of stoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chyftan,[1] woe the morne,
To Fraunce, that evere he was born.
Then shall the fyshe[2] beweyle his bosse:
Nor shall grin Berrys[3] make up the losse.
Young Symnele[4] shall again miscarrye;
And Norway's pryd[5] again shall marrye.
And from the tree where blosums feele,
Ripe fruit shall come, and all is wele.
Reaums shall daunce honde in honde,[6]
And it shall be merrye in olde Inglonde;
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorie therefore.
Geryon[7] shall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge[8] makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

Written in April, 1709; and first printed in the Tatler.

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.

---

[1] Duke of Marlborough. [2] The Dauphin. [3] Duke of Berry.
[4] The young pretender. [5] Queen Anne. [6] By the Union.
[7] A king of Spain, slain by Hercules.
[8] The archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family,

The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER.

In imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

Written in October, 1710; and first printed in the Tatler.

Careful observers may fortell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While raid depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine;
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain.
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.

The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairman bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odor seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Sepulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill-ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweeping from butchers' stalls dung, guts, and blood;
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK. 1710.

Whoever pleases to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire
The grey old fellow, poet Joe,[1]
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground:
For by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the churchyard stile;
The walls in tumbling got a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighboring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar Walls.[2]

---

[1] Mr. Beaumont of Trim, remarkable for venerable white locks.
[2] Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out:
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton[1] took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model;
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson [Stella] gave her verdict,
And every one was pleased that heard it;
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. Raymond[2] guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale,
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy,[3] I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe my apronful of bricks.

[1] Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.
[2] Minister of Trim.
[3] The waiting-woman.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

First printed in the Tatler.

SCENE — *The Royal Exchange.*

CORYDON.

Now the keen rigor of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more,
While other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away,
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS.

Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (O, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

COR. When I forget the favor you bestow'd,
Red-herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn-road:
Fleet-street, transform'd, become a flowery green,
And mass be sung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit and the St. James's beau
Shall change their quarters and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the groom porter's, that play off his plum.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I dose at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My livelong hours in anxious cares are pass'd,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Exposed in vain my glossy ribbons shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

COR. Hard fate of virtue thus to be distress'd,
Thou fairest of thy trade and far the best;
As fruitmen's stalls the summer market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place

Plumcake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so Phillis does appear
In playhouse and in park above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHIL. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair
Amid her toys affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

COR. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHIL. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she and fifty more
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be placed,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

COR. What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHIL. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

COR. However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels and the remnant of a chine.

And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall and bars resound;
Each ready sempstress slips her pattens on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

L. B. W. H. J. S. S. T.

TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE. 1713.

AMONG the members who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The god of wit, and light, and arts,
With all acquired and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew;

For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light;
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet in love success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you;
Yet Daphne never slak'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancied every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud
(As folks are insolent and vain),
Madly aspired to wear her chain;
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupified them all to stocks.
The nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd;
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purified her mortal sight;
Show'd her the virtues all combined,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude and when coquette;
Yet wanting skill and power to choose,
Their only pride is to refuse.
But when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd.
Thus the bright empress of the morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first;
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.

Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

PHYLLIS;

OR THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. 1713

Desponding Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
If o'er against her you were placed,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed
Than let you see her dress her head;
In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud:
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster man:
There practised how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her bosom unaware
For neighboring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer feed,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father used to say,
The girl had such a bashful way.
Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too

The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.
Old madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
"To my much honor'd father — these — "
('Tis always done, romances tell us
When daughters run away with fellows),
Fill'd with the choicest common places,
By others used in the like cases, —
"That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befell her;
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;
For marriages were made in heaven:
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd do it if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor:
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.
One argument she summ'd up all in,
The thing was done and past recalling;
And therefore hoped she should recover
His favor when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was — his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemired;
The horse and both the riders tired:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventured out with him;
John wished that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befell them,
The Muse has now no time to tell them,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her marriage vows,
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In christian justice due to John.

TO MR. DELANY.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

Addressed to archbishop King. 1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best:
But never shall the muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure,
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labors for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your sacred presence awed;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.
Him for a happy man I own
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wisely knows
To use the gifts that heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want and not repine.
The man who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life, his country or his friend.

TO MR. DELANY, NOV. 10, 1718.

THE rev. Patrick Delany, an excellent and learned divine, had been patronized by sir Constantine Phipps, chancellor of Ireland under Harley's administration.

To you, whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Placed you in life too far behind:
Or, what I should repine at more,
Placed me in life too far before:
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose:
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.

Talents for conversation fit
Are humor, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceived, though not defined;
For, sure by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humor is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humor differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight,
Humor is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd;
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
Our conversation to refine,
Humor and wit must both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel;
Voiture in various lights displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire where he most commends.
But as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place;
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refined,
As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse;
To show their parts will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed!
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
As rudeness is to repartee.

If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke;
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If named with scorn, gives just offence.
What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humor than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teazed
That came together to be pleased;
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.
You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light;
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend [Sheridan] of yours and mine;
Who neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.
When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame;
For though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.
You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice:
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him like you observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indistinctly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose.
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse.
If he be guilty, you must mend him
If he be innocent, defend him.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER.

Who died the 6th of July, 1720.

Swift, with some of his usual party, happened to be in Mr. Sheridan's, in Capel-street, when the news of Demar's death was brought to them; and the elegy was the joint composition of the company.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets and wore a threadbare cloak;
He dined and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refused his pelf,
He used them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal, the Irish nation
Were forced to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half the kingdom bought
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
Oh London Tavern! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend;
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
"But as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.
The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise:
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;

The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BOURMONT.

ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you by this rule must adore all mankind.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE DEANERY HOUSE, [illegible] F

Are the guests of this house still doom'd to
Sure the fates have decreed they by halves
In the days of good John,[1] if you [illegible] re [illegible]
You had choice of good meat, but no [illegible] g
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
O Jove! then how fully might all sides be blest,
Would'st thou but agree to this humble request!
Put both deans in one; or if that's too much trouble,
Instead of the deans make the deanery double.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720.

Right trusty, and so forth — we let you to know
We are very ill used by you mortals below.
For, first, I have often by chemists been told,
Though I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold;
Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
That since I was born I hardly have spied it.
Then it must be allow'd that whenever I shine
I forward the grass and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef:
Yet their wine and their victuals those curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat and sour all their drink.

[1] Dr. Sterne, the predecessor of Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's, bishop of Clogher, distinguished for his hospitality.

But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom,
And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em.
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
And the titles I view when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And, of my mere motion and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,—
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came,
With a certain false trait'ress, one Stella by name,
To the deanery-house, and on the north glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traitorously write,
While Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My sister has lately deposed upon oath,
That she stopp'd in her course to look at them both;
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with grey:
And by the description, I certainly know
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endued
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never yet went:
That the letters appear'd reversed through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were placed right again;
Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess'd that the fancy was mine.
She can swear to the person, whom oft she has seen
At night between Cavan-street and College-green.
Now you see why his verses so solemn are shown.
The reason is plain,—they are none of his own;
And observe while you live that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought he will certainly steal it,
And when he has got it find ways to conceal it.
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear that they are all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcribed it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow

Through the zodiac around it shall quickly be spread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well I ne'er gave a refusal
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual:
But the secret is this: I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you as my friend:
I studied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolved the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus;
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conscience he deals with old Nick,)
And from my own stock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my sight just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the bubble can swallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treason by statute! yet here you object,
He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd;
So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
Now whereas the sad criminal seems past repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his sentence.
Since Delany has dared, like Prometheus his sire,
To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
We order a vulture in shape of the spleen
To prey on his liver but not to be seen.
And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me:
And under the pain of our highest displeasure
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
And, lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I'm too much avenged already by time.
In return to her scorn, I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases.
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Though she lives till she's grey as a badger all over.

APOLLO'S EDICT.

OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS."

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there:
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:

Then study to correct your taste;
Nor beaten paths be longer traced.
No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun:
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the cameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander.
Forget he's like a salamander.
No son of mine shall dare to say
Aurora usher'd in the day,
Or ever name the milky-way.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.
The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.
When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapors upward rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies;
For who can hope to place one there
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet if his name you'd eternise,
And must exalt him to the skies,
Without a star this may be done:
So Tickell mourned his Addison.
If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of halycon days;
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of deep, yet clear.
Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phœnix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another
However beauteous, for his mother;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With women compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid what need they roam
Whom fate has amply blest at home?

Unerring Heaven with bounteous hand
Has formed a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then would you paint a matchless dame.
Whom you consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid;
Nor need you on the graces call;
Take qualities from Donegal.

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.

Translated almost literally out of the original Irish. 1720.

O'ROURKE, a powerful chieftain at Ulster in the reign of queen Elizabeth, was induced to make a visit to the court of that sovereign; and in order to take leave of his neighbors with becoming splendor, he assembled them in the great of his castle, which was situated in the county of Leitrim.

O'ROURKE'S noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
A hundred at least,
And a madder[1] our cup.

O there is the sport!
We rise with the light
In disorderly sort,
From snoring all night.

O how was I trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I lost my new cloak.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
Of mantle and kercher,[2]
Why then, fare them well,
The de'el take the searcher.

---

[1] A wooden vessel. [2] A covering of linen, worn on the heads of women.

Come, harper, strike up;
But first, by your favor,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this hath some savor.

O'Rourke's jolly boys
Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till roused by the noise
And musical clatter,

They bounce from their nest,
No longer will tarry,
They rise ready dress'd,
Without one Ave-Mary.

They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burst with their stamping.

The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
Splish-splash in their pumps.

Bless you late and early,
Laughlin O'Enagin![1]
By my hand,[2] you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin.[3]

Bring straw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing, a Yean.[4]

Good lord! what a sight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer!

They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least
The length of their skeans.[5]

What stabs and what cuts,
What clattering of sticks;
What strokes on the guts,
What bastings and kicks!

[1] The name of an Irishman. [2] An Irish oath. [3] The name of an Irishwoman.
[4] Surname of an Irishwoman. [5] Daggers or short swords.

With cudgels of oak,
Well harden'd in flame,
A hundred heads broke,
A hundred struck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
And Carrick Drumrusk

The earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother.[1]

Ask that of old madam:
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—se.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1720.

When first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapors and steams her look disgrace,
A frouzy dirty-color'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

Three colors, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different site,
They form a frightful hideous face:

---

[1] It is the custom in Ireland to call nurses foster-mothers, their husbands foster-fathers, and their children foster-brothers or foster-sisters; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose:

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in sight had changed their ground.

The black, which would not be confined,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each color to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
But fill'd with admiration stands;
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex;
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White lead and Lusitanian [Portugal] dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings;
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere;
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your sister star;
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a form subsist;
And form, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if matter brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane:

While Partridge[1] wisely shows the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
Attacks her in the milky way:

But Gadbury,[1] in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion is not sound,
Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamsteed[2] can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shows her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street
When sober folks are all a-bed:

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can restore a nose,
Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye powers who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supplied,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon!

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

The farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighboring pool!
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.
But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,

[1] Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.
[2] John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer-royal, died in 1719, aged 73.

Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground and upwards springs;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
  Such is the poet fresh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play;
His morning draughts till noon can swill,
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise the lumber from the earth.
  But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years' coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pined,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case.
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Encumbrances of food and clothes;
And up he rises like a vapor,
Supported high on wings of paper.
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troï gaza per undas.—VIRG.

When the deluded people of England awoke from their golden dream of South-Sea wealth, their wrath rose to the brim against the directors by whom that ruinous project had been conducted.

Ye wise philosophers, explain
  What magic makes our money rise,
When dropp'd into the Southern main;
  Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told?
  Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
  Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim,
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim:

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight:
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pounds,
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round!
A coach-and-six, and served in plate!

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the southern waves,
Dipp'd over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove:
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Five hundred chariots just bespoke
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by directors led,
They with their spoils went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red-Sea shore.

Raised up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
With wax the father bound them fast;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent,
He melts the wax at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in that dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of geese jump down together;
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crack'd,
Each knave has made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stored;
But if a sharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small,
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale directors eat up all.

When stock is high they come between,
Making by secondhand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night,
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose and stopp'd the light
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon,
Cries out a sage among the crowd;
An ass has swallow'd up the moon!
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dried, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It shows the queen of love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly understand;
For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus, by directors we are told,
"Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round, and see how thick it lies:

"We, gentlemen, are your assisters,
We'll come, and hold you by the chin."—
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

O! would those patriots be so kind
Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the bath you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more
Shown through a multiplying-glass,
Than what it always did before,—

So cast it in the Southern seas,
Or view it through a jobber's bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold, upon this ocean spread,
Shall sink and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell—
'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the surface lies
Without a pilot, seldom knows
The time it falls or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"[1] Now buried in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men."

Meantime, secure on Garraway[2] cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For where directors get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is plied,
Some cully often wins a bet
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace roofs and steeple spires.

Mark where the sly directors creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to hell.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
Recover strength and vigor there;
But may be tamed another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

Directors! — for 'tis you I warn, —
By long experience we have found
What planet ruled when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

---

[1] Psalm cvii. [2] A coffee-house in Change alley.

Beware, nor over bulky grow,
  Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the sea should sink so low
  To leave you dry upon the beach,

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
  Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
  While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
  The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
The monster into parts divide,
  And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep
  These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
  Driven from the South Sea to the Red!

May He, whom Nature's laws obey,
  Who lifts the poor and sinks the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the sea,
  And still the madness of the crowd!'

But never shall our isle have rest
  Till those devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possess'd)
  And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
  Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
  South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

Ore cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et altè
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulacrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

EPIGRAM.

Great folks are of a finer mould;
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch.
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch

EPILOGUE

TO A BENEFIT-PLAY, GIVEN IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS.

BY THE DEAN.

Spoken by Mr. Griffith.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage;
When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay — let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his grace[1] a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely give a day —
The poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wondrous charity in players?
They learn it not at sermons or at prayers:
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
(To own the truth), we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades,
We'll dress in manufactures made at home;
Equip our kings and generals at the Comb.[2]
We'll ring for Meath-street Egypt's haughty queen,
And Antony shall court her in ratteen.
In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid.
In drugget dress'd, of thirteen pence a-yard,
See Philip's son amid his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fired with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolved this project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashion of the court.
O! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough:
But chintz, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see the play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the weavers and us playhouse kings;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning:
And next, observe how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are just as poor as wits:
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a-page;
But weavers will be kinder to the players,
And sell for twentypence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit than in the player's dressing.

[1] Archbishop King. [2] A street famous for woollen manufactures.

THE COUNTRY LIFE,

AND PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in sober lays,
How George,[1] Nim,[2] Dan,[3] dean,[4] pass their days;
And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse! First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious,
Go to the dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten my lady comes and hectors
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us, down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimseys drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn:
O'ersees the work, or Dragon[5] rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose;
Or — but proceed we in our journal —
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling;[6]
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end;
My lord[7] and dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water's brought and dinner's done;
With "church and king" the ladies gone:
Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to doze away his beef;

---

[1] Mr. Rochfort.
[2] His brother, Mr. John Rochfort, who was called Nimrod.
[3] Rev. Daniel Jackson. [4] Dr. Swift.
[5] A small boat so called.
[6] The dean has been censured on an idle supposition of this passage being an allusion to the day of judgment.
[7] Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief-baron of the exchequer in Ireland.

And this must pass for reading Hamond—
While George and dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and dean, set out at four,
And then again boys to the oar.
But when the sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out and he a-bed,)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers and then to play,
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam [the butler] lighted, walk up stairs.
The weary dean goes to his chamber,
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls and all is done.
I might have mention'd several facts,
Like episodes between the acts;
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset,
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the dragon;
How steady in the storm he sat,
And saved his oar, but lost his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares when he can catch 'em;
How skilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he sets;
Or how the dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their sex:
I might have told how oft dean Perceval
Displays his pedantry unmerciful,
How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows;
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
But now there needs no more be said on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shows all her secrets of housekeeping;
For candles how she trucks her dripping;
Was forced to send three miles for yeast,
To brew her ale and raise her paste;
Tells everything that you can think of,—
How she cured Charley of the chincough;

What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
How jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of lord-chief baron;
And tell how little weight he sets
On all Whig papers and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every syllable is true:
And since he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the czar;
"Why, Muscovy is not so far;
Down the Black Sea, and up the Straits,
And in a month he's at your gates;
Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
By Christmas we shall see strange things."
Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of sparrows tamed, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Last night arrived Clem and his wife—
This grand event has broke our measures;
Their reign began with cruel seizures;
The dean must with his quilt supply
The bed in which those tyrants lie;
Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
(My lady says, she can't afford one,)
George is half scared out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsyturvy;
They talk of further alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL. 1722.

[The duke of Marlborough.]

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.

And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say
He had those honors in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honors flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

Would you that Delville I describe,
Believe me, sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
You scarce upon the borders enter
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet in this narrow compass we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's entered by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,

Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek:
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And once a year a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS

AT DELVILLE.

A BARD, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
This enraged god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant?
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
Tell him, Hermes, from me tell that subject of mine
I have sworn by the Styx to defeat his design;
For wherever he lives the Muses shall reign;
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

COPY OF THE BIRTHDAY VERSES

ON MR. FORD.[1]

COME, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
And, whispering, charged me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or if at last I needs must blab it
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;

[1] Dr. Swift had been used to celebrate the birthday of his friend Charles Ford, esq., which was on the 1st of January.

And not my compliment to spoil,
By calling this your native soil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two;
But if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.
The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid;
And every belle that since arose,
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champagne.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot;
For true or false they'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior.
In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun or Irish phrase)
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
A footboy to some rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody ***** stands
With torturing engines in his hands;
Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.
I thought my very spleen would burst
When fortune hither drove me first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons' names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like prisoners when their jail is broke.
If you have London still at heart,
We'll make a small one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's-park and Stephen's-green;
And Dawson-street will serve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.

Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choke your sight and raise your malice.
The deanery-house may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatch'd.[1]
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a-quart for stum.
Then for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Monthermer;[2]
She's now as handsome every bit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet,[3] though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favorite clan,
Robin and Jack, and Jack and Dan;[4]
Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with scorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
O! were but you and I so wise,
To see with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that sport of earth,
That literal spot which gave him birth;
And swears "Belcamp[5] is, to his taste,
As fine as Hampton-court at least."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you and submit;
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this,
We bury on our side the channel
In linen; and on yours in flannel.[6]
You for the news are ne'er to seek,
While we perhaps may wait a week;
You happy folks are sure to meet
A hundred whores in every street,
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.

---

[1] A tavern in St. James's-street.

[2] Mary duchess of Montague and marchioness of Monthermer, youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough.

[3] Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.

[4] R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackson.

[5] In Fingal, about five miles from Dublin.

[6] The law for burying in woollen was extended to Ireland in 1733.

You see my arguments are strong,
I wonder you held out so long;
But since you are convinced at last,
We'll pardon you for what is past.
So let us now for whist prepare;
Twelve pence a corner if you dare.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

Those dreams that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head,
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees,
His fellow pickpurse watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplex'd,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text;
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise;
And Dick the scavenger, with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud into his face.

AN ANSWER TO DR. DELANY.

THE wise pretend to make it clear
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain
That where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t'other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you shall find, by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For every day you shall be gaining
New vigor to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has lost its brother,
You see the better with the other;
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb re-acts.
But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be distant, as one head can bear,
Yet Galen most acutely shows you
(Consult his book *de partium usu*)
That from each ear, as he observes,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
Which made my grandam always stuff her ears
Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
You see my learning; but, to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard phenomenon.
'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good:

And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have used their toes.
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a friend who married a shrew. 1724.

Nell scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cried bravely, "Patience, good my dear!"
At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
But hurried out and clapp'd the door.
Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will,) thy house is worse than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to seek peace, and ensue it.
Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick.
He saw virago Nell belabor,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbor.
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Received a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks.
I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
Z—ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco:
I'd send her far enough away——
Dear Will; but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbors round would cry out shame.
Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believed him when he said it?
Can he, who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She served him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate:

And what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with stones;
The 'prentices procured a riding,[1]
To act his patience and her chiding.
False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
Slaves to their quiet and good name
Are used like Dick, and bear the blame.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written after the news of the death of king George I., who died after a short ness, by eating a melon, at Osnaburg, on his way to Hanover, June 11, 1

"Richmond Lodge is a house with a small park b [illegible] usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. [illegible] last who had it. After his exile it was given to the pr[illegible] The prince and princess usually passed their summer there. [illegible] of Richmond.

"Marble-hill is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bedchamber, wards countess of Suffolk and groom of the stole to the queen. It is on the [illegible]dlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, lord Herbert the architect, the dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the ice-house. Upon king George's death these two houses met and had the following dialogue."

In spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must and sing I will
Of Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill.
Last Friday night, as neighbors use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE HILL.

Quoth Marble Hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen:
You'll find it soon by woful proof,
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promised me
To raise me to a high degree;

[1] A well-known humorous cavalcade, in ridicule of a scolding wife and a h pecked husband.

But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find us true!

MAR. H. My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn;
For those we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their masters' fall:
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICH. L. My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MAR. H. No more the dean, that grave divine
Shall keep the key of my no — wine;
My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green;
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICH. L. Here wont the dean, when he's to seek,
To sponge a breakfast once a-week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking:
While lady Charlotte,[1] like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont[2] at her side.

[1] Lady Charlotte de Roussy, a French lady.
[2] Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality, who had emigrated from his country.

In velvet cap his head lies warm,
His hat, for show, beneath his arm.

MAR. H. Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste;
Changed for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICH. L. In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head:
Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MAR. H. Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a-week I here expect,
To rattle Moody[1] for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down,
Three times a-week to brush my gown.

RICH. L. I pity you, dear Marble Hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness — and so adieu.

MAR. H. Kind Richmond Lodge, the same to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men Possession and desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,

[1] The gardener.

Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale:—

Possession, and Desire, his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace;
'Tis said their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about;
Seduced by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game,
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strew'd;
But overcharged and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight;
It was a tower of monstrous height;
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire, in rapture, gazed awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown
She knock'd him with the sceptre down!
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight;
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honor, wealth, or wit;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong.
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice is — to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1727.

A set of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight would put her in a swoon;

For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In choosing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colors each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her;
Can dext'rously her husband teaze
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious like a man.
In party furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding;[1]
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, halloo, boys; God save the king!

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[1] Widow of John Harding, the drapier's printer.

CLEVER TOM CLINCH,

GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He stopped at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when he came back.
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were white;
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, "Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he spied,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side!
And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart "It was all a damn'd lie!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then said, I must speak to the people a little;
But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whittle.[1]
My honest friend Wild[2] (may he long hold his place!),
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off, without prayer-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero and never would flinch.

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

1726.

Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Nor yet consign'd to paste;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope;
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

[1] A cant word for confessing.

[2] The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, executed for receiving stolen goods.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

While he was writing the Dunciad.

1727.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different studies choose;
The dean sits plodding on a book;
Pope walks and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlined,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom, by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries;
Till, in lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise:

Yet to the dean his share allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not
Is *causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock,[1] thus, for preaching famed,
The sexton reason'd well;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he rang the bell.

A LOVE-POEM.

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at London.

By poets we are well assured
That love, alas! can ne'er be cured;
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising boluses and pills.

[1] The dean of St. Paul's, father to the bishop.

Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
I strain my guts, my colon wound.
Now jealousy my grumbling tripes
Assaults with grating, grinding gripes.
When pity in those eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me spew.
When I an amorous kiss design'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
Remember how I suck'd it all;
What colic pangs from thence I felt,
Had you but known your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humors, and caprices!
By which I got the hemorrhoids;
And loathsome worms my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival named,
I feel my body all inflamed;
Which breaking out in boils and blains,
With yellow filth my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd thirst,
Small-beer I guzzle till I burst;
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a dropsy, like a porpus;
When, if I cannot purge or stale,
I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.

BOUTS RIMES.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

Our schoolmaster may rave i' th' fit
Of classic beauty, *hæc et illa;*
Not all his birch inspires such wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champagne,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar or sars'parilla.

At Goodman's-fields I've much admired
The postures strange of monsieur Brilla
But what are they to the soft step,
The gliding air of Domitilla?

Virgil has eternized in song
The flying footsteps of Camilla;
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dream'd of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla:
And deuce take London! if some knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla.

Wheeler, sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Piled on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Ycleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
— bused much my heart and was a damn'd let
To verse — but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To the snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNEYS UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

In ridicule of the easy strains of poor Ambrose Phillips, so often doomed to undergo the satire of Swift and Pope.

Now the active young attorneys
Briskly travel on their journeys,
Looking big as any giants
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Marses
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destined far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir.
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,

Shirts bewrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters.
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim —[1]
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailor;
Into this and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage:
Thorough mountains, thorough valleys,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
Some to — kiss with farmers' spouses,
And make merry in their houses;
Some to tumble country wenches
On their rushy beds and benches;
And if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords and —— run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge,
And vacation's over — then
Hey for London town again.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

The life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppet-show invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to puppets paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
And consecrate the block to fame.

[1] A cant word for pawning.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms;
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man 's a blockhead, have confess'd:
Powel[1] and Stretch[1] the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South Sea has proved
On that famed theatre, the Alley;
Where thousands, by directors moved,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age,
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators ranged in state
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place:
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love:
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

[1] Two famous puppet-show men.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
  Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
  Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom [Sheridan] he draws a farce in vain,
  Before he looks in Nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
  Nor pedantry for humor pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
  And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
  And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
  And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
  And stand confess'd the greater fool.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

In a letter to a person of quality. 1728.

Sir, 't was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal —
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never cease to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, etc.

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
  'T was you engaged me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame
Is, by my promise, what you claim.
My word is pass'd, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.

Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel),
The modern dame is waked by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon),
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of headache and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray,
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?" — "First, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest cent. per cent.:
And, madam, there's my lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals;
I thank my stars they all are light,
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipp'd spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:

Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern — there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard —
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers, in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back a while;
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day —
But really 'tis my spouse's way!
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the god of silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;

While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meaning lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name:
But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind
Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia sneering says
That Florimel wears iron stays;
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a barring out
Raised ever such incessant rout;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail
When drunk with sour election ale.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the fan
Describe the lady and the man.
But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapors and hysteric fits;
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'll lay my life he never went;
Past six, and not a living soul;
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops;
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap"—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."
The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within."—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game,

This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays:
Your fan a moment if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
And truly, madam, I know when,
Instead of five you scored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand: it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn — past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found;
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forswears),
With empty purse and aching head
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed,

THE ANSWER TO PAULUS.

Lindsay mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then, why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavory steams?
The sun, you say, his face has kiss'd:
It has; but then it greased his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poet's brains
With penniless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more substantial cause —
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grandam Earth;
By Phœbus first produced to light;
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees,
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she has in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priest's the lawyers' gold.
  Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise:
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched
To prove that lawyers are so wretched,
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics which, though I abomine 'em
May serve as argument *ad hominem:*
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes.

I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamors of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest nor hurt his lungs;
I own, his conscience always free
(Provided he has got his fee),
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt who knows no sin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted.
And though the gospel seems to say
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbor,
Nor lend a finger to their labor,
Always for saving their own bacon,
No doubt the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, the sense is rack'd:
To prove it I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then from the bar harangues the bench
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse!
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six!
Of common sense without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:
And what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse.
While he at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despises rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you

I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And in his client's just defence
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discern'd
To get the name of council learn'd,
(As *lucus* comes *a non lucendo*,)
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humor, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools;
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue at discretion
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters?
For as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honor you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd:
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe.[1]

[1] Richard Tighe, esq., member of the Irish parliament, and disliked by the dean.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER [DR. LINDSAY] AND DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

In allusion to Horace, book ii. satire i.

"Sunt quibus in Satirâ," &c.

Written by Mr. Lindsay in 1729.

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose,
Either in verse or humorous prose:
And to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleased to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other christian folks;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct.
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert that Hyde, in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet in his deathless page
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius who unbinds
The chains which fetter freeborn minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. S. Must I commend, against my conscience,
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense;
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,

Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wisdom, Fate;
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAW. As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
"Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honor you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece has writ
Must taste your irony and wit;
While most that are or would be great
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

AN ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupefying draughts;
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;
When, (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow it died in flame.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent;
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;

While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er those dire forebodings meant
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night,
The bridegroom, dress'd to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigor;
A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her finger ends she counts
Exact to what his age amounts.
The dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The dean, who used to dine at one,
Is mawkish and his stomach's gone;
In threadbare gown would scarce a louse hold
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades and Flanders lace;

He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And in the sneaking parson's airs
Computes that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, though scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor lady Jane has thrice miscarried,
The cause, alas! is quickly guess'd;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath:
No other way but try the bath.
For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infused a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find:

The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
  Hither, though much against the grain,
The dean has carried lady Jane.
He for a while would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the dean agree.
  Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there;
Where if the dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 't would his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
  So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings fostered by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
  The dean, with all his best endeavor,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigor in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
  The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favors to some broken ensign.
Him let her marry for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;—
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN[1] TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

Our brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapp'd up in crape;
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honor much more than her life.
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The dean he pursued to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgell'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolved for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

VI.

This protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And grieved that a Tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape
For no other crime but committing a rape?

---

[1] "Dublin, June 6. The rev. dean Sawbridge, having surrendered himself on hi[illegible]dictment for a rape, was arraigned at the bar of the court of king's bench, a[illegible] to be tried next Monday."—*London Evening Post*, June 16, 1730.

VII.

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ;*
Who'd be dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre and rochet,
Whom would'st thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's[1] shape,
For sodomy hang'd as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.[2]
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing,
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and saved a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could ravish them then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our bishops, our judges, and deans,
And better would give us if better she had.
But lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape.

[1] A bishop of Waterford, sent from England an hundred years ago, who was hanged at Arbor-hill, near Dublin.

[2] This trial took place in 1723; but being only found guilty of an assault, with intent to commit the crime, the worthy colonel was fined 300*l.* to the private party prosecuting.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVORITE POET.

A quibbling Epigram. 1730.

THE thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, "no fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains;
For which her majesty allows him grains:
Though 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
His poems think them all not worth a straw!
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.[1]

1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing,
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.
And first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the armpits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
On such a point few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears how damnably the men lie
In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.
Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fix'd,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair:
A forehead cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flour, to stop the steams
Exhaled from sour unsavory streams:
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;

[1] A defence of "The Lady's Dressing-room," by some facetious friend author, is printed in Faulkner's edition.

With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials placed,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chaps.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits and here she spews.
But oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslimed,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grimed;
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Her petticoats in frouzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,
Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Celia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Celia's magnifying glass;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes:
Which Strephon ventured to look in,
Resolved to go through thick and thin.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus ope'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew;
He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind:
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapors flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.
O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those "secrets of the hoary deep."

As mutton-cutlets, prime of meat,
Which, though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon the cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be express'd,
When plump'd into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell:
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.

Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away.
But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsavory odors fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of womankind.
Should I the queen of love refuse
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.

When Celia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,

(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout),
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips raised from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME.

1730.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they used to meet,
On love, and books, and rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter.)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose:
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seemed as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of different color'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged short and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for night-gown he had none,)
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dyed,
And half unsmoked, lay by his side.
Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers placed, to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush;
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him some familiar thumps,
A college joke to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
Cried, Celia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must—is Celia dead?
How happy I, were that the worst!
But I was fated to be curs'd?
Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?
O Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.
O Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish:
But Celia has contrived to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd:
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injured lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divined
A crime, that shocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn!
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after-times:—
"Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
And dying, never told his pain."
Vain, empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark:

And there — behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand:
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry:
I come! I come! Medusa see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
"Avaunt — ye cannot say 'tis I."
Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee tell the cause;
And Celia's horrid fact relate;
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.
To force it out my heart must rend;
Yet when conjured by such a friend —
Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zyphyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Celia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed —
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu:

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

Written for the honor of the fair sex.

Corinna, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.

Her eye-brows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em,
Now dext'rously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws,
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes:
Pulls out the rags contrived to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips;
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her chancres, issues, running sores;
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red.
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies:
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs;
Whose favor she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
  Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
And puss had on her plumpers ——
A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scattered parts?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

1731.

Of Chloe all the town has rung,
By every size of poets sung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years;
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel:
Such cleanliness from head to heel;
No humors gross, or frouzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow:
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maid's water:
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown:
At country dances not a nose
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!

What sword-knots! what poetic strains!
What billets-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down,
With coach-and-six and house in town
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage rites.
Imprimis, at the temple porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings:
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with silver tongue,
And Hebe, goddess ever young,
Behold the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand and side by side;
She by the tender Graces dress'd,
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus sung th' epithalamium.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair must crown their joys.
But still the hardest part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might—
Demean himself the wedding-night:
For as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet;
With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.
The weather and his love were hot;
And should he struggle I know what—
Why let it go if I must tell it—
He'll sweat and then the nymph may smell it:
While she, a goddess dyed in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
Exhaled ambrosia from within.

Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard and hairy breast!
His nightcap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
Yet if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find!
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men;
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read,)
Took colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife!
(For Strephon could remember well
That once he heard a schoolboy tell
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes!
While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stripp'd, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
Now "ponder well, ye parents dear;"
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it every sup;
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forced to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confined,
Nor let them taste what causes wind:
'Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans.
O! think what evils must ensue,
Miss Moll, the jade, will burn it blue;
And when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, even when she meets
Her bridegoom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretic
Will damp all passions sympathetic;
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean,
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;

But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
In bed we left the married pair;
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still assists the bold,
Resolved to make the first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Even lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right;
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of peas;
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill,
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cried out, Ye Gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——?
But when he smelt a noisome steam
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream
(Salerno both together joins,
As sov'reign medicines for the loins);
And though contrived, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;
He found her, while the scent increased,
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions press'd,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspired with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side;
And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove,) with garlands crown'd,
Abash'd at what they saw and heard
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed
Can see each other do their need.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienced grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less ashamed,
Howe'er for selling bargains famed,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire;
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls and Beauty dies.
To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birthday gear,
You think some goddess from the sky,
Descended, ready cut and dry;
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.
O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spied
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case,
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.

Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spied her on the privy;
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
  Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.
  Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly lasts the honeymoon:
For if they keep not what they caught
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
  What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!
  Some try to learn polite behavior
By reading books against their Savior;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a telltale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
  Why is a handsome wife adored
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;
Shows Sheba's queen completely dress'd,
And Solomon in royal vest;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
  A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last;
And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound

What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Raised on a basis unsecure?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?
On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still;
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

Apollo, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refined all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books;
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
I own, 'twas but a coach-and-four,
For Jupiter allows no more.
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
Three weighty causes were assign'd
That moved the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them,
His singing was another fault,
For he could reach to B in *alt;*
And by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED. 1731.

All folks who pretend to religion and grace
Allow there's a Hell, but dispute of the place:
But if Hell may by logical rules be defined
The place of the damn'd — I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators bribed, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villians, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd;
And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome:
How happy for us that it is not at home!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.[1]

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seized my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said,
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning blind;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell from pride;
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you);
— The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
— I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools! — Go, go, you're bit."

[1] This poem was first printed (from the dean's MS.) in a letter from lord Chesterfield, addressed to Mr. Voltaire.

JUDAS. 1731.

Written when the majority of the Irish bishops were meditating what Swift considered as encroachments upon the rights of their clergy.

By the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor bishop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engaged him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a-tribe;
Which though his conscience forced him to restore,
(And parsons tell us, no man can do more,)
Yet, through despair, of God and man accurs'd,
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their bishoprics and 'scape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.
As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
And burst asunder ere he went to hell;
So could we see a set of new Iscariots *
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas perish like the first,
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place;
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishopric another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY.[1] 1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain?[2]
Fain would I think our female friend[3] sincere,
Till Bob,[4] the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend
To lose an inch of favor for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old:
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!

[1] The dean, having been told by an intimate friend that the duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and stewards (which, however, proved to be a mistake,) wrote this epistle to his friend.

[2] See the libel on Dr. Delany and lord Carteret.

[3] The countess of Suffolk.

[4] Sir Robert Walpole.

But princely Douglas,[1] and his glorious dame,
Advanced thy fortune and preserved thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapplied
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.
Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the sultan's dames,
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With pæan's purest fire his favorites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below:
His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The god of light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of humankind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretell.
And first: to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his gear,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer:
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud,
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
You serve a potent prince as well as he.
The ducal coffers trusted to your charge
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest;
They pay a trifle and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid;
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring,
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With servants, tenants, and the neighboring squires.
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway:
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At least, before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.

[1] The duke of Queensberry.

Each farmer in the neighborhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a premium paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supplied;
With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while th' unrighteous mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice before he gives the pill.
But the state empiric acts a safer part;
And, while he poisons, wins the royal heart.
But how can I describe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighboring friend:
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should some imperious neighbor sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he bribed you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride.
Nor at an under rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him all is well;
Or swear it rotten, and with humble airs
Request it of him to complete your stairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue, of genuine ministerial kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich;
And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbors round;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost and gives the villain thanks.
And should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite:
Would love his favorite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the father, rob the son
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs:
For vengeance more embroils than skill repairs.
So robbers, (and their ends are just the same,)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.
I knew a brazen minister of state, [Walpole]
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, when will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, old master died.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two:
Will you, sir Spencer? or will you, or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And, such was then the temper of the times,
He owed his preservation to his crimes.
The candidates observed his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
But when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

TO A LADY.

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

After venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind

Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
  Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t'ye;
I can solve the diffi—culty.
  You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honor how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
  But it was decreed by Fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter,
  Bred a fondling and an heiress;
Dress'd like any lady-mayoress;
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued play-day—
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
  Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refined and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduced into a poem.
  But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court, nor parliament can 'scape you;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither spends.

Sing my praise in strain sublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but just you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse;
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all our modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to fleer and gibe?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;
With good words and countenance sprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?
Think not cards my chief diversion;
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to dose my head like laudanum.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are you due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over;
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.
Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you and obey;

Though you treat us with a smile,
Clear your looks and smooth your style,
Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel ***** may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
  Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think;
We may care for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To discourse, and to attend,
Is, to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all yourself is starving;
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough;
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And that you may have your due,
Let your neighbors carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,—
What is this but to instil?
  To conclude this long essay;
Pardon if I disobey;
Nor, against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?

Could I not, through all his ermine,
'Spy the strutting chattering vermin;
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon?
When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools;
How the helm is ruled by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could):
If I can but fill my niche,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to d'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance;
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb[1] hoise 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet,
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your station;
Come to use and application;
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit, and answer thus:
If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on Blueskins.[2]
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favorite farce.

[1] Caleb d'Anvers was the name assumed by Amhurst, the ostensible writer of the Craftsman.

[2] The famous thief who while on his trial at the Old Bailey stabbed Jonathan Wild.

This I must insist on; for, as
It is well observed by Horace,
Ridicule has greater power,
To reform the world than sour.
Horses thus, let jockeys judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Set the spirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupefies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Set your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
I should make a figure scurvy.
And your head turn topsy-turvy.
I who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king.
That they might some better way tread
To avoid the public hatred,
Thought no method more commodious
Than to show their vices odious;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger but by sneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming,
For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault,)
Would you have me change my style?
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote your text from Plutarch's Morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use?
If I treat you like a crown'd head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put in higher claims
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not so great a grievance
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower class
Than my friend sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found:
I have laugh'd and lash'd them round.
Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierced the sky:

EPIGRAM.

It but reached the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there;
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown.
See what mirth the sport creates!
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse:
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst; and bursting drop;
All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps;
Only make it smart a while;
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on;
Learn to relish truth and reason?
Thus we both shall gain our prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

EPIGRAM

ON THE BUSTS OF NEWTON, LOCKE, CLARKE, AND WOOLASTON, IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

"Sic siti lætantur docti."

With honor thus by Carolina placed,
How are these venerable bustoes graced!
O queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Revered by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

Lewis the living learned fed,
And raised the scientific head;
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

ANOTHER.

Her majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter.[1]

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[1] Alluding to five hundred pounds lent by the dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen.

ON RECEIVING PRESENTS.

A PAPER BOOK is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.
Let both around my tomb be placed,
As trophies of a Muse deceased;
And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praise of long departed wit,
Be graved on either side in columns.
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

THE BEAST'S CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

On observing how most men mistake their own talents. 1732.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stuttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffee-houses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least 500 poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffee-house orators, exclusive of the clergy; 40,000 politicians, and 4500 profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupees[1] on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau to make a figure before women; some of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted? I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geography, even of present times. I compute that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy kind for one among us in Dublin; besides two-thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the articles of dunces by forty to one; and what is more, to our further mortification, there is no one distin-

[1] Wigs with long black tails, at that time very much in fashion.

guished fool of Irish birth or education who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This has been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of taking their talents; by which the author does a great honor to [illegible] species, almost equalling them with certain brutes, wherein, [illegible] is too partial, as he freely confesses; and yet he has gone as low as well could, by specifying four animals — the wolf, the ass, the s[illegible] and the ape — all equally mischievous, except the last, who [illegible] them in the article of cunning; so great is the pride of man!

When beasts could speak, (the learned say
They still can do so every day,)
It seems they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout,)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbor wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food,
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
The Ass, approaching next, confess'd
That in his heart he loved a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short,
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The Swine with contrite heart allow'd
His shape and beauty made him proud:

In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbor ne'er was found;
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like peas.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the strictness of his morals
Engaged him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
The Goat advanced with decent pace,
And first excused his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclined
To fondness for the female kind:
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution,
But through a pious resolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolved to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.[1]
Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with humankind.
Some faults we own: but can you guess?
—Why, virtue's carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeezed a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule,
For which his brethren call him fool;
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice,
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term:
While others of the learned robe,
Would break the patience of a Job
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick despatch;

[1] The priest his confessor.

Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.
The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case;
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood,
Too zealous for the nation's good;
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn;
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes;
But owns he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin (and God forgive him!);
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares!
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance;
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food:
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a-day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favorite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practised to their shame.
The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;

And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view,
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot;
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said he affected popularity:
'Tis true the people understood
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has tried;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
O! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him license to retire,
As it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame),
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views
When he has liberty to choose.
The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill he always lost;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contrived a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:

Nor wonder how his fortune sunk.
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact,
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd that could I raise up,
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers,
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap
There to be stroked and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles,
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis;*
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on humankind;
For here he owns that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

That you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet all must own thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
The insolent illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting-days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, O, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!
But now should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;

With labor small and income great,
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf, and glossy gown,
And license to reside in town;
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffeehouse, or court;
And weekly persecute his grace
With visits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine
Would'st thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

Poor ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not I can see no cause,)
The men should slave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE-SONG

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains.
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

THE STORM.

MINERVA'S PETITION.

Pallas, a goddess chaste and wise,
Descending lately from the skies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a storm;
A storm to drown that rascal Horte,
And she would kindly thank him for't:
A wretch! whom English rogues, to spite her,
Had lately honor'd with a mitre.
The god, who favor'd her request,
Assured her he would do his best:
But venius had been there before,
Pleaded the bishop loved a whore,
And had enlarged her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beside.
At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishops' bench,
Till Horte arrived, ne'er kept a wench:
If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one single prelate:
For, to say truth, she did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam;*
And since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favor.
Then Proteus urged the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;

Said he — "Great sovereign of the main,
To drown him all attempts are vain.
Horte can assume more forms than I,
A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;
Can creep, or run, or fly, or swim;
All motions are alike to him:
Turn him adrift, and you shall find
He knows to sail with every wind;
Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
As well against as with the tide.
But Pallas, you've applied too late;
For 'tis decreed by Jove and Fate,
That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,
And who but Horte can be employ'd?
You need not then have been so pert
In sending Bolton[1] to Clonfert.
I found you did it, by your grinning;
Your business is to mind your spinning.
But how you came to interpose
In making bishops, no one knows;
Or who regarded your report;
For never were you seen at court.
And if you must have your petition,
There's Berkeley[2] in the same condition;
Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,
If one must drown, the other must;
But if you'll leave us bishop Judas,
We'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
Now, if 'twill gratify your spite,
To put him in a plaguy fright,
Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
You soon shall see him soundly toss'd.
You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
(And every moment take a dram);
His ghastly visage with an air
Of reprobation and despair;
Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,
For fear the rest should say he squeaks:
Or as Fitzpatrick[3] did before,
Resolve to perish with his whore;
Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
And but for shame would say his prayers.
Or would you see his spirits sink?
Relaxing downwards in a stink?
If such a sight as this can please ye,
Good Madam Pallas, pray be easy.
To Neptune speak, and he'll consent;
But he'll come back the knave he went."

---

[1] Dr. Theophilus Bolton, afterwards archbishop of Cashell.
[2] Dr. George Berkeley, a senior fellow of Trinity college, Dublin.
[3] Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great storm.

The goddess, who conceived an hope
That Horte was destined to a rope,
Believed it best to condescend
To spare a foe, to save a friend;
But fearing Berkeley might be scar'd,
She left him virtue for a guard.

ODE ON SCIENCE.[1]

O, HEAVENLY born! in deepest dells
If fairest science ever dwells
  Beneath the mossy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
  And flow'ry carpets lave.

For Melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
  With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
  Though wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
  Obstructed and depress'd;
Till wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspired to shine,
  By reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
  Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws,
Thy charms, O Liberty! the cause
  That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræ gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
  To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
  In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
Bring sweet philosophy along,
  In metaphysic dreams;
While raptured bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
  In Heliconian streams.

---

[1] This is written in the same style, and with the same design, as his "Love-Song in the Modern Taste.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destined land,
By folly led astray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar, and sing
Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT

FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND.

Written on the same plan with the preceding, in order to ridicule the common-places of poetry.

Blow, ye zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident strong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous state
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my golden fleece,
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer stay?
Come, Cadenus, come away:
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres, with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;
All are ripe, and courting sue
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the color of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.

Come, Cadenus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore,
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return:
Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly,
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

"Praise is the strongest satire, and the most pleasing, but it requires gr and judgment to manage and conduct an irony. I once said, talking o subject with dean Swift, that the Rhapsody was the best satire he had ever posed. He assured me that immediately after this poem was published, ceived a message of thanks from the whole ***.—[Dr. King's cautious sat may be supplied with the words *royal family!*] This I can easily con irony is not a figure in the German rhetoric. If Mr. Pope, when he Cobham a coward, had complimented a German colonel with the same a my little friend I fear would have fared very ill."—Dr. King's *Anecdote*.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valor, conduct, fortune won;

Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies litter'd under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter;
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labors, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,

Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
Your poem finish d, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labor lost:
And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised;
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still and swallow down your spittle;
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;

And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run;
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggerel Grub-street sends
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant:
A public or a private robber,
A statesman or a South-Sea jobber;
A prelate who no God believes;
A parliament or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess or a suburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.

Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where in the scenes of endless woe
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams,
Project excise and South-Sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet:
Who, as the odors reach his throne,
Will smile and think them all his own;
For law and gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)

Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution used, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place:
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu,
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.
A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous:*
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them),
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humor judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;

His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbors round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
  Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this, for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius placed in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
  But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in state of war by nature.
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticize,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
  The vermin only teaze and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;

And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolved to thee,
Great poet of the hollow tree.[1]
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a commonweal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?

[1] Lord Grimston was the author of this celebrated performance, of which he was afterwards so much ashamed as to buy up all the copies.

For though in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted[1] sink,
His merits balanced, you shall find
The laureat[2] leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore[3] with vigor drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:
With heads to point the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.

O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch bless'd,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown
Before his downy beard was grown!

[1] Mr. Welsted's poems were reprinted in 1787, and contain specimens of little worth.

[2] In some editions, instead of the laureat, was maliciously inserted the name of Mr. Fielding; for whose ingenious writings the supposed author manifested a great esteem.—"Little," says Dr. Wharton, "did Swift imagine that Fielding would hereafter equal him in works of humor, and excel him in drawing and supporting characters, and in the artful conduct and plan of a comic epopee."

[3] James Moore Smith, esq., author of "The Rival Modes."

Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
  The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddess, in number five:
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honor of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valor, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fixed the star and string cerulean.
  Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strew your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refused to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
  Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan,
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;

They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be laced so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight:
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.[1]

Written in November, 1731.

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours qu chose qui ne nous déplait pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that d displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?

---

[1] "The verses on his death, and the Rhapsody on Poetry, are the best of Swift's poetical productions, though they cannot be called true poetry."—DR. WARTON.

Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses;
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain humankind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide,
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts! but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,

Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years;
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'yes come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better than to tell
That, "God be praised, the dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."

He'd rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbor feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes."—"The dean is dead."
Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses."—
"To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the dean or bless the drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
"We must confess his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years.
For when we open'd him we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court "the dean is dead."
And lady Suffolk,[2] in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.

[1] The dean supposed himself to die in Ireland, where he was born.
[2] Mrs. Howard, at one time a favorite with the dean.

The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals[1] were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres,[2] at sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob,[3] "I'm sorry for the news:
O, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will![4]
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke[5] were dead!"
Now Curll[6] his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.[7]
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters:[8]
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry — but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?

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[1] The medals were to be sent to the dean in four months; but * * * * *.

[2] Chartres, an infamous scoundrel, grown from a footboy to a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland.

[3] Sir Robert Walpole, chief minister of state, treated the dean in 1726 with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea, with the dean's friends chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him on Ireland, to which kingdom and people the dean found him no great friend.

[4] Mr. William Pultney, from being sir Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, opposed his measures, and joined with my lord Bolingbroke.

[5] Henry St. John, lord viscount Bolingbroke, secretary of state to queen Anne, of blessed memory.

[6] Curll hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country.

[7] Three stupid verse-writers in London; the last, to the shame of the court and the disgrace to wit and learning, was made laureat.

[8] Curll, notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who are hanged at Tyburn.

When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between;
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling,
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The dean is dead: (pray, what is trumps?)
Then Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole).
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call).
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the dean — (I lead a heart)
But dearest friends, they say must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favorite of Apollo?
Departed: — and his works must follow:
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same,"
He searches all the shops in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;[1]
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste:
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.

[1] Where old books are sold.

Pray do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's sir Robert's vindication,[1]
And Mr. Henley's last oration.[2]
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honor please to buy a set?
"Here's Wolston's[3] tracts, the twelfth edition,
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart;
Those maids of honor who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.[4]
He does an honor to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he has not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead! and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favor some and some without,
One quite indifferent in the cause
My character impartial draws;
"The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em:
But this I know, all people bought 'em.
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind:

[1] Walpole had a set of party scribblers, who did nothing but write in his defence.
[2] Henley, a clergyman, who, wanting both merit and luck to get preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the established church, formed a new conventicle, which he called an Oratory.
[3] Wolston, a clergyman, who, for want of bread, in several treatises, in the most blasphemous manner, attempted to turn our Savior's miracles into ridicule.
[4] Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.

His vein, ironically grave,
Expos'd the fool and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
"He never thought an honor done him
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
No persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood
But succor'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown.[1]
"With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just,
In princes never put thy trust:
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms,[2] just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found
Could sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:

[1] Dr. Delany, in the close of his eighth letter, after having enumerated the friends with whom the dean lived in the greatest intimacy, very handsomely applies this passage to himself.

[2] In 1713 the queen was prevailed with, by an address from the house of lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising 300*l.* to discover the author of a pamphlet called "*The Public Spirit of the Whigs:*" and in Ireland, in the year 1724, lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation for promising the like reward of 300*l.* to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet called "*The Drapier's Fourth Letter.*"

Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of humankind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labor'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.[1]
"And oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valor, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended
On which alone our weal depended.[2]
When up a dangerous faction starts,[3]
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?
With horror, grief, despair, the dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile or the Tower,
Himself[4] within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens
Far to the land of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most when treated worst.
"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose
Whose merits were to be his foes;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,

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[1] Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after its commencement.

[2] In the height of the quarrel between the ministers the queen died, August 1, 1714.

[3] On the queen's demise the Whigs were restored to power.

[4] Upon the queen's death the dean returned to Dublin.

Like renegadoes now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;[1]
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
"To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,[2]
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs or old Tresilian;[3]
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
Vow'd on the dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
"In exile,[4] with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.[5]

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[1] Wood, a hardware-man from England, had a patent for coining copper half-pence for Ireland, to the sum of 108,000*l.* which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdom without gold or silver.

[2] Whitshed was then chief-justice.

[3] Sir William Scroggs, chief-justice of the king's bench in the reign of king Charles II., and sir Robert Tresilian, chief-justice of England in the time of Richard II.

[4] In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile.

[5] "Alas, poor dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into gen'ral odium drew him,
Which if he liked, much good may't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times;
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled:—
I say no more — because he's dead. —
What writings has he left behind?
I hear, they're of a different kind;
A few in verse; but most in prose —
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose; —

His friendships there, to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
******* squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and **** for nought
The ****** go joyful back,
The *** the church their tenants rack,
Go snacks with *******
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A jail or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads,
Commodious to their own abodes.
"Perhaps I may allow the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humor when they gibe:
He spared a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess'd
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
"He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.

All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
As never fav'ring the pretender;
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite:
Perhaps his travels, part the third;
A lie at ev'ry second word —
Offensive to a loyal ear:——
But — not one sermon, you may swear.'

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show'd by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he had left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

James Brydges and the dean had long been friends;
James is beduked; of course their friendship ends:
But sure the dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
For knowing James to boast he knows the duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.
O! wert thou not a duke, my good duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou scarce could'st keep thy bum free.
A duke to know a dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy better) wore a gown.
Well, but a duke thou art; so pleased the king:
O! would his majesty but add a string!

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1734.

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED.

DOCTOR.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone.

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

Doc. To all my friends a burden grown.

Ans. Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

Doc. No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell.

Ans. Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

Doc. At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

Ans. Think then of thunder when you f—t.

Doc. Nay, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

Ans. A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell or thunder:
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone;
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend;
Yet, where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good bye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

Come buy my fine wares,
Plums, apples, and pears.
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in heaven;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot;
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

Ripe 'sparagras,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass;
O, 'tis a pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

Come, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell;
I promise to use you well,

They make the blood warmer,
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savory dish without an onion;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd:
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known:
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

Charming oysters I cry:
My masters come buy:
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester oyster
Is sweeter and moister:
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And madam your wife
They'll please to the life;
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide,[1]
Better never was tried.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard;
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a-dozen, to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

Come, buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming, when squeezed in a pot of brown ale;
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

[1] Malahide, near Dublin, famous for oysters.

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.[1]

HAPPIEST of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colors grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound!
And the muscly swelling breast,
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.
With a proper light and shade
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower,
(Secret circle, mystic power,)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft respiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers.
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Soothe the heart and kindle love.
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colors of resemblance choose,
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels' gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;

[1] In ridicule of Phillips's poem on Miss Carteret.

Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame!
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the pencil and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Several of them written in 1726.

ON A WINDOW AT AN INN.

We fly from luxury and wealth
To hardships, in pursuit of health;
From generous wines, and costly fare,
And dozing in an easy chair;
Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And everywhere her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favorites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh, so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

AT AN INN IN ENGLAND.

The glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So, when our passions Love has stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye;
The wine is so sour;
'Twill give you a scour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale.
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me, you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD.[1]

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will?
Is this your justice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home;
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half choked with dust, half drown'd with rains,
Only your godship to implore
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep,
While you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

ANOTHER, WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW WHERE THERE WAS NO WRITING BEFORE.

THANKS to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free!
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

THE sage, who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd;
His window scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

BY Satan taught, all conjurors know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much;
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine, I swear, are such.

[1] These verses are signed J—— K——; but written, as it is presumed, in Dr Swift's hand.

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when required
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspired,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY. 1726.

TWO-FACED Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's gift;
She has got but half a face;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my lady once be kind,
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight?
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor isle's [Ireland] approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me time when coming on;
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new-year's lace
Burnishes an old-year's face.
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD,

WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN, WHOSE SIGN WAS THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchis brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the stuff,
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful dragon [England],
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN DIFFERENT LIBELS.

The greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And Fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injured innocence escape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unrevenged, the greatest merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall wit and learning choose
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
By Censure frighted out of Honor's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd?
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

Lesbia mi dicit semper male; nec tacet unquam
De me. Lesbia me, dispeream, nisi amat.
Quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illam
Assiduè; verum, dispeream, nisi amo.

Lesbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now, hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this: I plainly see
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

ON A CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY.

I march'd three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to great St. Mary,
Using four legs when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where, thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labors done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

TO BETTY,

THE GRISETTE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty,
Never may the Muse forget ye,
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.
And thy beauty thus despatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply;
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded;
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all christian folks;
Shreds of wit and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times;
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions;
Where in the eighteen-penny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery.
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer and gibe, and laugh and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humor passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[A French gentleman dining with some company on a fastday, called for some bacon and eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a sin; whereupon he wrote the following lines, which are translated.]

PEUT on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colère,
Ou, que manger un hareng,
C'est un secret pour lui plaire?
En sa gloire envelopé,
Songe-t-il bien de nos soupés?

Who can believe with common sense
A bacon slice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring has a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapp'd up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

EPIGRAM. 1712.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice —
But Tom is a person of honor so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life;
Went home and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she combs his head.

VERSES

ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS.

Behold, those monarch oaks, that rise
With lofty branches to the skies,
Have large proportion'd roots that grow
With equal longitude below:
Two bards that now in fashion reign
Most aptly this device explain:
If this to clouds and stars will venture,
That creeps as far to reach the centre;
Or, more to show the thing I mean,
Have you not o'er a sawpit seen
A skill'd mechanic, that has stood
High on a length of prostrate wood,
Who hired a subterraneous friend
To take his iron by the end?
But which excell'd was never found,
The man above or under ground.
The moral is so plain to hit,
That, had I been the god of wit,
Then, in a sawpit and wet weather,
Should Young and Philips drudge together.

EPITAPH.

ON GENERAL GORGES,[1] AND LADY MEATH.[2]

UNDER this stone lies Dick and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick lost by doll twelve hundred a-year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd;
Thought much of his Doll and the jointure he lost;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cried;
To live without both full three days he tried;
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late,
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate:
And Cuffee grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest—*sic transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY latest tribute here I send;
With this let your collection end;
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future time the satisfaction
To leave one handle for detraction.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF.

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and scrapers?

---

[1] Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath.

[2] Dorothy, dowager of Edward, earl of Meath. She was married to the general in 1716, and died April 10, 1728. Her husband survived her but two days.

To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the pretender and popery bring in;
No protestant prelate, his lordship or grace,
Durst there show his right or most reverend face;
How would it pollute their croziers and rochets,
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!
[The rest is wanting.]

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

The furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's dean, good sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And next the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferred, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep,
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the dean;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintry night:
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserved than show:
These are what the dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

EPIGRAM.[1]

Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine!

AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET.

A lady, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment;

[1] The dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians or physicians took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for? To which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city."—"Oh! oh!" says the dean, pulling out his pocket-book; "let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking:—'My tablets,' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets—memory, put down that!'" Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote.

So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite:
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
The message told, he gapes and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honor,
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state,
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopp'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the message I received?
Why certainly the captain raved!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or maybe I mistook the word;
My lady — it must be my lord.
My lord's abroad; my lady too:
What must the unhappy doctor do?
"Is captain Cracherode here, pray?" — "No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Named me as plain as he could speak,
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my lady been within!
What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad — she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well, then, I'll e'en go home and fast:
And since I 'scaped being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.

My lady, now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the doctor come?"
He had not heard of him — "Pray see,
'Tis now a quarter after three."
The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain — no doctor's to be found.
My lady could not choose but wonder;
"Captain, I fear you've made some blunder;
But pray to-morrow go at ten;
I'll try his manners once again:
If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college."
The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense as well as breeding,
Who, loth to blame or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought;
The doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting and faltering — humm'd and ha'd,
"Her ladyship was gone abroad;
The captain too — he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;"
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him and eat some fruit.
Provided at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme;
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing seemingly complied,
Though if he durst he had denied.
But first resolved to show his taste
Was too refined to give a feast,
He'd treat with nothing that was rare
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence:
For well he knew to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare,
Simplicity alone is rare;
While high, and nice, and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.

Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boast of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest die, that shone
With native lustre, like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Liked everything — at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d'acquit.*
Yet she, though seeming pleased, can't bear
The scorching sun or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleased at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
To apologize his late offence:
"Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse;
If you unused have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confined to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breathed the fumes
Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazzling sun;
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
To see th' important man of dress
Scoffing my college awkwardness;
To be the strutting cornet's sport,
To run the gauntlet of the court,
Winning my way by slow approaches
Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
From the first fierce cockaded sentry,
Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
To pass so many crowded stages,
And stand the staring of your pages;
And after all, to crown my spleen,
Be told — 'You are not to be seen;'
Or, if you are, be forced to bear
The awe of your majestic air.

And can I then be faulty found
In dreading this vexatious round?
Can it be strange if I eschew
A scene so glorious and so new?
Or is he criminal that flies
The living lustre of your eyes?"

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET. 1724.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus. — VIRG.

ONCE on a time a righteous sage,
Grieved with the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer —
"O, Jove, if Virtue be so fair
As it was deem'd in former days
By Plato and by Socrates,
Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
Only for want of outward shape;
Make then its real excellence,
For once, the theme of human sense;
So shall the eye, by form confined,
Direct and fix the wandering mind,
And long-deluded mortals see
With rapture what they used to flee?"
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made — ye gods — a son and heir;
An heir; and stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.
Virtue was for this sex design'd,
In mild reproof to womankind;
In manly form to let them see
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.
To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school — he reads — is learn'd;
Raised high above his birth by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college;
Resolved nor honor, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffused around;
Th' inferior youth to learning led,
Less to be famed than to be fed,

Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone;
And now, inflamed with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage,
Engage; and, in the glorious strife
The arts new kindle into life.
Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell:
Contented to be truly great
In Virtue's best beloved retreat;
Contented he — but Fate ordains
He now shall shine in nobler scenes.
Raised high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher;
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.
Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in least repute,
And interest the one pursuit;
Where right and wrong are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleased in the person of a peer,
A peer; a scarcely bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth.
Of innocence the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard:
That he alone deserved esteem
Who was the man he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise
To lurk behind a mean disguise;
(Give fraudful Vice the mask and screen,
'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen;)
Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
And found, in blushes, eloquence.
Thus acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loosed her tongue;
And, while he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.
Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations;
For where high honor is the prize
True Virtue has a right to rise:

Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree;
Exalted worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.
  Now raised on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made complete?
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honor rise,
Like gilded vapors to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
  Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere:[1]
Distress of nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence;
For models made to mend our kind
To no one clime should be confined;
And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
His course of glorious toils should run:
Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
And Discord in his presence dies:
Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head:
The arts revive, the valleys sing,
And winter softens into spring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
While he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The rest condemn'd with rival voice
Repining do applaud his choice.
  Fame now reports the Western Isle
Is made his mansion for a while,
Whose anxious natives, night and day,
(Happy beneath his righteous sway,)
Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer
To bless him and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from Fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

[1] Lord Carteret had the honor of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the czar.

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER. 1729.

As a thorn-bush or oaken bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, on country fair,
Betokens entertainment there;
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set, for a sign of wit within.
And as ill neighbors in the night
Pull down an alehouse bush for spite;
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
And now, t'exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which, measured on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was tied,
A trophy, on his temple-side,)
Paddy repined to see him wear
This badge of honor in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Smedley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose.
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The dean, Tom's honor'd friend and patron.
The eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teased by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hoped to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:
In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

AN EPISTLE

UPON AN EPISTLE FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A CERTAIN GREAT LORD

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

As Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press,
You can't, grave sir, believe it hard
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
Unanswer'd at your patron's gate;
And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
This one poor humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his secretary,
As Falstaff acted old King Harry;

I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print;
Folks shrug, and cry, "There's nothing in't.
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.
How could so fine a taste dispense
With mean degrees of wit and sense?
Nor will my lord so far beguile
The wise and learned of our isle,
To make it pass upon the nation
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind,
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You've cause to say he meant you well:
That you are thankful who can tell?
For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent: you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte!
Smedley,[1] thou Jonathan of Clogher,
"When thou thy humble lay dost offer
To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
Thy thanks and verse devoid of art—
Content with what his bounty gave,
No larger income dost thou crave."
But you must have cascades, and all
Iërne's lake, for your canal,
Your vistoes, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our speaker for your coxon;[1]
It's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs laboring at the oar;
And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enraged, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie),
"Who only asks some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure:
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers;
No gay parterre with costly green
Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
But nature freely takes her course,
Nor fears from him ungrateful force;
No sheers to check her sprouting vigor,
Or shape the yews to antic figure."
But you, forsooth, your all must squander,
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder;

[1] See the petition to the duke of Grafton.

[2] Alluding to Dr. Delany's choice of fixing in the island of the lake of Erin, where sir Ralph Gore had a villa.

And when you've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
Nor further buildings, further planting:
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbor,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch which in a scurvy
Humor you tumbled topsy-turvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?
To fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect:
Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow
You place the Muses and Apollo;
There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.
These stories were of old design'd
As fables; but you have refined
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you're Don Quixote redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only winter's rain supplies.
O! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well;[1]
Here may it reassume its stream,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expenses rise so high,
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still your fancy you inherit —
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my lady's kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a bishop:
That could not be my lord's intent,
Nor can it answer the event.
Most think what has been heap'd on you
To other sort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.
Though now your depth must not be sounded,
The time was when you'd have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan's school!
Five hundred pound a-year's no fool!

[1] Which had suddenly dried up.

Take this advice then from your friend,
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you build and you bestow.
Be modest; nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A passage may be found,[1] I've heard,
In some old Greek or Latin bard,
Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking
By loud and inharmonious croaking,
They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

A LIBEL

ON THE REV. DR. DELANY AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CART

1729.

Deluded mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête-à-tête;*
Who at their dinners, *en famille,*
Get leave to sit when'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you dined,
And how his lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you laugh'd at every joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man,
That you and he are cup and can;
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
Suppose my lord and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with "Name your toast:"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.
For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,

[1] Hor. lib. i. ep. xvii.

And disappoint the sole design
For which he summon'd you to dine.
  Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later scene,
Took proper principles to thrive:
And so might every dunce alive.
  Thus Steele, who owned what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve and die in Wales.
  Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends;
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth:[1]
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
  Thus Addison, by lords caress'd
Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shaped the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
  Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refused the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells:
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit:
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;

[1] William duke of Cumberland, son of George II.

Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is placed;
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forged up in colleges and schools.
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.
But, reverend doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleased the nation.
This may be true — submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distress'd;
A hungry vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a-year at most?

But here again you interpose—
Your favorite lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations
And characters to dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Philips writ.
I own he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place:
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man.
But you, who till your fortune's made
Must be a sweetener by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey or lose his place.
Since this reflection slipp'd your pen,
Insert it when you write again
And to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse:
"So, to destroy a guilty land,
An angel sent by Heaven's command,
While he obeys Almighty will,
Perhaps may feel compassion still;
And wish the task had been assign'd
To spirits of less gentle kind."
But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise;
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face:
Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
I had it in the words that follow:
Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence:
"So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From hell a viceroy devil ascends;

His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd;
Which with unsparing hand he strews
Through courts and senates as he goes;
And then at Beelzebub's black hall
Complains his budget was too small."
  Your simile may better shine
In verse, but there is truth in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
Are angels just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY.

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM. 1729.

—— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi. — JUV.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honor led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chaps.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destined to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
Concluding that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But when squibbling, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.
  Though splendor gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows in the dark,
Yet in yourself when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a wound.
  'Tis said, the gods tried all their art
How pain they might from pleasure part:
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail:

Thus fame and censure with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.
  Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortified and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?
  'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
  You say the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
  How oft am I for rhyme to seek
To dress a thought I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
While every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labor'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.
  A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function,
Round all your brethren cast your eyes,
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,

Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;[1]
Will sooner coin a thousand lies
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight:
For as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians,
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit freethinkers.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times;
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmix'd,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate;
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teaming head
Of wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue:
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muse's fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.

[1] Sir Robert Walpole.

A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Show me the same numeric flea
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poet's nest;
What sponging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you have them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kick'd;
These they have often tried before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
  You have been libell'd — Let us know
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise;
And praise bestow'd in Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG. 1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best;
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.
  Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one
Who often long'd to eat his son;

But this I think will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove;
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire;
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose;
And sure no christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a heathen;
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.
Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s:
Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches;
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard-bowls;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.
Sweet poet, hired for birthday rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffeehouse we read in,
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.

The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
  Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops;
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows;
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam,
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams, in George's reign.
As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read and take the hint;
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt and cover marbled;)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains;
For patrons never pay so well
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea: you see him ride in't;
And, if provoked, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seized the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
  'Tis not denied that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
  Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.

A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays;
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclined?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn:
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told
In him such virtues lie inherent
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdued;
O, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
Now, birthday bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed;
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress, Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thousand years has lived the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is;
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she has graces of her own:
Three graces by Lucina brought her,
Just there, and every grace a daughter;
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down:

In royal robes they come by dozens
To court their English-German cousins:
Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now, see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendor is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother link'd
Can shine — without him is extinct;
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her,
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And sees a son in every god,
Unawed by Jove's all-shaking nod.
Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain and quell the Turk:
Foretell his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever — till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants, to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the yonker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.
A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your works to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough;
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelph the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.

Hail, queen of Britain, queen of rhymes;
Be sung ten hundred thousand times.
Too happy were the poet's crew
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove even Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young! — in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeezed in a coffin, turn to dust!
These elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps,
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And Patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honor sport;
For, since they talk'd with doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth has spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.

This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold or meanings double.
Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee,

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND LARK.

In ancient times the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute.
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl:
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learnt his fables to refine;
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather;
You see him first the Peacock bring,
Against all rules to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now pray observe the doctor's choice,
A Peacock chose for flight and voice;
Did ever mortal see a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his singing, doctor, you know,
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
He frightens all the village boys.
This Peacock kept a standing force,
In regiments of foot and horse:
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind;
And this was thought the highest post;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.
The doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a Pheasant.
This Pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.

Birds, as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios:
This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighboring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his park,
He chanced to spy a clergy Lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a Net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the Lark, my lord the Pheasant:
A lark he is, and such a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
"Who does no ill can have no foe;"
Yet how can I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.
At last the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worst of disaffected deans:
Whose wit at best was next to none,
And now that little next is gone;
Against the court is always blabbing,
And calls the senate-house a cabin;
So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
We ne'er should know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Because himself is not preferr'd;
His heart is through his libel seen,
Nor could his malice spare the queen;
Who, had she known his vile behavior,
Would ne'er have shown him so much favor
A noble lord[1] has told his pranks,
And well deserves the nation's thanks.
O! would the senate deign to show
Resentment on this public foe,
Our Nightingale might fit a cage:
There let him starve, and vent his rage:
Or would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of human kind!
Harmonious Coffee,[2] show thy zeal,
Thou champion for the common weal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:

[1] Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus. [2] A Dublin garretteer.

Bestow that libeller a lash,
Who daily vends seditious trash:
Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
That scribbler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
Would have us love our English friends:
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done.
I end my labors with a pun.
Jove send this nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and night in gall!
So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screech'd, or ever flew.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Non domus aut fundus ——— Hor.

This piece is repeatedly and always satirically alluded to in the preceding poems.

It was, my lord, the dexterous shift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
With silver verge, and surplice clean,
Of Oxford or of Ormond's grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept a stall,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And were he less a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble grace my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that, in better times,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muses' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill;
For he has saved thee 'gainst thy will.
But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wandering head to rest?

Where shall he find a decent house,
To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
O! tack, my lord, some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure;
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers.
No gay parterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen:
Let Nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No shears shall check her sprouting vigor,
Nor shape the yews to antic figure;
A limpid brook shall trout supply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a small orchard may it run,
Whose apples redden to the sun.
Let all be snug, and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a safe retreat,
A little Euston[1] may it be,
Euston I'll carve on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord — twice fifty pounds a-year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them hundreds — charming place!
Then thou would'st show another face.
Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
'Midst snowy hills, inclement skies:
One shivers with the arctic wind,
One hears the polar axis grind,
Good John[2] indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm, that one may bear it.
He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good, but assets fail,
To fight with storms of snow and hail.
Besides, the country's thin of people,
Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
The strapping dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er named the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigued with sermon study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found
To push the lazy bottle round:
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gapeseed does in plenty grow;

[1] The name of the duke's seat in Suffolk.

[2] Bishop Sterne.

And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, "Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunceforth was not near.
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There — but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town;
And spouse will think herself quite outdone,
To trudge to Connor[1] from sweet London;
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else — we shall be ill at ease.
You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage-house with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat;
A decent church, close by its side;
There preaching, praying, to reside;
And as my time securely rolls
To save my own and other souls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.

Dear Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that same Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
And may be something else withal;
And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse, then, if you can — be wise —
Believe me, 'tis the way to rise.
Talk not of making of thy nest:
Ah! never lay thy head to rest!
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your dean'ry new repair,
And build a castle in the air.
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expense.
There your dear spouse and you together
May breathe your bellies full of ether,
When lady Luna is your neighbor,
She'll help your wife when she's in labor;
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft falls in pieces.

[1] The bishopric of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.

There you shall see a raree show
Will make you scorn this world below,
When you behold the milky-way,
As white as snow, as bright as day;
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is undone
For quitting her beloved London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanced above dean Viz,
You'll never think of Goody Griz;
But ever, ever live at ease,
And strive, and strive your wife to please;
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand girls and boys;
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they like stars shall rise and set,
While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon
Be a new sun and a new moon:
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

PARODY

ON THE CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY.

Written in Latin by himself.

The very reverend dean Smedley,
Of dulness, pride, conceit, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to shine
As poet, scholar, and divine;
With godliness could well dispense,
Would be a rake, but wanted sense;
Would strictly after Truth inquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated bailiffs at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest,
A perfect nuisance to the rest;
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they could give him.
To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had cash to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a laconic sentence,
But cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
To prove that bishops were old women

Poor Envy durst not show her phiz,
She was so terrified at his.
He waded, without any shame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every sharping trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped.
When Fortune favor'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the dice;
But, if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop *à quatre trois*.
Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,
(Says he) though swell'd like any porpoise,
He hies from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he sinks a score)
To the East Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchase an estate;
Where, after he has filled his chest,
He'll mount his tub and preach his best,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Lest that the reader should not know
The bank where last he set his toe.
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
And gave his creditors the slip.
But lest chronology should vary,
Upon the ides of February,
In seventeen hundred eight-and-twenty,
To Fort St. George, a pedlar went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

CADENUS AND VANESSA.[1]

Written at Windsor, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charged,
On which the pleader much enlarged;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;

[1] This is thought to be one of Dr. Swift's correctest pieces. Its chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with which a story but ill conceived in itself, is told.—GOLDSMITH.

Miss Vanhomrigh, daughter to Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dutch merchant in Dublin.

Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league;
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.
The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes:
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact:
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing:
A fire celestial, chaste, refined,
Conceived and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind:
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;

The faults must on the nymphs be placed,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.
The pleader having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd with so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment seat,
Desired them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For if the heavenly folks should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth:
There live with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.
But since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces half ashamed looked down;
And 'twas observed, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second:
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts;
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day:

And so she did; and then a third;
She heard it — there she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say
What Venus meant by this delay?
The goddess much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declined,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceived a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produced on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

Since men allege they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These will I gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refined in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the newborn maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a clealiness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence the decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes;
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid.
That spurious virtue in a maid,

A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help required:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspired
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame:
Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on earth shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born:
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son;
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd:
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles;
The queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honor which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore upon second thought,
Infused, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She managed her estate with care,
Yet liked three footmen to her chair,

But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And after long computing found
'T would come to just five thousand pound.
The queen of Love was pleased and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanced, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear;
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and swains adored,
My power shall be again restored,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hoped, but hoped in vain.
For when in time the martial maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And fired with indignation vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause:
A shame to one so much adored
For wisdom at Jove's council board.
Besides, she fear'd the queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above..
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:

Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's naught,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper season Pallas meets
The queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold:) —
Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain:
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceived thyself, instead of me;
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.
The goddess thus pronounced her doom:
When, lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanced, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far;
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread;
Would seldom at the Park appear.
Nor saw the playhouse twice a-year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclined
To know the converse of mankind.
First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she liked the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady — you know who,
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;

Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine:
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said, she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly placed
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She named the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd,
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she ranged,
And gracefully her subject changed;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
— That lady is the dullest soul! —
Then tapt their forehead in a jeer,
As who would say — She wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamor, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest were they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
While Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;

Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd
As came into her fancy first;
Named half the rates, and liked the worst.
To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast:
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau.
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
They rallied next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflamed.
Both of herself and sex ashamed,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the most;
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces has a better fancy;
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place:
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.
The girl might pass if we could get her
To know the world a little better.

(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspired;
Her virtues fewer swains admired.
So stars, beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use:
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus, making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She placed it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be praised, yet loved to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain:
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake;
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas now were grown;
And Cupid hoped they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,

Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
The queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolved to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame,
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She needs no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And called for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierced her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increased her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanced in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?

What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit,
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seemed to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tired with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventured to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teazed,
Might have her freedom when she pleased;
Was now convinced he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grande monde*
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He waked, and found it but a dream;

A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employed his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts,
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleased by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, said the nymph, to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise;
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thought had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;

And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget;
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce;
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care —
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse.—
Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans* consequence.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.
But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself described,
His doctrines when she first imbibed;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love' in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last;
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!

(Those authors he so oft had named,
For learning, wit, and wisdom famed;)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is centred and confined.
Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touched before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquired,
By this new passion grew inspired;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline:
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favorite system to their mind;
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes;
Each girl, when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice:
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.

In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit placed,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With what devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;

For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances:
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne:
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends:
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall thy conscious Muse unfold.
Meantime the mournful queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd:
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was named.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;

And full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief:
Nor spend their time to show their reading:
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.
But in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;
On whose petition (humbly showing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end) —
She was at lord knows what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favor was misplaced;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid senseless race
And, were she to begin again
She'd study to reform the men;
Or add some grains of folly more
To women, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't.
This might their mutual fancy strike;
Since every being loves its like.
"But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She put the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion."
The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last "O yes!"
The goddess would no longer wait;
But rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves and flew to heaven.

TO LOVE.[1]

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, that triumph'st o'er the wise.

[1] Found on Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the handwriting of Dr. Swift.

Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering god is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden-pointed darts away:
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he used to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
When titles, power, and riches still subside.
Then gentle Venus to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

A REBUS.

BY VANESSA.

Cut the name of the man[1] who his mistress denied,
And let the first of it be only applied
To join with the prophet[2] who David did chide;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast;[3]
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's versed in the state;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer he flies, to succor with speed,
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

[1] Jo-seph. [2] Nathan. [3] Swift.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
For mean's her design, and her subject as mean
The first but a rebus, the last but a dean.
A dean's but a parson: and what is a rebus?
A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus.
The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
But a genius like hers no subject can stifle,
It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
By reading this trifle, I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the dean a small man.
Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here
Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
Thus much for the verse; we proceed to the next,
Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season;
And what she describes to be merit is treason;
The changes which faction has made in the state
Have put the dean's politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, should he write pamphlets, no great man would read ' ;
And, should want or desert stand in need of his aid,
This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

March 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four
(We shan't dispute a year or more:)
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined;
Made up so largely in thy mind.
O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain,)
To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY. 1719-20.

All travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign:
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster, Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd,
Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humor, wit, and sense,
And puts them to but small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,

To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED THE DEAN'S POEMS. 1720.

As, when a lofty pile is raised,
We never hear the workmen praised,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones,
But all admire Inigo Jones;
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approved in aftertimes;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
As tradesmen show their trash at first;
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking-soles;
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labors amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris;

Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine,
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What stoics call without our power,
They could not be ensured an hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you 're quite another thing.

So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get;
Had gone through all the commonplaces
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend,
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolved to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Moved with the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;

Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait,
Till time has open'd reason's gate;
And what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide;
In vain; for see, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble, generous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.
Yet when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd,
By Pallas breathed into his breast,
His valor would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
Stella for once you reason wrong,
For should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA,

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS. 1720.

Pallas, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for humankind,
Fix'd honor in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honor I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs,
So honor animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
Those numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honor comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honor's place.
But, lest we should for honor take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car;
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet:
Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an assignation;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears,
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.
In points of honor to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act is not the case,
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to humankind:
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
A factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipp'd with nauseous fleer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,

Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.
  Heroes and heroines of old
By honor only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honor seated in her breast
She still determines what is best:
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confined.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
  Her hearers are amazed from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.
  Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
  How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains;

Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief,
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warn'd,
With vigor and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes:
Now with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd.

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1721-2.

While, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung;
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY:

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722–3.

Resolved my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if, with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say
If Stella were unsung to-day:
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan, the rogue, would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel in anno ridet Apollo.*
I have assured them twenty times
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inspired me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle.
Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints and you shall use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, dean D—, and dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent [the housekeeper];
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders' [the butler] cellar on the ground;
A spade let prudent Archy [the footman] hold,
And with discretion dig the mould.
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca [Mrs. Dingley], Ford, and Grattans by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.
You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse;
But first let Robert [the valet] on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees;
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

STELLA AT WOOD PARK,

THE RESIDENCE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ., NEAR DUBLIN. 1723.

--"Cuicumque nocere volebat,
Vestimenta debat pretiosa."

Don Carlos, in a merry spite,
Did Stella to his house invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn:

A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette.*
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
"Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;"
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high, and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter sky began to frown;
Poor Stella must pack off to town;
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's stinking tide in Dublin:
From wholesome exercise and air,
To tossing in an easy-chair:
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley:[1]
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked:
From every meal Pontac in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of —— —— ——:
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.

But now arrives the dismal day:
She must return to Ormond quay.[2]
The coachman stopp'd; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door;
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She cursed the narrow winding stairs:
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings like a poor Grisette,
While there are houses to be let.

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:

[1] The constant companion of Stella.

[2] Where the two ladies lodged.

When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for, (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four:)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the dean.
Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely placed
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine:
And, though in miniature, you shine:
Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724–5.

The Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain:
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone;
Exposed to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant globe renew;
And, as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies:
Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's kettle,

With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to a cow?
'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted;
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood;
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name:
For what was ever understood,
By humankind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The 'squire in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY. 1724–5.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:

While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confined to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose;
But I'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass:
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honor and virtue, sense and wit;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight!

TO STELLA.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, MARCH 13, 1723–4.

But not on the subject, when I was sick in bed.

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day;
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears;
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a stoic in her own.
When, among scholars, can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again;
Meantime, your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay;
The phantom having humbly kiss'd
His gristly monarch's sooty fist,

Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declared in council Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That death should get a numerous breed;
Young deathlings, who by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau;
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes:
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupets[1] of this upper world,)
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat:
His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeathed to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pick'd by crows,
A lawyer, o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new-flux'd rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops,
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:[2]
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcomed him to town.

But Death had business to despatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrors came,

[1] Periwigs with long tails.

[2] The college of physicians.

Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sat at cards;
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own.
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out;
And grew enamor'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain;
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still,
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a-week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied these Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades:
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach-and-six!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims:
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee;
For when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp;
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

DAPHNE.

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.

Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her;
Lose no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavor to convict her.
Never take it in your thought
That she'll own or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then perhaps you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise for spite.
No — that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed;
She's too cunning and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the dean and you:
Heaven forbid he should despise thee,
But will never more advise thee.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

MARCH 13, 1726–7.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told
That you are sick and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes;)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave:
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend!
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;

That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face:
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC.[1]

1723–4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Dr. Swift,
Who thus displays the new-year's gift.
First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good dean's eternal chidings:

[1] Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion,

Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagined cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends:
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach,
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's[1] cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT.[2]

A SONG.

To the tune of "Ye Commons and Peers."

Dingley and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.
Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.
You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest:
Comes Dingley, and asks you, what was it?
And curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

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[1] Country-house of Dr. Sheridan.
[2] Dr. Swift's housekeeper.

BEC'S [MRS. DINGLEY] BIRTHDAY.

Nov. 8, 1726.

This day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had fate a luckier one she'd give it ye.
She chose a thread of greatest length:
And doubly twisted it for strength.
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they're out in that.
For she, though overrun with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise,
The gout that will prolong his days.
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led;
Her hands and feet conduct her head;
By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne'er considers why or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander:
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.
Thus nature has resolved to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lined;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken porridge:
I mean when Tiger[1] has been served,
Or else poor Stella may be starved.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger slabbering in her lap:
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair;
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger's barking!
And when she's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the dean,

[1] Mrs. Dingley's favorite lap-dog

May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her.
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening,
And please them more to hear them tattle,
Than the dean storm or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

Pray steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

A CONFERENCE

BETWEEN SIR H. P—CE'S CHARIOT AND MRS. D. ST—D'S CHAIR.

CHARIOT.

My pretty dear coz, though I've roved the town o'er,
To despatch in an hour some visits a score;
Though, since first on the wheels, I've been every day
At the 'Change, at a raffling, at church, or a play;
And the fops of the town are pleased with the notion
Of calling your slave the perpetual motion; —
Though oft at your door I have whined [out] my love,
As my knight does grin his at your lady above;
Yet ne'er before this, though I used all my care,
I e'er was so happy to meet my dear Chair;
And since we're so near, like birds of a feather,
Let's e'en, as they say, set our horses together.

CHAIR.

By your awkward address, you're that thing which should carry,
With one footman behind, our lover sir Harry.
By your language, I judge, you think me a wench;
He that makes love to me must make it in French.
Thou that's drawn by two beasts, and carry'st a brute,
Can'st thou vainly e'er hope I'll answer thy suit?
Though sometimes you pretend to appear with your six,
No regard to their color, their sexes you mix:
Then on the grand-paw you'd look very great,
With your new-fashion'd glasses and nasty old seat.

Thus a beau I have seen strut with a cock'd hat,
And newly rigg'd out, with a dirty cravat.
You may think that you make a figure most shining,
But it's plain that you have an old cloak for a lining.
Are those double gilt nails? Where's the lustre of Kerry,
To set off the knight, and to finish the Jerry?
If you hope I'll be kind, you must tell me what's due
In George's lane for you, ere I'll buckle to.

CHAR. Why, how now, Doll Diamond, you're very alert;
Is it your French breeding has made you so pert?
Because I was civil, here's a stir with a pox:
Who is it that values your —— or your fox?
Sure 'tis to her honor, he ever should bed
His bloody red hand to her bloody red head.
You're proud of your gilding; but I tell you each nail
Is only [just] tinged with a rub at her tail;
And although it may pass for gold on each ninny,
Sure we know a Bath shilling soon from a guinea.
Nay, her foretop's a cheat; each morn she does black it,
Yet, ere it be night, it's the same with her placket.
I'll ne'er be run down any more with your cant;
Your velvet was wore before in a mant,
On the back of her mother; but now 'tis much duller,—
The fire she carries hath changed its color.
Those creatures that draw me you never would mind,
If you'd but look on your own Pharaoh's lean kine;
They're taken for spectres, they're so meagre and spare,
Drawn damnably low by your sorrel mare.
We know how your lady was in you befriended;
You're not to be paid for 'till the lawsuit is ended:
But her bond it is good, he need not to doubt;
She is two or three years above being out.
Could my knight be advised, he should ne'er spend his vigor
On one he can't hope of e'er making *bigger*.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR WILLIAM HANDCOCK AND THADY FITZPATRICK, IN THE DEVIL'S ANTECHAMBER.

THADY.

You're welcome, sir William, by my soul and salvation,
I rejoice for to see one from my own nation.
We have long wanted news: was it growing wealthy
Has made all my brothers so damnable healthy?
When I think of their number, I look for them faster;
Sure they are not grown honest, and quitted their master.
Come, never look squeamish, nor be out of order,
We're here on a level, good master Recorder.
Let me know what has pass'd, and you'll find I'll be civil,
And speak a good word for you here to the devil.

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh, thank you, dear Thady, and must own, for my part,
It's much more your goodness than it is my desert;
But, to speak for his fee, you know, 'twas our calling:
Which because I could not, I then fell a bawling.
I never stuck out to quote a false case:
And to back it, I e'er had an impudent face;
Or on my right hand I had always my brother,
To vouch, which we still did, the one for the other.
To be sure, to be rich was always my guide;
To take, when I could, a fee on each side.
All this you well know. But, pr'ythee, now tell
If I have any more acquaintance in hell.
Is not that Tullamore?

TH. You see how he trudges
At the head of a shoal of unrighteous judges.
By oppression and cheating, by rapine and lust,
We shall in good time have the rest of the trust.
But our master, the devil, has solemnly swore,
Till they're out of commission, not to admit more.
If you speak me but fair, you shall not go far
To meet with your friends of the bench or the bar:
Look at Reynolds, and Lyndon, and Whitshed, and Keating
The four rogues are all got together a prating.

SIR W. Pr'ythee, where is fat Hely? I durst lay my life
That he's got to heaven by help of his wife.

TH. You'll ever be urging a reason that's faint;
If that would have done, we might each be a saint.
But what is become of sir Toby and Stephen?
There's neither of them, I am sure, gone to heaven.
Does your brother as yet speak law in a cause;
And has Pauca left off making use of his claws?
Does the bar from the bench with patience still pocket
The calling them rogue, and rascal, and blockhead?

SIR W. Faith, Thady, our judges are grown very humble;
And one is suspicious he'll soon have a tumble.
The new ones they keep the old ones in awe,
And have taught them civility, prudence, and law.

TH. Pox take me, sir William, why was not I asking,
All this time you've been here, for poor Clara Gascoyne?
The woman that lay so long by my side; —
But I show'd I forgot her before that I died.
I believe she's unmarried, for I think I took care
To leave her but little, and much to my heir.

SIR W. She still is thy widow, thou barbarous teague;
Both living and dead, thou'st to her been a plague;
It's not for that sin that I am come here,
Having left all the wealth I had to my dear.

TH. That thou e'er wert a blockhead you need not now own,
But this thy last action all others does crown;
Thou scarce wert got hither, thou pitiful cully,
Before she had gotten a lusty young bully;
I have of our master a proverb to tell you;
What's got o'er his back is spent under his belly.

BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

The enclosed prologue is formed upon the story of the secretary's not allowing you to act, unless you would pay him 300*l.* per annum; upon which you got a licence from the lord-mayor to act as strollers.

THE PROLOGUE.

Our set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good lord-mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player:
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king;
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
Stay! let me see — Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town! — 'Tis plaguy dear,
Now, here's a warrant: gallants, please to mark,
For three thirteens, and sixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six;
A score of guineas given underhand,
For a good word or so, we understand.
To help an honest lad that's out of place
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And in a crew 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?
I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part;
I told him what it was to be a stroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
First get a licence, then produce our ware;
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum:
Huzza! (the schoolboys roar) the players are come;
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
I told him in the smoothest way I could
All this, and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,

Owns all your favors, here intends to stay,
And as a stroller act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.
A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of business in our own.
Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last:
Then without fail we pack up for Belfast.
Lose not your time, nor our diversion miss;
The next we act shall be as good as this.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. HOPPY'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT SMOCK-ALLEY.

HOLD! hold, my good friends; for one moment pray stop ye;
I return ye my thanks in the name of poor Hoppy.
He's not the first person who never did write,
And yet has been fed by a benefit-night.
The custom is frequent, on my word I assure ye,
In our famed elder house, of the hundreds of Drury.
But then you must know, those players still act on
Some very good reasons for such benefaction.
A deceased poet's widow, if pretty, can't fail;
From Cibber she holds, as a tenant in tail.
Your emerited actors, and actresses too,
For what they have done, (though no more they can do,)
And sitters, and songsters, and Chetwood and G——,
And sometimes a poor sufferer in the South Sea;
A machine-man, a tire-woman, a mute, and a sprite,
Have been all kept from starving by a benefit-night.
Thus, for Hoppy's bright merits, at length we have found
That he must have of us ninety-nine and one pound,
Paid to him clear money once every year:
And however some think it a little too dear,
Yet, for reasons of state, this sum we'll allow,
Though we pay the good man with the sweat of our brow.
First, because by the king to us he was sent,
To guide the whole session of this parliament.
To preside in our councils, both public and private.
And so learn, by the by, what both houses do drive at.
When bold B— roars, and meek M— raves,
When Ash prates by wholesale, or B—h by halves,
When Whigs become Whims, or join with the Tories,
And to himself constant when a member no more is,
But changes his sides, and votes and unvotes;
As S—t is dull, and with S—d, who dotes;
Then up must get Hoppy, and with voice very low,
And with eloquent bow, the house he must show

That that worthy member who spoke last must give
The freedom to him, humbly most, to conceive
That his sentiment on this affair isn't right;
That he mightily wonders which way he came by't:
That, for his part, God knows, he does such things disown;
And so, having convinc'd him, he most humbly sits down.
For these, and more reasons, which perhaps you may hear,
Pounds hundred this night, and one hundred this year,
And so on we are forced, though we sweat out our blood,
To make these walls pay for poor Hoppy's good;
To supply with rare diet his pot and his spit;
Add with richest Margoux to wash down a tit-bit.
To wash oft his fine linen, so clean and so neat,
And to buy him much linen, to fence against sweat:
All which he deserves; for although all the day
He ofttimes is heavy, yet all night he's gay;
And if he rise early to watch for the state,
To keep up his spouts he'll sit up as late.
Thus, for these and more reasons, as before I did say,
Hop has got all the money for our acting this play,
Which makes us poor actors look *je ne sais quoi.*

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

Logicians have but ill defined
As rational the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove, with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione prœditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em.
Deus est anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbor prosecute,
Bring action for assault or battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go
To treat, as dearest friend, a foe:

They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place:
Nor undertake a dirty job
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster row.
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds:
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his lurking passion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the ministers of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors;
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manner still contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

THE ELEPHANT;

OR THE PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years since; taken from Coke's Institutes.

Ere bribes convince you whom to choose,
The precepts of lord Coke peruse.
Observe an elephant, says he,
And let like him your member be:
First take a man that's free from gall,
For elephants have none at all;
In flocks or parties he must keep,
For elephants live just like sheep;
Stubborn in honor he must be,
For elephants ne'er bend the knee.
Last, let his memory be sound,
In which your elephant's profound;
That old examples from the wise
May prompt him in his noes and ayes.
Thus the lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyer's wit:

And then, with Latin and all that,
Shows the comparison is pat.
Yet in some points my lord is wrong,
One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue:
Now, men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like elephants of shows;
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence;
To get their master half-a-crown,
They spread their flag, or lay it down;
Those who bear bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise every pliant gesture,
Opening their trunk for every tester.
Siam, for elephants so famed,
Is not with England to be named:
Their elephants by men are sold;
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

No. 1.

THE SWAN TRIPE CLUB IN DUBLIN.

A SATIRE.

Dedicated to all those who are true friends to her present majesty and her government, to the church of England, and the succession as by law established; and who gratefully acknowledge the preservation of their religion, rights, and liberties, due to the late king William, of ever glorious and immortal memory.

Difficile est *satyram* non scribere.

How this fantastic world is changed of late!
Sure some full moon has work'd upon the state.
Time was when it was questioned much in story,
Which was the worst, the Devil or a Tory;
But now, alas! those happy times are o'er;
The rampant things are couchant now no more,
But trump up Tories, who were Whigs before.
There was a time when fair Hibernia lay
Dissolved in ease, and, with a gentle sway,
Enjoy'd the blessings of a halcyon day.
Pleased with the bliss their friendly union made,
Beneath her bending fig-tree's peaceful shade,
Careless and free, her happy sons were laid.
No feuds, no groundless jealousies appear,
To rouse their rage, or wake them into fear:
With pity they beheld Britannia's state,
Toss'd by the tempest of a stormy fate;
Wild frenzy through her blasted borders pass'd,
Whilst noisy faction drove the furious blast,
Calm and serene we heard the tempest roar,
And fearless view'd the danger from the shore.

Thus blest, we slumbered in a downy trance,
Happy, like Eden, in mild ignorance;
Till Discord, like the wily serpent, found
Th' unguarded path to the forbidden ground;
Show'd us the tree, the tempting tree, which stood
The fairest, but most fatal, of the wood;
And where (as hanging on the golden bough)
The glittering fruit look'd smiling to the view.
"Taste, and be wise," the sly provoker said;
And see the platform of your ruin laid:
Rouse from the dulness ye too long have shown,
And view your church's danger and your own.
Thus at superior wit we catch'd in haste,
Which mock'd the approach of our deluded taste.
And now ——
Imaginary schemes we seem to
And search for dangers with a cu s eve:
From thought to thought we roll
To obviate mischiefs in the fu s e:
Strange plots in embryo from the L we :
And dream of mighty ills, Lord ws v !
Wretchedly wise, we curse
But bless the witless age we
Near that famed place[1] where
And gay Pulvilio keeps his scei e
Where exiled wit ne'er shows
But happier nonsense fills the thoughtl p s;
Where sucking beaux, our future hopes, are bred,
The sharping gamester, and the bully red,
O'erstock'd with fame, but indigent of bread;
There stands a modern dome[2] of vast renown,
For a plump cook and plumper reck'nings known:
Raised high, the fair inviting bird you see,
In all his milky plumes and feather'd lechery;
In whose soft down immortal Jove was dress'd
When the fair nymph the wily god possess'd;
Still in which shape he stands to mortal view,
Patron of whoring and of toping too.
Here gravely meet the worthy sons of zeal,
To wet their pious clay, and decently to rail:
Immortal courage from the claret springs,
To censure heroes and the acts of kings:
Young doctors of the gown here shrewdly show
How grace divine can ebb, and spleen can flow;
The pious red-coat most devoutly swears,
Drinks to the church, but ticks on his arrears;
The gentle beau, too, joins in wise debate,
Adjusts his cravat, and reforms the state.
As when the sun, on a returning flood,
Warms into life the animated mud,

[1] Lucas's coffeehouse. [2] The Swan tavern.

Strange wondrous insects on the shore remain,
And a new race of vermin fills the plain;
So from the excrement of zeal we find
A slimy race, but of the modish kind,
Crawl from the filth, and, kindled into man,
Make up the members of the sage divan.
Of these the famed Borachio is the chief,
A son of pudding and eternal beef.
The jovial god, with all-inspiring grace,
Sits on the scarlet honors of his face;
His happy face, from rigid wisdom free,
Securely smiles in thoughtless majesty;
His own tithe-geese not half so plump as he.
Wild notions flow from his immoderate head,
And statutes quoted, — moderately read;
Whole floods of words his moderate wit reveal,
Yet the good man's immoderate in zeal.
How can his fluent tongue and thought keep touch,
Who thinks too little, but who talks too much?
When peaceful tars with Gallic navies meet,
And lose their honor to preserve the fleet,
This wondrous man alone shall conquest boast,
And win the battles which the heroes lost.
When just esteem he would of William raise,
He damns the glories which he means to praise;
The poor encomium, so thinly spread,
Lampoons the injured ashes of the dead;
Though for the orator, 'tis said withal,
He meant to praise him, if he meant at all.
Egregious Magpie[1] charms the listening throng,
Whilst inoffensive satire tips his tongue;
Grey politics adorn the beardless chit,
Of foreign manners but of native wit;
Scarce wean'd from diddy of his Alma Mater,
The cocking thing steps forth the church's Erra Pater;
High-flying thoughts his moderate size supply,
And wing the towering puppet to the sky;
On brazen wings beat out from native stock,
He mounts, and rides upon the weathercock;
From whence the dull Hibernian isle he views;
The dull Hibernian isle he sees, and spews;
He mourns the talent of his wisdom, lost
On such a dry inhospitable coast.
Thus daws, when perched upon a steeple's top,
With Oxford strut and pride superior hop;
And, whilst on earth their haughty glances throw,
Take humble curates, but for daws below.
Firedrake,[2] a senator of awkward grace,
But famed for matchless modesty and face,
With christian clamor fills the deafen'd room,
And prophesies of wondrous ills to come.

[1] Archdeacon Percival. [2] Ecchlin, a lawyer.

Heaven in a hurry seems to have form'd his paste,
Fill'd up his spleen, but left his head-piece waste:
He thinks, he argues, nay, he prays, in haste.
When in soil'd sheets the dirty wight is spread,
And high-flown schemes for curtains grace the bed,
Wild freakish fancy, with her airy train,
Whirls through the empty region of his brain,
Shows him the church just tott'ring on his head,
And all her mangled sons around her spread;
Paints out himself, of all his hopes beguiled,
And his domestic Sicorax defiled:
Then kindling at the sight, he flies about,
And puts dissenting squadrons to the rout;
Brimful of wrath, he plunges into strife,
And thumps the passive carcase of his wife;
He routs the flying foe, he scours the plain,
And boldly fights the visionary scene.
Th' Apollo of the cause, old Grimbeard[1] stands,
And all the inferior fry of wit commands;
Nursed up in faction, and a foe to peace,
He robs his bones of necessary ease;
Drunk with inveterate spleen, he scorns his age,
And Nature's lowest ebb supplies with sprightly rage.
Cold drivelling Time has all his nerves unstrung,
But left untouch'd his lechery of tongue;
His lechery of tongue, which still remains,
And adds a friendly aid to want of brains:
He blames the dulness of his party's sloth,
And chides the fears of their unactive youth;
Tells them the time, the happy time, is come,
When moderation shall behold its doom;
When snivelling mercy shall no more beguile,
But christian force and pious rage shall smile;
Warns them against those dangers to provide,
Those dangers which his spectacles have spied,
Dark and unknown to all the world beside!
Hail, venerable man, design'd by fate,
The saving genius of a sinking state!
Lo, prostrate at thy feet we trembling fall,
Thou great twin-idol of the thund'ring Baal!
How shall thy votaries thy wrath assuage,
Unbend thy frowns, and deprecate thy rage?
Millions of victims shall thy altars soil;
Heroes shall bleed and treasurers shall broil;
Thy peerless worth shall in our lays be sung:
O, bend thy stubborn rage, and sheathe thy dreadful tongue!
Nutbrain,[2] a daggle-gown of large renown,
For weak support to needy client known,
With painted dangers keeps his mob in awe,
And shrewdly construes faction into law.

[1] Mr., or Captain, Locke.

[2] Nutley, a lawyer.

When Albion's senate waved its fatal wand,
And with their hungry locusts cursed the land,
Our fruitful Egypt, with the load oppress'd,
Beheld with grief its happy fields laid waste:
With watery eyes, and with a mother's pain,
She heard the nation groan, but heard in vain;
Till, gorged with prey, they took the favorite wind,
And left this straggling vermin here behind:
Too well he liked our fruitful Egypt's plain,
To trot to hungry Westminster again.
Say, blind Hibernia, for what charms unknown,
Ye adopt a man whom ye should blush to own:
Beggar'd and spoil'd of all your wealthy store,
Yet hug the viper whom ye cursed before.
Is this the pious champion of your cause,
Who robs your offspring to protect your laws;
Slily distils his venom to the root,
And blasts the tree from whence he plucks the fruit?
Who sees your ruin, which he smiles to see;
Whose gain's his heaven, and whose god's a fee?

In the first rank fam'd Sooterkin[1] is seen,
Of happy visage and enchanting mien,
A lazy modish son of melancholy spleen;
Whose every feature flourishes in print,
And early pride first taught the youth to squint.
What niggard father would begrudge his brass,
When travell'd son doth homebred boy surpass—
Went out a fopling and return'd an ass?
Of thought so dark, that no erroneous hit
E'er show'd the lucid beauties of his wit.
When scanty fee expects a healing pill,
With careless yawn he nods upon the bill,
Secure to hit—who never fails to kill.
When costive punk, in penitential case,
Sits squeezing out her soul in vile grimace,
To ease his patient, he prescribes—his face!
Well may the wretch a Providence disown,
Who thinks no wisdom brighter than his own:
Long since he left religion in the lurch,
Who yet would raise the glories of the church,
And stickles for its rights, who ne'er comes near the porch.

Immortal Crab[2] stands firmly to the truth,
And with sage nod commands the list'ning youth;
In whom rank spleen has all its vigor shown,
And blended all its curses into one;
O'erflowing gall has changed the crimson flood,
And turn'd to vinegar the wretch's blood.

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[1] Dr. Worth, a physician.

[2] Explained, in the Lanesborough manuscript, to be archdeacon Neele, but averred by another authority to mean a "Mr. Hedge Young, or Hogg Young, the late lord-chancellor's purse-bearer."

Nightly on bended knees the musty put
Still saints the spigot and adores the butt;
With fervent zeal the flowing liquor plies,
But damns the moderate bottle for its size.
His liquid vows cut swiftly through the air,
When glorious red has whetted him to prayer;
Thrifty of time, and frugal of his ways,
Tippling he rails, and as he rails he prays.

In the sage list great Mooncalf is enroll'd,
Famed as the Delphic oracle of old.
Propitious dulness and a senseless joy
Shone at his birth and bless'd the hopeful boy;
Who utters wonders without sense of pain,
And scorns the crabbed labor of his brain.
Fleeting as air his words outstrip the wind,
Whilst the sage tardy meaning lags behind.
No saucy foresight dares his will control,
Or stop the impetuous motion of his soul;
His soul, which struggles in her dark abode,
Crush'd and o'erlay'd with the unwieldy load:
Prevailing dulness did his sense betray,
And cramp'd his reason to extend his clay;
His wit contracted to a narrow span,
A yard of idiot to an inch of man.
Hail, mighty dunce, thou largest of thy kind,
How well thy mien is suited to thy mind!
What if the lords and commons can't agree,
Thou dear, dull, happy thing, what is't to thee?
Sit down contented with thy present store,
Heaven ne'er design'd thee to be wise and poor:
Trust to thy fate; whatever parties join,
Thy want of wit obstructs thy want of coin.
As when imperial Rome beheld her state
Grown faint and struggling with impending fate;
When barbarous nations on her ruins trod,
And no kind Jove appear'd her guardian god;
A sacred goose could all her fears disperse,
And save the mistress of the universe:
Of equal fame the great example be,
Our church's safety we expect from thee:
In thee, great man, the saving brood remains,
Of equal piety and equal brains;
In this we differ but in point of name:
Unlike the Romans we; but thou, our goose, the same.

And now with solemn grace the council sat,
And the third flask had raised a warm debate;
When Faction, entering, walk'd the giddy maze,
Sworn foe and noted enemy to peace;
And, taking Grimbeard's shape, the silence broke,
And in shrill voice the eager fury spoke.

"Be witness, Heaven, how much I'm pleased to find
Such gallant friends, and of so brave a mind;

Souls fit to rule the world, and proudly sit
The noblest sons of piety and wit.
Uncommon vigor in your looks I spy,
Resolved the utmost of your force to try;
Bravely to stickle for your church's laws,
And shed a generous influence on her cause.
See how with grief she hangs her pensive head,
Whilst trickling tears, upon her garments shed,
Mourn all her lustre and her beauty fled:
In hair dishevell'd, and with bosom bare,
With melancholy sounds she fills the air.
Would ye, my friends, the weighty business know,
And learn the cruel reason of her woe?
The cause she has to grieve, the world believes,
Is this — hem — hem — why 'tis enough she grieves
What sons from tears their flinty souls can keep,
And with dry eyes behold their mother weep?
Ah! stop the deluge of her watery store,
And let her taste those joys she felt before!
"When William (curse upon that hated name,
For ever blotted and unknown to fame!) —
When William in imperial glory shone,
And, to our grief, possess'd Britannia's throne;
Mark with what malice he our church debased,
Her sons neglected, and her rites defaced:
To canting zeal design'd her form a slave,
And meant to ruin what he came to save.
What though the world be fill'd with his alarms
And fainting Gallia trembled at his arms;
Yet still the doughty hero did no more
Than Julius once, and Ammon, did before.
Is this the idol of the people's love,
The poor mock-puppet of a ruling Jove?
Sorrel, we owe his hasty fate[1] to thee,
Thou lucky horse; oh! may thy memory be
Fragrant to all, as it is sweet to me!
Too far, I fear, the vile infection's spread,
Since Anna courts the party which he led,
And treads the hated footsteps of the dead.
If so, what now can we expect to hear,
But black effects of those damn'd ills we fear?
Your fat endowments shall be torn away,
And to Geneva zeal become an easy prey;
Cold element shall give your guts the gripes,
And, ah! no more you shall indulge in tripes.
No sunday pudding shall adorn the board,
Or burn the chaps of its too eager lord;
No gentle Abigail shall caudles make,
Nor cook the jellies for the chaplain's back;
Long-winded schismatics shall rule the roast,
And father Christmas mourn his revels lost.

[1] Sorrel was the name of the horse on which king William rode when he received his mortal injury by a fall.

Rouse then, my friends, and all your forces join,
And act with vigor in our great design:
What though our danger is not really great?
'Tis brave to oppose a government we hate.
Poison the nation with your jealous fears,
And set the fools together by the ears:
Whilst with malicious joy we calmly sit.
And smile to see the triumphs of our wit:
Sound well the college; and with nicest skill
Inflame the beardless boys, and bend them to your will.
What though unmoved her learned sons have stood,
Nor sacrificed to spleen their country's good?
Yet search the tree, and sure there may be found
Some branches tainted, though the trunk be sound;
Show them the lure which never fails to hit;
Approve their briskness, and admire their wit.
Youth against flattery has no defence,
Fools still are cheated with the bait of sense;
Glean e'en the schools from lechery and birch,
And teach the youngsters to defend the church.
'Tis fools we want, and of the largest size:
'Twould spoil the cause to practise on the wise:
The wise are eagles of the sharpest ken,
And calmly weigh the merits and the men;
Pierce through the cobweb veil of erring sense,
And know the truth of zeal from the pretence:
Whilst fools, like game-cocks, are the slaves of show,
And never ask a cause, but fly upon the foe:
Chance only guides them wandering in the night,
When in an age they stumble on the right:
God never gave a fool the gift of sight."
He said — with joy the pleased assembly rose;
"Well moved!" they cried, and murmur'd their applause;
When, lo, before the board, confess'd in sight,
Stepp'd forth a heavenly guest serenely bright;
No mortal beauty could with hers compare,
Or poet's fancy form a maid so fair;
Around her head immortal glories shine,
And her mild air confess'd the nymph divine;
Whilst thus she spake:
"Ask not, my frighted sons, from whence I came
But mark me well: Religion is my name;
An angel once, but now a fury grown,
Too often talk'd of, but too little known:
It is for me, my sons, that ye engage,
And spend the fury of your idle rage?
'Tis false; unmanly spleen your bosom warms,
And a pretended zeal your fancy charms.
Where have I taught you in the sacred page
To construe moderation into rage;
To affront the power from whence your safety springs,
And poorly blast the memory of kings?

Branded with infamy, ye shun the light,
But court, like birds obscene, the covert of the night.
Is then unlawful riot fit to be
The great supporter of my church and me?
Think ye, weak men, she's of her foes afraid,
Or wants the assistance of your feeble aid?
When round her throne seraphic warriors stand
And form upon her side a heavenly band:
When, fix'd as fate, her deep foundation lies,
And spreads where'er my ANNA's glory flies.
Think on the intended ruins of the day,
When to proud Rome ye were design'd a prey:
With wonder read those fatal times again,
And call to mind the melancholy scene:
When down its rapid stream the torrent bore
Your country's laws, and safety was no more;
Torn from your altars, ye were forced to roam
In needy exile from your native home.
'Twas then, my sons, your mighty William rose,
And bravely fell like lightning on your foes:
With royal pity he deplored your fate,
And stood the Atlas of your sinking state.
When sacrifice on idol altars slain
Polluted all the isle and dyed the plain;
Rome's mob of saints did all your temples fill,
And consecrated groves crown'd every hill;
'Twas then, Josiah-like, that he defaced
Their pagan rites, and laid their altars waste;
Drove out their idols from their loved abodes,
And pounded into dust their molten gods:
Israel's true Lord was to his rule restored,
Again his name was heard and was again adored.
"Wondering, ye saw your great deliverer come,
But while he warr'd abroad, ye rail'd at home;
Dreadfully gay in arms, but scorn'd in peace,
The useless buckler of inglorious ease:
O poor and short-lived glory and renown!
O false unenvied pleasures of a crown!
So soon are all thy shining honors fled,
Traduced while living, and defamed when dead.
Strange fate of heroes, who like comets blaze,
And with a sudden light the world amaze:
But when with fading beams they quit the skies,
No more to shine the wonder of our eyes;
Their glories spent, and all their fiery store,
We scorn the omens which we fear'd before.
"My royal Anne, whom every virtue crowns,
Feels your ill-govern'd rage, nor 'scapes your frowns;
Your want of duty ye supply with spite,
Traduce her councils, and her heroes slight;
Lampoon the mildness of her easy sway,
And sicken at the light of her superior day;

Poison her sweets of life with groundless fears,
And fill her royal breast with anxious cares.
What! such a queen, where Art and Nature join
To hit the copy of a form divine:
Unerring Wisdom purged the dross away,
And form'd your Anna of a nobler clay:
Breathing a soul in which in glory shone
Goodness innate, and virtue like its own;
She knows how far engaging sweetness charms,
And conquers more by mildness than by arms:
Like Sampson's riddle in the sacred song,
A springing sweet still flowing from the strong;
Like hasty sparks her slow resentment dies,
Her rigor lagging, but her mercy flies.
Hail, pious princess! mightiest of thy name,
Though last begotten, yet the first in fame:
Those glorious heroines we in story see
Were but the fainter types of greater thee.
Let others take a lustre from the throne;
You shine with brighter glories of your own,
Add worth to worth, and dignify a crown.
Oft have I mark'd with what a studious care
My words you ponder and my laws revere:
To thee, great queen, what elegies are due,
Who both protect the flock and feed the shepherds too![1]
For which I still preside o'er thy alarms,
And add a shining lustre to thy arms:
I form'd the battle, and I gave the word,
And rode with conquest on thy Ormond's sword:
When Anjou's fleet yielded its Indian store,
And at thy sacred feet deposed the silver ore;
I sent the goddess, when Victoria came,
And raised thy Churchill to immortal fame,
And Hochstet's bloody field advanced the hero's name;
Nor shall thy glories or thy triumphs cease,
But thy rough wars shall soften into peace.
Charles[2] shall from thee his diadem receive,
And shining pomp which you alone can give;
The Gallic lion, list'ning at his shore,
Shall fear to tempt the British dangers more,
But skulk in deserts where he used to roar:
Admiring worlds before thy throne shall stand,
And willing nations bend to thy command.
"For you, ye inveterate enemies to peace,
Whom kings can ne'er oblige, nor heaven can please;
Who, blindly zealous, into faction run,
And make those dangers you'd be thought to shun;
For shame, the transports of your rage give o'er,
And let your civil feuds be heard no more:
To the wise conduct of my Anna trust;
Know your own good, and to yourselves be just:

[1] Alluding to her grants to the clergy. [2] The archduke Charles.

And, when with grief you see your brother stray,
Or in a night of error lose his way,
Direct his wandering, and restore the day.
To guide his steps, afford your kindest aid,
And gently pity whom ye can't persuade;
Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
For, O, remember, he's your brother still:
Let healing mercy through your actions shine,
And let your lives confess your cause divine."
Frowning, the goddess spoke, and straight withdrew,
Scatt'ring ambrosial odors as she flew;
Her trembling sons, immoderately scared,
Fled from th' uneasy truths which suddenly they heard.

No. II.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

BURLESQUED.

Orpheus, a one-eyed blearing Thracian,
The crowder of that barb'rous nation,
Was ballad-singer by vocation;
Who, up and down the country strolling,
And with his strains the mob cajoling,
Charm'd 'em as much as each man knows
Our modern farces do our beaux:
To hear whose voice they left their houses,
Their food, their handicrafts, and spouses;
Whilst, by the mercury of his song,
He threw the staring, gaping throng
(A thing deserving admiration)
Into a copious salivation.
From hence came all those monstrous stories,
That to his lays wild beasts danced borees;
That after him, where'er he rambled,
The lion ramp'd and the bear gamboll'd,
And rocks and caves (their houses) ambled:
For sure, the monster mob includes
All beasts, stones, stocks, in solitudes.
He had a spouse, yclept Eurydice,
As tight a lass as e'er your eye did see;
Who, being caress'd one day by Morpheus,
In absence of her husband, Orpheus,
As in the god's embrace she lay,
Died, not by metaphor they say,
But the ungrateful literal way:
For a modern's [Tasso] pleased to say by't,
From sleep to death there's but a way-bit.
Orpheus at first, to appearance grieving,
For one he had oft wish'd damn'd while living,
That he might play her her farewell,
Resolved to take a turn to hell,

(For spouse, he guess'd, was gone to the devil):
There was a husband damnably civil!
Playing a merry strain that day,
Upon th' infernal king's highway,
He caper'd on, as who should say,
Since spouse has pass'd the Stygian ferry,
Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry;
And wights who travel that way daily,
Jog on by his example gaily.
Thus scraping, he to hell advanced:
When he came there the devil danced;
All hell was with the frolic taken,
And with a huge huzza was shaken.
All hell broke loose, and they who were
One moment past plunged in despair,
Sung, Hang sorrow, cast away care!
But Pluto, with a spiteful prank,
Ungrateful devil, did Orpheus thank.
Orpheus, said he, I like thy strain
So well, that here's thy wife again:
But on those terms receive the blessing,
Till thou'rt on earth forbear possessing.
He who has play'd like thee in hell
Might e'en do t'other thing as well;
And shades of our eternal night
Were not design'd for such delight.
Therefore, if such in hell thou usest,
Thy spouse immediately thou losest.
Quoth Orpheus, I am manacled, I see:
You and your gift be damn'd, thought he;
And shall be, if my skill don't fail me,
And if the devil does not ail me.
Now Orpheus saw importance free,
By which once more a slave was he.
The damn'd changed presently their notes,
And stretch'd with hideous howl their throats;
And two and two together link'd,
Their chains with horrid music clink'd;
And in the concert, yell and fetlock
Express'd the harmony of wedlock.
He, by command, then lugg'd his dowdy
To Acheron, with many a how-d'ye;
But, as the boat was tow'rd them steering,
The rogue, with wicked ogle leering,
Darted at her fiery glances,
Which kindled in her furious fancies.
Her heart did thick as any drum beat,
Alarming Amazon to combat.
He soon perceives it, and too wise is
Not to lay hold on such a crisis:
His moity on the bank he threw,
Whilst thousand devils look'd askew.

Thus spouse, who knew what long repentance
Was to ensue by Pluto's sentence,
Could not forbear her recreation
One poor half-day, to avoid damnation.
Her from his arms the Furies wrung,
And into hell again they flung.
He, singing thus, repass'd the ferry,—
"Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry."

No. III.

ACTÆON;

OR, THE ORIGINAL OF HORN FAIR.

Some time about the month of July,
Or else our ancient authors do lie,
Diana, whom poetic noddies
Would have us think to be some goddess,
(Though, in plain truth, a witch she was,
Who sold grey peas at Ratcliff-cross,)
Went to the up-setting of a neighbor,
Having before been at her labor.
The gossips had of punch a bowlful!
Which made them all sing, O be joyful!
A folly took them in the noddle,
Their over-heated bums to coddle;
So they at Limehouse took a sculler,
And cramm'd it so, no egg was fuller.
With tide of ebb, they got to Eriff,
Where Punchinello once was sheriff.
Our jovial crew then made a halt,
To drink some Nantz, at what-d'ye-call't.
And thence, if any cared a fart for't
Went to a stream that comes from Dartford;
Where all unrigg'd, in good decorum,
As naked as their mothers bore them;
And soon their tattling did outdo
An Irish howl or hubbubboo.
"O la," cries one, to joke the aptest,
"Methinks I've grown an anabaptist;
If to be dipp'd to grace prefers,
I'm graced and soused over head and ears."
Whilst thus she talk'd, all of a sudden
They grew as mute as hasty-pudding:
Daunted at th' unexpected sounds
Of hollaing men and yelping hounds,
Who soon came up and stood at bay
At those who wish'd themselves away.
But, to increase their sad disaster.
After the curs appear'd their master;
Actæon named, a country gent,
Who, hard by somewhere, lived in Kent;

And hunting loved more than his victuals,
And cry of hounds 'bove sound of fiddles.
He saw his dogs neglect their sport,
Having sprung game of better sort;
Which put him in a fit of laughter,
Not dreaming what was coming after.
Bless me! how the young lecher stared!
How pleasingly the spark was scared!
With hidden charms his eyes he fed,
And to our females thus he said:
"Hey, jingo! what the de'il's the matter;
Do mermaids swim in Dartford water?
The poets tell us they have skill in
That sweet melodious art of singing:
If to that tribe you do belong,
Faith, ladies, come — let's have a song.
What, silent! ne'er a word to spare me?
Nay, frown not, for you cannot scare me.
Ha, now I see you are mere females,
Made to delight and pleasure us males.
Faith, ladies, do not think me lavish,
If five or six of you I ravish.
I'gad, I must." This did so frighten
The gossips, they seem'd thunder-smitten.
At last Diana takes upon her
To vindicate their injured honor;
And by some necromantic spells,
Strong charms, witchcraft or something else,
In twinkling of the shell of oyster,
Transmogrified the rampant royster
Into a thing some call a no-man,
Unfit to love or please a woman.
The poets, who love to deceive you,
(For once believe them, who'd believe you?)
Say that, to quench his lecherous fire,
Into a stag she changed the squire;
Which made him fly o'er hedges skipping
Till his own hounds had spoil'd his tripping.
But I, who am less given to lying,
Than jolly rakes to think of dying,
Do truly tell you here between us,
She only spoil'd the spark for Venus;
Which soon his blood did so much alter,
He cared for love less than for a halter:
No more the sight of naked beauty
Could prompt his vigor to its duty:
And in this case, you may believe,
He hardly stay'd to take his leave.
He had a wife, and she, poor woman,
Soon found in him something uncommon.
In vain she strived, young, fair, and plump,
To rouse to joy the senseless lump.

She from a drone, alas! sought honey,
And from an empty pocket money.
Thus used, she for her ease contrives
That sweet revenge of slighted wives;
And soon of horns a pair most florid
Were by her grafted on his forehead;
At sight of which his shame and anger
Made him first curse, then soundly bang her.
And then his rage, which overpower'd him,
Made poets say his dogs devour'd him.
At Cuckhold's Point he died with sadness;
(Few in his case now show such madness;)
Whilst gossips, pleased at his sad case,
Straight fix'd his horns just on the place,
Lest the memory on't should be forgotten,
When they, poor souls, were dead and rotten;
And then from queen Dick got a patent,
On Charlton-green to set up a tent;
Where once a-year, with friends from Wapping,
They tell how they were taken napping.
The following age improved the matter,
And made two dishes of a platter.
The tent where they used to repair
Is now become a jolly fair;
Where, every eighteenth of October,
Comes citizen demure and sober,
With basket, shovel, pickaxe, stalking,
To make a way for's wife to walk in:
Where, having laid out single money,
In buying horns for dearest honey,
O'er furmity, pork, pig, and ale,
They cheer their souls, and tell this tale.

THE FAMOUS SPEECHMAKER OF ENGLAND;

Or Baron (*alias* Barren) Lovel's *Charge at the Assizes at* **Exon**, *April* 5, 1710.

——— Risum teneatis?

From London to Exon,
By special direction,
Came down the world's wonder,
Sir Salathiel Blunder,
With a quoif on his head
As heavy as lead;
And thus open'd and said:—
Gentlemen of the grand Inquest,
Her majesty, mark it,
Appointed this circuit
For me and my brother,
Before any other;

To execute laws,
As you may suppose,
Upon such as offenders have been.
So then, not to scatter
More words on the matter,
We're beginning just now to begin.
But hold — first and foremost, I must enter a clause,
As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
Which here I aver
Are better by far
Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea;
For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy
The laws of our land
Don't abet, but withstand,
Inquisition and thrall,
And whatever may gall,
And fire withal;
And sword, that devours
Wherever it scowers:
They preserve liberty and property, for which [1] dull and
And they are made for the support of good go
Her majesty, knowing
The best way of going
To work for the weal of the nation,
Builds on that rock
Which all storms will mock,
Since religion is made the foundation,
And, I tell you to boot, she
Resolves resolutely
No promotion to give
To the best man alive,
In church or in state,
(I'm an instance of that,)
But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.
Fire! Fire! a wild-fire,
* * * * * * * * * *[1]
Which greatly disturbs the queen's peace,
Lies running about;
And if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:
And any may spy,
With half of an eye,
That it comes from our priests and papistical fry.
Ye have one of these fellows,
With fiery bellows,
Come hither to blow and to puff here;
Who, having been toss'd
From pillar to post,
At last vents his rascally stuff here:
Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,
When they ought to preach nothing but what's very godly;

[1] A line seems to be wanting here.

As here from this place we charge you to do,
As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who,
Ye have a diocesan,—[1]
But I don't know the man;—
They tell me, however,
The man's a good liver,
And fiery never!
Now, ye under-pullers,
That wear such black colors,
How well would it look,
If his measures ye took,
Thus for head and for rump
Together to jump;
For there's none deserve places,
I speak't to their faces,
But men of such graces,
And I hope he will never prefer any asses;
Especially when I'm so confident on't,
For reasons of state, that her majesty won't.
Know, I myself, I
Was present and by
At the great trial, where there was a geat company,
Of a turbulent preacher, who, cursedly hot,
Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder plot,
Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what;
Exclaiming like fury—it was at Paul's, London—
How church was in danger, and like to be undone,
And so gave the lie to gracious queen Anne;
And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men:
And then printed a book,
Into which men did look;
True, he made a good text;
But what follow'd next
Was naught but a dunghill of sordid abuses
Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
It was high time of day
That such inflamma-
tion should be extinguish'd without more delay;
But there was no engine could possibly do't,
Till the commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it out.
So the man was tried for't,
Before highest court:
Now it's plain to be seen
It's his principles I mean,
Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to bellow:
Which over, the blade
A poor punishment had
For that racket he made.
By which ye may know
They thought, as I do,
That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.

[1] Dr. Offspring Blackall. He was made bishop of Exeter in 1707.

Upon this I find here,
And everywhere,
That the country rides rusty, and is all out of geer:
And for what?
May I not
In opinion vary,
And think the contrary,
But it must create
Unfriendly debate,
And disunion straight;
When no reason in nature
Can be given of the matter,
Any more than for shapes or for different stature?
If you love your dear selves, your religion or queen,
Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men:
For nothing disgusts her
Like making a bluster:
And your making this riot
Is what she would cry at,
Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.
I would ask any man
Of them all that maintain
Their passive obedience
With such mighty vehemence,
That damn'd doctrine, I trow!
What he means by it ho',
To trump it up now?
Or to tell me in short,
What need there is for't?
Ye may say I am hot,
I say I am not;
Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
There are those alive yet,
If they do not forget,
May remember what mischiefs it did church and state:
Or at least must have heard
The deplorable calamities
It drew upon families,
About sixty years ago and upward.
And now, do ye see,
Whoever they be
That make such an oration
In our protestant nation,
As though church was all on a fire, —
With whatever cloak
They may cover their talk,
And wheedle the folk,
That the oaths they have took,
As our governors strictly require; —
I say they are men — (and I'm a judge ye all know) —
That would our most excellent laws overthrow;
For the greater part of them to church never go;

Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance is,
If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.
Their aim is, no doubt,
Were they made to speak out,
To pluck down the queen, that they make all this rout;
And to set up, moreover,
A bastardly brother;
Or at least to prevent the house of Hanover.
Ye gentlemen of the jury,
What means all this fury,
Of which I'm inform'd by good hands I assure ye;
This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
And breaking of windows, which you know maketh breaches?
Ye ought to resent it,
And in duty present it,
For the law is against it;
Not only the actors engaged in this job,
But those that encourage and set on the mob:
The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
Have strove what they could all this rage to suppress;
And I hope many more
Will exert the like power,
Since none will, depend on't,
Get a jot of preferment,
But men of this kidney, as I told you before.—
I'll tell you a story: Once upon a time,
Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
And so were so weak
('Twas a mighty mistake)
To pull down and abuse
Bawdy-houses and stews;
Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, for that very reason.
When the time came about
For us all to set out,
We went to take leave of the queen;
Where were great men of worth,
Great heads, and so forth,
The greatest that ever were seen:
And she gave us a large
And particular charge;—
Good part on't indeed
Is quite out of my head;—
But I remember she said,
We should recommend peace and good neighbor-
hood where-
soever we came; and so I do here;
For that every one, not only men and their wives,
Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;
And told us withal that she fully expected
A special account how ye all stood affected;

When we 've been at St. James's you 'll hear of the matter.
Again then I charge ye,
Ye men of the clergy,
That ye follow the track all
Of your own bishop Blackall,
And preach, as ye should,
What 's savory and good;
And together all cling,
As it were in a string;
Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
Now we 're treating with monsieur, — that son of his mother.

Then proceeded on the common matters of the law, and concluded —

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
I charge you all present, by way of request, —
If ye honor as I do
Our dear royal widow,
Or have any compassion
For church or the nation,
And would live a long while
In continual smile,
And eat roast and boil,
And not be forgotten
When ye are dead and rotten, —
That ye would be quiet and peaceably dwell,
And never fall out, but p—s in a quill.

PARODY

ON THE RECORDER OF BLESSINGTON'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ANNE.

Mr. William Crowe, Recorder of Blessington's Address to her Majesty, as copied from the London Gazette.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,

The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder, Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Blessington.

May it please your Majesty,

Though we stand almost last on the roll of boroughs of this your majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and therefore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press but late among the joyful crowd about your royal throne, yet we beg leave to assure your majesty that we come behind none in our good affection to your sacred person and government; insomuch that the late surprising accounts from Germany have filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow-subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed the field to that degree that thirty squadrons, part of the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water, not able to stand their fire, and drank their last draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before committed on its injured banks, thereby putting an end to their master's long-boasted victories: a glorious push indeed, and worthy a general of the queen of England. And we are not a little pleased to find several gentlemen in considerable

posts of your majesty's army, who drew their first breath in this country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so effectually put in execution the command of your gallant enterprising general, whose twin-battles have, with his own title of Marlborough, given immortality to the otherwise perishing names of Schellenberg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born under stars as propitious to England as that he now wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate with a joy proportioned to the success of your majesty's fleet our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe the French obliged to steer their wonted course for security to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards' ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and maintained by your majesty's subjects.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power of France be such as may soon turn your wreaths of laurel into branches of olive; that after the toils of a just and honorable war, carried on by a confederacy of which your majesty is most truly, as of the faith, styled defender, we may live to enjoy, under your majesty's auspicious government, the blessings of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the power of him to violate, who, but for his own unreasonable conveniency, destructive always of his neighbors, never yet kept any. And, to complete our happiness, may your majesty again prove to *your own family* what you have been so eminently to the true church—a nursing mother. So wish and so pray, may it please your majesty, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects and devoted humble servants.

This address was presented January 17, 1705.

Mr. William Crowe's Address to her Majesty, turned into Metre.

From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses and as many people,
There went an address in great form and good order,
Composed as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their recorder.
And thus it began to an excellent tune:
Forgive us, good madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this nation
Wish your majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,
Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first to show our good breeding.
We have heard with much transport and great satisfaction
Of the victory obtain'd in the late famous action,
When the field was so warm'd that it soon grew too hot,
For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to pot,
But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
And leap into the water for fear of the fire.
But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
Do ye think to swim through me, and that I'll not drown ye,
Who have ravish'd, and murder'd, and play'd such damn'd pranks,
And trod down the grass on my much injured banks?
Then swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
He gave the poor monsieur his last draught of drink.

So it plainly appears they were very well bang'd,
And that some may be drown'd who deserved to be hang'd.
Great Marlbro' well push'd: 'twas well push'd indeed:
Oh, how we adore you because you succeed!
And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
That you have got twins by your violent pushing;
Twin battles I mean, that will ne'er be forgotten,
But live and be talk'd of when we're dead and rotten.
Let other nice lords skulk at home from the wars,
Prank'd up and adorn'd with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed I'm sure very soon
'Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the mool:
A blazing star, I foretell, 'twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.
Now God bless your majesty and our lord Murrough,
And send him in safety and health to his borough.

JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION;

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

To the Tune of "I'll tell thee, Dick," &c.

I.

Ye commons and peers,
Pray lend me your ears,
I'll sing you a song, (if I can,)
How Lewis le Grand,
Was put to a stand,
By the arms of our gracious queen Anne.

II.

How his army so great
Had a total defeat,
And close by the river Dender;
Where his grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the popish pretender.

III.

To a steeple on high,
The battle to spy,
Up mounted these clever young men;
But when from the spire
They saw so much fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

IV.

Then on horseback they got
All on the same spot,

By advice of their cousin Vendome;
O Lord! cried out he,
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Would your brother and you were at home!

V.

While this he did say,
Without more delay
Away the young gentry fled;
Whose heels for that work,
Were much lighter than cork,
Though their hearts were as heavy as lead.

VI.

Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave,
In this bloody field I assure ye:
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

VII.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,
Which runs in his viens so blue:
For this gallant young man,
Being a-kin to QUEEN ANNE,
Did as (were she a man) she would do.

VIII.

What a racket was here,
(I think 'twas last year,)
For a little misfortune in Spain!
For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the puts in,
To lose all they're worth this campaign.

IX.

Though *Bruges* and Ghent
To *Monsieur* we lent,
With interest they shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may sing
With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimittis instead of *Te Deum*.

X.

From this dream of success,
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great Marlborough's drums:
They may think, if they will,
Of Almanza still,
But 'tis Blenheim wherever he comes.

XI.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What general next!
Thou hast hitherto changed in vain:
He has beat 'em all round;
If no new one's found,
He shall beat 'em over again.

XII.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improved, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* ale
At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in belly.

XIII.

But as losers at play
Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on;
Let who will command,
Thou hadst better disband,
For, old Bully, thy doctors are gone.

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

When Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab grieved to be denied;
And thus accosted him with scorn:
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
A king, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head:
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hall, of small scripture conversation,
Yet, howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident, had got
The story of this garden-plot —
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolved, in humble sort,
To begin first and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two,

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET,[1] THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.

THE success of this *jeu d'esprit* was prodigious. The allusion to Godolphin's family name, Sidney, and to his staff of office, are sufficiently obvious.

THE rod was but a harmless wand
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphosed by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resumed the figure of a stick.
So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, raised by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,[2]
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,[3]
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divined
How well a cully's purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake
Stood without motion like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he used to fish withal;
A place was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;

[1] Earl Godolphin.
[2] The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.
[3] Supposed to allude to the Union.

Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and saved his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th' enchanted rod was broke
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIRLOOM, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nursed.
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles mather's shop,
Or glittering tinsel of may-fair,
Could with the rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then returned to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in —.

THE RECORDER'S SPEECH TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 4TH JULY, 1711;

WITH A PARODY UPON IT, WHICH IS PERHAPS BY SWIFT.

THIS city can omit no opportunity of expressing their hearty affection for her majesty's person and government; and their regard for your grace, who has the honor of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my lord, a grateful remembrance of the mild and just administration of the government of this kingdom by your noble ancestors; and, when we consider the share your grace had in the happy

Revolution in 1688, and the many good laws you have procured us since, particularly that for preventing the farther growth of popery, we are assured that that liberty and property, that happy constitution in church and state, to which we were restored by king William of glorious memory, will be inviolably preserved under your grace's administration. And we are persuaded that we cannot more effectually recommend ourselves to your grace's favor and protection than by assuring you that we will, to the utmost of our power, contribute to the honor and safety of her majesty's government, the maintenance of the succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and open attempts of the pretender and all his abettors.

The Recorder's Speech explained by the Tories.

An ancient metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the church and for nosing the state,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order,
Made the following speech by their mouth, the recorder:
First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster's town.

The Speech.

May it please your grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell
That we love the queen's person and government well;
Then next, to your grace we this compliment make,
That our worships regard you, but 'tis for her sake:
Though our mouth be a Whig, and our head a dissenter,
Yet salute you we must, 'cause you represent her:
Nor can we forget, sir, that some of your line
Did with mildness and peace in this government shine.
But of all your exploits, we'll allow but one fact,
That your grace has procured us a Popery Act.
By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,
We give no other proof of your zeal to your prince;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It's then only we hope that whilst you rule o'er us
You'll tread in the steps of king William the glorious,
Whom we're always adoring, though hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, although he be dead;
Which shows that good zeal may be founded in spleen,
Since a dead prince we worship to lessen the queen.
And as for her majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin the popish pretender.
Our valiant militia will stoutly stand by her
Against the sly Jack and the sturdy high-flier.
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence bless her,
And Hanover's sure to be next her successor.
Thus ended the speech, but what heart would not pity
His grace, almost choked with the breath of the city!

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE LORD-TREASURER OXFORD. 1710.

ATLAS, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedlar does his pack;
But, as the pedlar overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.
Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet when the weight of kingdom lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710–11.

ON Britain Europe's safety lies,
Britain is left if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.[1]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG:

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE. 1711.

AN orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day like a Finch.[2]

---

[1] I told lord-treasurer of four lines I writ extempore, with my pencil, on a bit of paper, in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste-paper of them; and he never heard of them."—*Journal to Stella*, Feb. 19, 1711–12.

[2] Lord Nottingham's family name.

I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
And, "mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH.

Whereas, nowithstanding I am in great pain
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, most noble senators, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
The duke show'd me all his fine house; and the duchess
From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cramm'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But some will cry turn-coat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends while I'm *Not-in-game.*
When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master king James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage and stood at defiance,
For Daniel[1] was got from the den of the lions:
I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than hang, I would be *Not-in-game.*
I swore to the queen that the prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over;
I made use of a trope; that "an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote
That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why? I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game.*
Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace, with Spain or without:
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound,—
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,—
I'll speech against peace while *Dismal's* my name,
And be a true Whig while I'm *Not-in-game.*

[1] This was the earl's christian name.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.

"About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. W——, F. R. S., where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present."

When *a holy black Swede*, the *son of Bob*,[1]
With a *saint*[2] at his chin, and a *seal*[2] at his fob,
Shall not see *one new-year's-day*[3] in that year,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor[4] and *Bristow*[4] then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-countree*.[4]
Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*[5]
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But, spite of *the Harpy*[6] that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But England must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.[7]
And, dear England, if ought I understand,
Beware of *Carrots*[8] from *Northumberland*.
Carrots sown *Thynne*[9] a deep root may get,
If so be they are in *Somer set;*

[1] Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol.
[2] He was dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal.
[3] The new style (which was not used in Great Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe.
[4] Alluding to the deanery and bishopric being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.
[5] Earl of Nottingham. [6] Duke of Marlborough.
[7] The treasurer's wand taken from Harley, whose second title was lord *Mortimer*.
[8] The duchess of Somerset.
[9] Thomas Thynne of Longleate, esq., married the above lady after the death of her first husband, Henry Cavendish, earl of Ogle.

Their *Conyngs mark*[1] thou; for I have been told
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these Carrots, O *thou*,[2] whose name
Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;
And keep close to thee always that name,
Which *backwards* and *forwards*[3] is almost the same.
And, England, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill*.[4]

CORINNA, A BALLAD. 1712.

This day (the year I dare not tell)
  Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
  And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
  Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands and rub her gums,
  While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
  Of love shall always speak and write;"
"And I pronounce," the Satyr said,
  "The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

Her talent she display'd betimes;
  For in twice twelve revolving moons
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
  And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
  Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid;
  And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song how little miss
  Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:
And how when master went to ——,
  Miss came and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve, a wit and a coquette;
  Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
  Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

Her commonplace-book all gallant is,
  Of scandal now a cornucopia;
She pours it out in Atalantis,
  Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

---

[1] Count Koningsmark. [2] ANNA. [3] MASHAM.
[4] Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS. 1712.

Midas, we are in story told,
Turn'd everything he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground;
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, by wise farmers we are told
Old hay is equal to old gold:
And hence a critic deep maintains
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.

This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapp'd asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art and kept his ears.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call:
And there's the jest, for pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has asses' ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hands so much,
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.
While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may't do them that have caught em,
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears and dirty hands.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from HORACE, lib. i. epist. 5.

SWIFT mentions the satire in his Journal, 1st. July, 1712.—"Have you seen Toland's Invitation to *Dismal?* How do you like it! But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not understand Horace." It is again mentioned in the 17th of the same month.

IF dearest *Dismal*, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calf's head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
How by brave hands the royal traitor fell;

The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
While an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast, "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly show our spite,
And talk what fools call treason all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine e'en Scarborough is brave,
Hal[1] grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
Ye shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love,
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace,
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place;
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.
Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with king Charles and bishop Laud,
Or make you fast and carry you to prayers;
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL. 1712.

To the tune of "The king shall enjoy his own again."

I.

Spite of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,

[1] Right honorable Henry Boyle.

For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will, or ought to end in ropes
"But the queen shall enjoy her own again."

II.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double Dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
Old Godolphin, full of spleen,
Made false moves, and lost his queen;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
But a prince of high renown
Swore he'd rather lose a crown,
"Than the queen should enjoy her own again."

III.

Our merchant-ships may cut the line,
And not be snapp'd by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine,
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise cent. per cent.
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain,
We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
"And the queen shall enjoy her own again."

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good;
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the lord of Oxford swears
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to general Hill:
"For the queen now enjoys her own again."

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

Harley, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast,)
Observed a parson near Whitehall,
Cheapening old authors on a stall,
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humor in his face;

Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now disposed to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis[1] go in quest,
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favor)—
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory
Lewis his patron's humor knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleased, said what he thought,
Not rich, but owed no man a groat:
In state opinion *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the doctor straight, and say
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried:
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout
Where painted monsters are hung out:

[1] The treasurer's secretary.

He pull'd the string and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse —
"My lord, the honor you design'd —
Extremely proud — but I had dined —
I'm sure I never should neglect —
No man alive has more respect" —
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."
The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grew domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early and departed late;
In short the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor take his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the Park to ride,
In winter — never to reside.
A canon! — that's a place too mean;
No, doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs, and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats —
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now, all the doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind,
And Parvisol[1] discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

[1] The dean's agent, a Frenchman.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read[1] would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, reverend dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much that you neglect yourself,
What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye:
Or is your money out at use?"—
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The doctor in a passion cried,)
"Your raillery is misapplied;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

(A few of the first lines are wanting.)

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * By an old ——— pursued,
A crazy prelate,[2] and a royal prude;[3]
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God.
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humor and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconciled divinity and wit:
He mov'd and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;

[1] The lord-treasurer's porter.

[2] Dr. John Sharpe, who, for some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, had been suspended, May 14, 1686, was raised from the deanery of Canterbury to the archbishopric of York, July 5, 1691; and died February 2, 1712–13.

[3] Queen Anne.

Despised luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;
At Child's or Truby's,[1] never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secured by numbers from the laymen's gibes:
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
And now, the public interest to support
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favor grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private when superiors wait:
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor, Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks: the yeomen cry,
"Make room," as if a duke were passing by.
Now Finch[2] alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.
Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislabie,[3] to clear the doubt,
Inform the commons that the secret's out
"A certain doctor is observed of late
To haunt a certain minister of state:
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
York is from Lambeth sent to show the queen
A dangerous treatise[4] writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon,[5] and repents too late.
Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ******* spouse:[6]
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incensed his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.[7]

---

[1] Coffeehouses frequented by the clergy.
[2] Daniel Finch, earl of Nottingham.
[3] John Aislaby, then M.P. for Rippon. They both spoke against him in the house of commons.
[4] Tale of a Tub. [5] He sent a message to ask Swift's pardon.
[6] Insert "*murder'd.*" The duchess's first husband, Thomas Thynne, esq., was assassinated in Pall Mall by banditti, the emissaries of count Coningsmarc.
[7] The duke of Argyle.

Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.[1]
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favor once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean!
Now Delawar[2] again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ears thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.[3]
By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE.

Observe the dying father speak,
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot:
And strove, by turns, to break the fagot:
In vain: the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done;
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable and the moral.
This tale may be applied in few words,
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others, who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarterstaffs instead of white;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

---

[1] For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."
[2] Then lord-treasurer of the household.
[3] He was visited by the Scotch lords more than ever.

In history we never found
The consul's fasces were unbound;
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The prætor broke the consul's head!
Or consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the prætor down!
Come, courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt,[1] bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Despatch, or else that rascal Northey[2]
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.
To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King and Hambden!
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE. 1714.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
["[3] But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
"If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:

---

[1] Lord-chancellor.
[2] Sir Edward Northey, attorney-general.
[3] The twenty lines within hooks were added by Mr. Pope.

Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day
And find his honor in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case —
That begs my interest for a place —
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.

"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone —"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two —
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd;
Consider, 'tis my first request." —
Be satisfied I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not if his lordship knew —
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you ——"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And choose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" "And how's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaimed at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête;*
What! they admire him for his jokes? —
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great:
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret" — I protest
'Tis one to me — "Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.[1]

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714.

"Eu qui promittit, cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum."
HOR. SAT. I. vi.

DICK, thou'rt resolved, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And with the help of Buckley's pen
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair,)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout.
With — who is in — and who is out?
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state:
And of that dreadful *coup d'éclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth! (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'rt got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,

---

[1] Thus far was translated by Dr. Swift in 1714.

Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eased thy conscience
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last — and so the story ends."[1]
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses — some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands — others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Did'st in thy calling do thy best.
But now the senate (if things hit,
And thou at Stockbridge wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire.
Thee with immortal honors crown,
While, patriot-like, thou'lt strut and frown.
What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel which adorns thy head
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idle faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces:
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter;)
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory

[1] This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele had long threatened the town.

Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.[1]
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp[2] keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney[3] thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now, manfully thou'lt run a tilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enriched by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the christian world complain."
Dick, we agree — all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for polities and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair,
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart.
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspired, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Phillips, Dennis,
Immortalise our Dolls and Jennys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING POET'S INVITATION TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY-WRITER AND MEMBER, TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM IN THE MINT. 1714.

Fit to be bound with THE CRISIS.

If thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we minters, with ragouts unstored,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;

---

[1] Abel Roper, a Tory bookseller.
[2] The duke and duchess of Marlborough then resided at Antwerp.
[3] General Macartney, second to lord Mohun in the fatal duel with the duke of Hamilton.

Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on proposals musing.
'Tis true that Bloomsbury-square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy case!
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,
With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's-field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
Here I, even I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovoked without, and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail,
My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every country's generous produce.
The ready (for here christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquor out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flash or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Made thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honor, not thyself.
But if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,

Bid them be brought! for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us hold contentment for a feast.
The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter-eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious author of The Lover.
Cease, therefore, to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pr'ythee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,——
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.
Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweepers stepp'd,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shank's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.
Why has my lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare,
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:

As, in despite of a censorious race,
I must incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design
Whose stomach flows and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humor and to wit;
Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it 'stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,
And S******, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W******, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-seas-o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several countries.
What I have promised, thou may'st rest assured
Shall faithfully and gladly be procured,
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest thou at their sight should'st make wry faces,
The girl has scour'd the pots and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due provision has been made
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he's no other invitation
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left:
But their discourses smell so much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though, if I may my serious judgment give,
I'm wholly for king Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplexed:

And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer in a host:
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
While thou, who slunk through postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
Leav'st Phillips with good words to cheat their ears.

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND IN OCTOBER, 1714.

'Tis true — then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they;
But no obliging, tender friend,
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burthen grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expired to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715, ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT.

A Bitch, that was full pregnant grown
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and everywhere,
To find an easy place to lay her.
At length to Music's house[1] she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
I die if you refuse your help."
With fawning whine and rueful tone,
With artful sigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty[2] did so far prevail
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd — faith! she bit her;)
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For well she knew her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone,
In civil terms, "My friend," said she,
"My house you've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire
That you would with your cubs retire;
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
The guest replied — "My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way — for now, you see, they're blind;
But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
We'll to our barn again repair."
The time pass'd on; and Music came
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honor,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cried — "A bite! bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No sooner brought within the walls
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

[1] The church of England. [2] A Scotch name for a bitch, alluding to the kirk.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD-TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the Tower, 1716.

How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack;
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.
Virtue repulsed yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honor shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff,[1] nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favorites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.
Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me:
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER.

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
The Church has vapors; there's no danger nigh.
In those we love not we no danger see,
And were they hang'd there would no danger be.
But we must silent be amidst our fears,
And not believe our senses, but the peers.
So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then debauch the dame.

A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH.

High Church is undone,
As sure as a gun,
For old Peter Patch is departed;
And Eyres and Delaune,
And the rest of that spawn,
Are tacking about broken-hearted.

For strong Gill of Sarum,
That *decoctum amarum*,
Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail;
Which will make them resign
Their flasks of French wine,
And spice up their Nottingham ale.

---

[1] The ensign of the lord-treasurer's office.

It purges the spleen
Of dislike to the queen,
And has one effect that is odder;
When easement they use,
They always will choose
The conformity bill for bumfodder.

A POEM

OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETON IS EXPRESSED.

Not asking or expecting aught,
One day I went to view the court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
Though thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
The faded colors spoke it old;
But wrought with curious imagery,
The figures lively seem'd and bold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
(In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo's frail;
Wisdom to nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer;
Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
There all, beneath, the flaming world.

What does this idle fiction mean?
Is truth at court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
Nor e'en in picture show its face?

No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,
By sweet tongued Ovid dress'd so fine;
It does important truths conceal,
And here was placed by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,
Worthy the cabinet of kings;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
In matchless verse the poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire
To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand, conspire,
To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,
By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
Alas! what strange confusion's bred!

If, either void of princely care,
Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein;
If rising heats or mad career,
Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain;

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
In wanton pride to show his skill,
How easily he can reduce
And curb the people's rage at will;

In wild uproar they hurry on; —
The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and religion overthrown,)
Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.

When, to a height their fury grown,
Finding, too late, he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaeton,
And truly sets the world on fire.

A TALE OF A NETTLE.

A MAN with expense and infinite toil,
By digging and dunging, ennobled his soil;
There fruits of the best your taste did invite,
And uniform order still courted the sight.
No degenerate weeds the rich ground did produce,
But all things afforded both beauty and use:
Till from dunghill transplanted, while yet but a seed,
A nettle rear'd up his inglorious head.
The gard'ner would wisely have rooted him up,
To stop the increase of a barbarous crop;
But the master forbid him, and after the fashion
Of foolish good nature, and blind moderation,
Forbore him through pity, and chose as much rather,
To ask him some questions first, how he came thither.
Kind sir, quoth the nettle, a stranger I come,
For conscience compell'd to relinquish my home,
'Cause I wouldn't subscribe to a mystery dark,
That the prince of all trees is the Jesuit's bark,[1]
An erroneous tenet I know, sir, that you,
No more than myself, will allow to be true.
To you I for refuge and sanctuary sue,
There's none so renown'd for compassion as you;
And, though in some things I may differ from these,
The rest of your fruitful and beautiful trees;
Though your digging and dunging, my nature much harms,
And I cannot comply with your garden in forms:
Yet I and my family, after our fashion,
Will peaceably stick to our own education.

[1] In allusion to the supremacy of Rome.

Be pleased to allow them a place for to rest 'em,
For the rest of your trees we will never molest 'em;
A kind shelter to us and protection afford,
We'll do you no harm, sir, I'll give you my word.
The good man was soon won by this plausible tale,
So fraud on good-nature doth often prevail.
He welcomes his guest, gives him free toleration
In the midst of his garden to take up his station,
And into his breast doth his enemy bring,
He little suspected the nettle could sting.
Till flush'd with success, and of strength to be fear'd,
Around him a numerous offspring he rear'd.
Then the master grew sensible what he had done.
And fain he would have his new guest to be gone;
But now 'twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well-rooted possession already was got.
The old trees decay'd, and in their room grew
A stubborn, pestilent, poisonous crew.
The master, who first the young brood had admitted
They stung like ingrates and left him unpitied.
No help from manuring or planting was found,
The ill weeds had eat out the heart of the ground.
All weeds they let in, and none they refuse
That would join to oppose the good man of the house.
Thus one nettle uncropp'd, increased to such store,
That 'twas nothing but weeds what was garden before.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720.

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

THIS ballad alludes to the dean's "Proposal for the use of Irish Manufactures," for which Waters the printer was prosecuted with great violence.

BROCADES and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes
Are, by Robert Ballantine, lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean.
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.
In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be clothed like a carcase would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder.
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book they were in a great fury,
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.
This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And if swearing can do't shall be swingingly maul'd;
And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS. 1720.

The bold encroachers on the deep,
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one general sweep
Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas,
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
Resume their own whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to strip the jays.

"Riches," the wisest monarch sings,
"Make pinions for themselves to fly;"
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o'er the bills and bags,
Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Exposed with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjuror takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

A baited banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his soul, who have his bonds;
'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepared,
And all his grand account to make!

For in that universal call
Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall!
Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they, in men's and angels' sight,
Produced with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance and found light!"

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG

In a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory, 1723.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, From thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?

A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjured dog denotes
Porter, and Pendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
WHIG. But you must know this dog was lame.
TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame: — proceed:
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.
WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.
TORY. I'm still to seek which dog you mean:
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,[1]
An English or an Irish hound:
Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every stander-by was marking
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dog's-head in a porridge-pot:
And 'twas but just; for wise men say
That every dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on 't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on 't:
And look'd, since he had got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish;
Yet this I dare fortell you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.
WHIG. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
WHIG. I proved my proposition full:
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years;
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolved to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decipher'd and translated:
His answers were exceedingly pretty,
Before the secret wise committee;
Confess'd as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot set his mark.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a dog in doublet:

[1] John Kelly, and Skin, or Skinner, were persons engaged in the plot.

The matter now no longer sticks:
For statesmen never want dog-tricks.
But since it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occasion for a plot;
And when we found the dog begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own it was a dangerous project,
And you have proved it by dog-logic.
Sure such intelligence between
A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops all are dogs indeed!

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate has sunk our Justice Boat;
Why should he sink where nothing seem'd to press
His lading little and his ballast less?
Toss'd in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length, his anchor fix'd and canvass furl'd,
To Lazy-hill[1] retiring from his court,
At his Ring's end[2] he founders in the port.
With water[3] fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are placed, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack:
Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack.[4]
He's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
Behold the awful bench on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet when his sand was out we find at last
That death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry;
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell;
A trade our Boat[5] has practised here so well:
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone to fill up his flaws.

---

[1] A street in Dublin, leading to the harbor.
[2] A village near the sea.
[3] It is said he died of a dropsy.
[4] A cant word for a Jacobite.
[5] In condemning malefactors as a judge.

Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus; and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's-green:[1]
And, when we view it thus, with thief at end on't,
We 'll cry; look, here's our Boat, and there's the pendant.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies judge Boat within a coffin:
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree
No boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S[2] MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

Libertas et natale solum:[3]
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now thy words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it,
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favor Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick;[4]
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious dean:
And, sixthly for my soul to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.[5]

---

[1] Where the Dublin gallows stands.
[2] That noted chief-justice who twice prosecuted the drapier, and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him.
[3] This motto is repeatedly mentioned in the Drapier's Letters.
[4] Allan Broderick, lord viscount Middleton, was then lord-chancellor of Ireland.
[5] Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

Now since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you 've spoken once true,
Libertas et natale solum:
You had good reason when you stole 'em

VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF BATH.

DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A.D. 1724.

By an unknown hand.

QUOTH king Robin, our ribbons I see are too few
Of St. Andrew's the green, and St. George's the blue.
I must find out another of color more gay,
That will teach all my subjects with pride to obey.
Though the exchequer be drain'd by prodigal donors,
Yet the king ne'er exhausted his fountain of honors.
Men of more wit than money our pensions will fit,
And this will fit men of more money than wit.
Thus my subjects with pleasure will obey my commands,
Though as empty as Younge, and as saucy as Sandes.
And he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER,

AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725.

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believed with reason,
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.

The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver-face again.
Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is silver all this while.
So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,[1]
Join'd with a brazen politician,[2]
Exposed, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment[3] of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurors to the devil;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

By long observation I have understood
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Enclosed *cap à pié*, in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears:
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone.[4]
The louse of the wood for a medicine is used,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruised.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood, either bruised or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possess'd,
Or sick of obtrusions and pains in her chest.
The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because like a watch it always cries click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding-hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;

[1] The duchess of Kendal. [2] Walpole, nick-named sir Robert Brass.
[3] The patent for coining halfpence. [4] He was in jail for debt.

The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing-statesman or favorite whore;
The death of our nation he seem'd to fortell
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the drapier has heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him;
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps[1] in a caldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a fagot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

PROMETHEUS,

ON WOOD[2] THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE. 1724.

I.

As when the squire and tinker Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chemic art
United close in every part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck.
So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, conformists, presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal interest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And every one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster,
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

---

[1] Counterfeit halfpence.
[2] See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's Letters.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong that from the lower end,
They say all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolved, and into money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass —
(Venus[1] was bribed to let it pass).

Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship raised;
No sacrifice on altars blazed;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amazed; but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye powers of Grubb-street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.

But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

[1] Duchess of Kendal again.

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725.

Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis:
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep,
Among a crew of roystering fellows,
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse;
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vaporing scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod,
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adulterate copper:
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better,)
Which, lighting on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, SUPPOSED TO BE MADE, AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND HALFPENNY-MONGER. — 1725.

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They'll sell to my grief
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing;
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the drapier and Harding.[1]

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d—d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden
Your neighbors will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade;[2]
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition;
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my petition.

[1] The drapier's printer.

[2] Two famous bankers.

A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin.
Which nobody can deny.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which nobody can deny.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His fivepence will prove but a farthing a-day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which nobody can deny.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which nobody can deny.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twentypence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which nobody can deny.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which nobody can deny.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which nobody can deny.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.
Which nobody can deny.

The squire possess'd of twelve thousand a-year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-room, I fear.
Which nobody can deny.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire's too wise, he will not take a souse.
Which nobody can deny.

The farmer who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which nobody can deny.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which nobody can deny.

The wisest of lawyers all swear they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't.
Which nobody can deny.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swopping her moles for the mange.
Which nobody can deny.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his majesty's kind.
Which nobody can deny.

Now God bless the drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which nobody can deny.

Nay, farther, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which nobody can deny.

That he and his halfpence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown:
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which nobody can deny.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Wood's;
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds.
Which nobody can deny.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or, egad, if you don't there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM UPON WILLIAM WOOD,

BRAZIER, TINKER, HARDWAREMAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE.

When foes are o'ercome we preserve them from slaughter,
To be hewers of wood and drawers of water.
Now although to draw water is not very good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.

I own it has often provoked me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter;
But ancient philosophers wisely remark
That old rotten wood will shine in the dark.
The heathens, we read, had gods made of wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good;
But this idol Wood may do us great evil;
Their gods were of wood, but our Wood is the devil.
To cut down fine wood is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down wood brings money good store,
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of wood;
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into fagots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name.
My tale is a wise one, if well understood;
Find you but the friar, and I'll find the Wood.

I hear among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out,
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech,
And said, "By my shoul he's the son of a BEECH."
Some call him a thorn, the curse of the nation,
As thorns were design'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret, and pray do not blab: —
He is an old stump, cut out of a crab;
And England has put this crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us verjuice;
And therefore his witnesses justly may boast
That none are more properly knights of the post.

But here Mr. Wood complains that we mock,
Though he may be a blockhead, he's no real block.
He can eat, drink, and sleep; now and then for a friend
He'll not be too proud an old kettle to mend;
He can lie like a courtier, and think it no scorn,
When gold's to be got, to forswear and suborn.
He can rap his own raps,[1] and has the true sapience,
To turn a good penny to twenty bad halfpence.
Then in spite of your sophistry, honest Will Wood
Is a man of this world, all true flesh and blood;
So you are but in jest, and you will not, I hope,
Unman the poor knave for the sake of a trope.
'Tis a metaphor known to every plain thinker,
Just as when we say, the devil's a tinker,

[1] Forging his own copper coin.

Which cannot, in literal sense be made good,
Unless by the devil we mean Mr. Wood.
But some will object that the devil oft spoke,
In heathenish times from the trunk of an oak;
And since we must grant there never were known
More heathenish times than those of our own:
Perhaps you will say, 'tis the devil that puts
The words in Wood's mouth, or speaks from his guts;
And then your old arguments still will return;
Howe'er, let us try him, and see how he'll burn:
You'll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath join'd with himself two hags in commission.
I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner to fasten a saint in a niche,
Bored a large auger-hole in the image's breech;
But, finding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinced it was a true saint,
When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about,[1])
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find
If you make the same trial and bore him behind.
I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He'll bellow as loud as the devil in a drum.
From me I declare you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may show him about for a new groaning board.
Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much copper? He got it by brass:
This Brass was a dragon, (observe what I tell ye,)
This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly;
I know you will say this is all heathen Greek.
I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.
I often have seen two plays very good.
Call'd Love in a tub, and Love in a wood;
These comedies twain friend Wood will contrive
On the scene of this land very soon to revive.
First, Love in a Tub; squire Wood has in store
Strong tubs for his raps, two thousand and more;
These raps he will honestly dig out with shovels,
And sell them for gold, or he can't show his love else.
Wood swears he will do it for Ireland's good,
Then can you deny it is love in a Wood?
However, if critics find fault with the phrase,
I hope you will own it is Love in a Maze:
For when to express a friend's love you are willing,
We never say more than your love is a million;
But with honest Wood's love there is no contending,
'Tis fifty round millions of love and a mending.

[1] He was repeatedly burnt in effigy.

Then in his first love why should he be cross'd?
I hope he will find that no love is lost.
Here one story more and then I will stop.
I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop:
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it proved that he died of a drop at Kilmainham.[1]
I waked with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he and how we at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald, I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

To the tune of "London is a Fine Town," &c.

O Dublin is a fine town
And a gallant city,
For Wood's trash is tumbled down,
Come listen to my ditty.
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

In full assembly all did meet
Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
To save the sinking nation.
O Dublin, &c.

The bankers would not let it pass
For to be Wood's tellers,
Instead of gold to count his brass,
And fill their small-beer cellars.
O Dublin, &c.

And next to them, to take his coin
The Gild would not submit,
They all did go, and all did join,
And so their names they writ.
O Dublin, &c.

The brewers met within their hall,
And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,
They want so many grains.
O Dublin, &c.

---

[1] The place of execution near Dublin.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
And wish'd the dog in hell,
Should we give this same Woods an inch,
We know he'd take an ell.
O Dublin, &c.

But now the noble clothiers
Of honor and renown,
If they take Wood's halfpence
They will be all cast down.
O Dublin, &c.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vext,
Take money stamp'd on leather.
O Dublin, &c.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light.
O Dublin, &c.

And that if Woods were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.
O Dublin, &c.

The butchers then, those men so brave,
Spoke thus, and with a frown;
Should Woods, that cunning scoundrel knave,
Come here, we'd knock him down.
O Dublin, &c.

For any rogue that comes to truck
And trick away our trade,
Deserves not only to be stuck,
But also to be flay'd.
O Dublin, &c.

The bakers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head:
Should these brass tokens once come here,
We'd all have lost our bread.
O Dublin, &c.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.
O Dublin, &c.

The carpenters and joiners stood
Confounded in a maze,
They seem'd to be all in a wood,
And so they went their ways.
O Dublin, &c.

This coin how well could we employ it
In raising of a statue,
To those brave men that would destroy it,
And then, old Woods, have at you.
O Dublin, &c.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
And so he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
When Woods has got a rope.
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

THE church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weasand:
He cut his weasand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandsire cut his throat;
To do the job too long he tarried:
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he married.

ON THE SAME.

(THE JUDGE SPEAKS.)

I'M not the grandson of that ass Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christchurch cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce.*

EPIGRAM, APRIL, 1735.

In answer to the dean's verses on his own deafness.

WHAT though the dean hears not the knell
Of the next church's passing bell;
What though the thunder from a cloud,
Or that from female tongue more loud,
Alarm not: At the DRAPIER'S ear
Chink but *Wood's* halfpence, and he'll hear.

HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou fix'd of old be now the moving land!
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship awhile,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

Unhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain;
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars that used thy course to guide
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold, it cracks by yon rough eastern wind;
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel:
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags,
The nation scared, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly puts his trust in popular breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now;
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injured Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valor still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She saved Britannia's rights, and lost her own.

In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lured by the gilded stern and painted sides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday night:
They on the gold brocades and satins raved,
And quite forgot their country was enslaved.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and sea-sick, when in thee confined,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

VERSES

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF

ST. PATRICK'S WELL,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

By holy zeal inspired, and led by fame,
To thee, once favorite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy o'errun.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valor, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos, with the fleecy one,
Jason arrived two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown:
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize;
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins who are thy younger sons.
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid,
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valor, but superior guile:

Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed
  Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time has made in thee!
The christian rites I introduced in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
  By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,
Nor dread the adder's tooth nor scorpion's sting.
  With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil:
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's gear,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?
  As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armor, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
  See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
  Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighboring nursery of arts,[1]
The students, drinking, raised their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improved their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discouraged youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;

[1] The university of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth.

Or, for the classics, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this:
Combined in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died;
Thou still with tyrants in succession cursed,
The last invaders trampling on the first;
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass,[1]
But all turn leasers to the mongrel breed,[2]
Who, from thee sprung yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvest there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE,

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister[3] so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;
If he[4] who in the chair presides,
So steadily the senate guides;
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme;
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falshood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat:
Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne;

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[1] Wood's ruinous project was supported by sir Robert Walpole.
[2] The absentees.
[3] Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.
[4] Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have named at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?
Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown;
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ;
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate
As will retrieve a lost estate;
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich and plague the poor;
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curs'd?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you're,
And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread;
You'll fly when you get what you came here to steal,
And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stockjobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be spent;
Your offers of bribery cease:
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come, silly people to chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who 'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
That would turn a man out of his own?

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I own, 'tis not my bread and butter,
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There 's hardly twenty to be found;
No not among the priests and friars —
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!
M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then —
T. G—d d—n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts.
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*Aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As popish craft? did he not rail on 't?
Show fire and fagot in the tail on 't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marrall, gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under
Have dropp'd their arms and seized the plunder:
And when the war is past you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites, (he was your relation,)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he served than by his foes:

So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual tensing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapp'd up in a stink,)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,
That when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (it is not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious:[1]
'Tis true; nor need I to be told
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
And often see a puppet-show:
Observe the audience is in pain
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice:
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus with the devil behind him
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!

[1] King William III.

You every moment think an age
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap;
The duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sold the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his noise;
The reason why no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes like you and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teazing all, by all he's teazed,
How well are the spectators pleased!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose
The world consists of puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in:
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter,
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories,
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgraced at court.
T. Got? D—n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer.—

Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks
And sons of whores — behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-passing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo?
Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, "a plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?

Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or bless'd with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snowball destined at thy chaps;
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.

M. No more — in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection;
Your parts are good, 'tis not denied;
I wish they had been well applied.

But now observe my counsel, (viz.)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin, too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr. ——)
I have a coat at home, that you may try:
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry;
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air:
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro:
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:

Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all humankind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
One shows how bravely Audouin died,
And at the gallows all denied;
How by the almanac 'tis clear
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long misspent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debased my mind;
I give myself entire to you;
G—d d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM AND THE FABLES.

My meaning will be best unravell'd
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable:
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The Monkey who had seen the World:
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale).
The monkey was completely dress'd,
The beau in all his airs express'd.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
"By —," says Tim, and let a ——,
"This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember when I sat for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,

The merry tale, with moral grave;
He now began to storm and rave;
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me;
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve —
D—n me! I say they ought to starve.'

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at ——

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skipp'd the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenced physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK, A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issuing wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal;
For, as he shakes his wainscot chaps,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz in show,
Like a fresh —— just dropp'd on snow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

Foulest brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For would'st thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout.
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul:
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul:
Thy soul, which through thy hide of bluff,
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbors think it is but just
That thou should'st take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries "Dust to carry out!"

DICK'S VARIETY.

Dull uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules;
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C—
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of —— in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture everywhere,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He'd have them tried at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the pretender.
But Dick can ——, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by his ears,
Next moment in the house of peers;
Now scolding at my lady Eustace,
Or thrashing baby in her new stays.
Presto! begone; with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antechamber thrusting
His nose, to get the circle just in;
And damns his blood that in the rear
He sees a single Tory there:
Then woe be to my lord-lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

TRAULUS. PART I.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.[1] 1730.

Tom. Say, Robin, what can Traulus[2] mean
By bellowing thus against the dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeller,
Yet cannot prove a single fact?
Robin. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crack'd.
T. What mischief can the dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, sprawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favorite?
Revile that nation-saving paper
Which gave the dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancor nursed,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random ——,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses;
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?
R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels, with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail;
The neighbors all cry "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first harangued,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.
R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;

[1] Son of the rev. Dr. Charles Lesley. [2] Lord .

And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant,
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly timed,
He shot before your foes were primed:
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G—d! I'll bring you off as clean—"
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possess'd
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The dean had felt their stings before,
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounced he never would,
And soon convinced them by a flood.

Yet still the dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS. PART II.

Traulus, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhaled from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.

True indeed I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produced him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of hell?

A FABLE OF THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS.

One time a mighty plague did pester
All beasts domestic and sylvester.
The doctors all in concert join'd,
To see if they the cause could find;
And tried a world of remedies,
But none could conquer the disease.
The Lion in this consternation
Sends out his royal proclamation,
To all his loving subjects greeting,
Appointing them a solemn meeting:
And when they're gather'd round his den,
He spoke. — My lords and gentlemen,
I hope you're met full of the sense
Of this devouring pestilence;
For sure such heavy punishment
On common crimes is rarely sent;
It must be some important cause,
Some great infraction of the laws.
Then let us search our consciences,
And every one his faults confess:
Let's judge from biggest to the least,
That he that is the foulest beast
May for a sacrifice be given
To stop the wrath of angry Heaven.
And since no one is free from sin,
I with myself will first begin.
I have done many a thing that's ill
From a propensity to kill,
Slain many an ox, and, what is worse,
Have murder'd many a gallant horse;
Robb'd woods and fens, and, like a glutton
Devour'd whole flocks of lamb and mutton.
Nay, sometimes, for I dare not lie,
The shepherd went for company. —
He had gone on, but chancellor Fox
Stands up —— What signifies an ox?
What signifies a horse? Such things
Are honor'd when made sport for kings.
Then for the sheep, those foolish cattle,
Not fit for courage or for battle;

And being tolerable meat,
They're fit for nothing but to eat.
The shepherd too, young enemy,
Deserves no better destiny.
Sir, sir, your conscience is too nice;
Hunting's a princely exercise:
And those, being all your subjects born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, if sir, this will not content ye,
We'll vote it NEMINE CONTRADICENTE.
Thus after him they all confess
They had been rogues, some more some less;
And yet by little slight excuses
They all get clear of great abuses.
The Bear, the Tiger, beasts of flight,
And all that could but scratch and bite,
Nay e'en the Cat, of wicked nature,
That kills in sport her fellow-creature,
Went scot-free; but his gravity,
An Ass of stupid memory,
Confess'd as he went to a fair,
His back half broke with wooden-ware,
Chancing unluckily to pass
By a churchyard full of good grass,
Finding they'd open left the gate,
He ventured in, stoop'd down and eat [ate].
Hold, says judge Wolf, such are the crimes
Have brought upon us these sad times,
'Twas sacrilege, and this vile Ass
Shall die for eating holy grass.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS. 1731.

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop who ruled all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, archbishop of hell.
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:[1]
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious,
I wish I could find him out one more commodious;
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there *incog.*,
To give them by turns an invisible jog.

[1] The bishop of Ossory.

Our bishops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labor'd with whip and with spur,
In vain — for the devil a parson would stir.
So the commons unhorsed them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Carr, and lord Howard,[1]
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.

When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one proved a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy, forsooth, must take up with their leavings;
If making divisions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!

Now hear an allusion: — A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, "divide and ye govern."
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see't),
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.

But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practised all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building your spitals?
You are only to live four years without victuals,
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the commons, for biting the biters!

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[1] Dr. Theophilus Bolton was archbishop of Cashell from 1729 to 1744; Dr. Chas. Carr, bishop of Killaloe from 1716 to 1739; and Dr. Robert Howard, bishop of Elphin from 1729 to 1740.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX.

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHREY FRENCH, ESQ., LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice and too severe!
Think not that my country song
Shall displease thy honest ear.

Chosen strains I proudly bring,
Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains,
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.

Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warms, instructs, and pleases well.

Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!

Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleased to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword.
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Waged the ten years' famous war.

But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king, without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.

When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G———n's cursed spite,
And P———l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night;

Still thy labor and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.

Falsely we call the rich man great
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.

He in wealth or poverty
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death! — no, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

ON MR. PULTENEY'S[1] BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL.

1731.

Sir Robert,[2] wearied by Will Pulteney's teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolved that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;

[1] Right honorable William Pulteney, esq., since earl of Bath.
[2] Sir Robert Walpole, premier, who resigned, Dec. 4, 1741, and on the 19th of Feb., 1742, created earl of Orford.

Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter — What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the house, for thou too long hast sat in't;
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There near thy master's throne in shelter placed,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste;
Yet still I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral when applied to you.
A hare had long escaped pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below;
There Cerberus lay watching in his den
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when):
Out bounced the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distress'd!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest;
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt:
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.[1]

[1] This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath.

ON THE WORDS BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS.

SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND. 1735.

An inundation, says the fable,
O'erflowed a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus, Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
"Not for the world — we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brothers loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
"Sir, we, the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the booby[1] Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton[2] his brother sergeant,
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother protestants and christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What protestant can be so sottish,

[1] This word occasioned Bettesworth's attack upon the dean.
[2] Afterwards lord chief-justice of the common pleas.

While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians:
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption — "Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

BETTESWORTHS EXULTATION

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO] IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

Well! now, since the heat of my passion 's abated,
That the dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:
Lampoon'd did I call it? — No — what was it then?
What was it? — 'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile;
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of — but now I 'm notorious:
Fame has but two gates, a white and black one;
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one;
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I 'm to be render'd immortal:
So clysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head —
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard?
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure, 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas;
And who by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddised by madrigal Namby?[1]
A man is no more who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there 's life after death.
They call from their graves the king or the peasant,
React our old deeds, and make what 's past present;
And when they would study to set forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colors but strike,

[1] Ambrose Philips.

Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant, a patriot, a Titus, or Nero:
To a judge this all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey's as good as a lion.
The scriptures affirm, as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so: some in I care not a straw.
Although I be dead both in gospel and law.
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate:
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

E YAHOO'S OVERTHROW: OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD.

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the tune of "Derry Down."

Jolly boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater his merits at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer or leap of a louse!
Knock him down.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jest, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years
What honester folks never durst for their ears.
Knock him down.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came.
Knock him down.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,

ON NOISY TOM.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. IV., PARAPHRASED. 1733.

If Noisy Tom[1] should in the senate prate,
"That he would answer both for church and state;
And, further, to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
All mortals must be curious to inquire
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
"What! thou, the spawn of him[2] who shamed our isle,
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
Though, by the female side,[3] you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
What was thy grandsire,[4] but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a-year:
Whose master Moore[5] preserved him from the halter,
For stealing cows! nor could he read the Psalter!
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase
Thy founder's grandson,[6] and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?[7]
Then vote a worthy citizen[8] to jail,
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY. 1734–5.

Make Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost,
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most
Who know there is a Holy Ghost;

---

[1] Sir Thomas Prendergast.

[2] The father of sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.

[3] Cadogan's family.

[4] A poor cottager condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.

[5] The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq., who procured him a pardon.

[6] Guy Moore was elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of parson-hunters, petitioned the house against him.

[7] "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat."

[8] Mr. George Faulkner. Mr. sergeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish parliament, having made a complaint to the house of commons against the "Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner the printer into custody.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL [DR. BOLTON], AND BETTESWORTH.

Dear Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move:
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love:
And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapor,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice,
And, as your old want is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the men what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
Say then more than they, nay, lavishly flatter;
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733.

Ye paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far removed from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates by their good behavior
Convince us they believe a Savior;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * *

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The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a christian more than they.
We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believe a Deity;
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum?*
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refused *episcopari.*
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a-year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And well we know the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishopries are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head so weighty and profound
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB 1736.

WHILST Swift was writing these satires on the Irish parliament, he was seized with one of those fits, the effect of which was so dreadful that he left the poem unfinished; and after that period very rarely attempted a composition, either in verse or prose, that required a course of thinking, or perhaps more than one or two sittings to finish. One of these was "The Beast's Confession." From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline; and his melancholy increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene of misery which he foresaw was his lot, when he must become, as he said, a perfect slabberer. He was often heard to offer up his prayers to Almighty God, "to take him away from this evil to come." The prospect of this calamity, which he was daily lamenting, contributed very much, as his passions were violent, to pervert his understanding, to which many other particulars seem also to have concurred.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.
Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club.
Such assemblies you might swear
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd that ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;

Quite destroy that harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod!
And the gospel will inform us
He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools
For his lunatics and fools
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling-quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our —— with their votes.

Let sir Tom,[1] that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjured rebel, bribed accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come, assist me, Muse obedient;
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.

[1] Sir Thomas Prendergast.

Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul:
Styx, through hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes.
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolved to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What! said I, is this the mad-house?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapors fell,
By the Stygian streams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.

In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolved to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featured brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd Throp.
Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your p—s;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and sink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks:
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court against the nation.
Those are Allens Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There sit Clements, Dilks, and Harrison;
How they swagger from their garrison!

Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side hell?
Harrison, and Dilks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
  Bless us! Morgan, art thou there, man;
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what learned Morgan
Metamorphosed to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks I own
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers?
Morgan, would it not surprise one?
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze?
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them:
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura;*
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
  Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent

"Pray, be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

ON A PRINTER'S[1] BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

Better we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear;
But should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dares not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL;

OR, A NEW BALLAD.

Written by a shoeboy, on an attorney who was formerly a shoeboy.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

With singing of ballads and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley[2] set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and brush,
He gallantly ventured his fortune to push;
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;

---

[1] Mr. Faulkner, for printing "A Proposal for the better Regulation of Quadrille."

[2] See the next poem.

So Hartley judiciously thought it too little
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried — "Murders, and songs, and great news!"
Another as loudly — "Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's [1] full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing.
Such bastings effect upon him could have none;
The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was moved with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost that had been so witty:
Without more ado he vamps up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk!
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier — suppose what you will —
Yet, would you believe, though I swore by the bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel? [2]

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE.

BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

BY JAMES BLACKWELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET.

"But he, by bawling news about,
And aptly using brush and clout,
A justice of the peace became,
To punish rogues who do the same."

I SING the man of courage tried,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,—
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would choose
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,

[1] Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper office.
[2] The Proposal for Regulation of Quadrille.

(Such toils as best his talents fit,)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But unexpectedly grown rich in
Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternise his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So with a colonel at his back,
The libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharged with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleased to live in future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
And so the Ephesian villain fired
The temple which the world admired,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

AY AND NO.

A TALE FROM DUBLIN.

Written in 1737.

At Dublin's high feast sat primate and dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean:
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the dean, "the cause old gold."
"No, no," quoth the primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state-sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.

Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word — take care of Armagh!"

A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL.

While the king and his ministers keep such a pother,
And all about changing one whore for another,
Think I to myself, what need all this strife,
His majesty first had a whore of a wife,
And surely the difference mounts to no more
Than now he has gotten a wife of a whore.
Now give me your judgment a very nice case on;
Each queen has a son, say which is the base one?
Say which of the two is the right prince of Wales,
To succeed when (God bless him!) his majesty fails;
Perhaps it may puzzle our loyal divines
To unite these two protestant *parallel* lines,
From a left-handed wife, and one turn'd out of doors,
Two reputed king's sons, both true sons of whores;
No law can determine it, which is first oars.
But alas! poor old England, how wilt thou be master'd;
For take which you please, it must needs be a bastard.

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Some ancient authors wisely write
That he who drinks will wake at night,
Will never fail to lose his rest,
And feel a streightness in his chest;
A streightness in a double sense,
A streightness both of breath and pence:
Physicians say, it is but reasonable,
He that comes home at hour unseasonable,
(Besides a fall and broken shins,
Those smaller judgments for his sins,)
If, when he goes to bed, he meets
A teazing wife between the sheets,
'Tis six to five he'll never sleep,
But rave and toss till morning peep.
Yet harmless Betty must be blamed
Because you feel your lungs inflamed;
But if you would not get a fever,
You never must one moment leave her.
This comes of all your drunken tricks,
Your Parrys and your brace of Dicks;
Your hunting Helsham in his laboratory
Too, was the time you saw that Drab lae a Pery.[1]

[1] So in the manuscript.

But like the prelate who lives yonder-a,
And always cries he is like Cassandra;
I always told you, Mr. Sheridan,
If once this company you were rid on,
Frequented honest folk, and very few,
You'd live till all your friends were weary of you.
But if rack punch you still would swallow,
I then forewarn'd you what would follow.
Are the Deanery sober hours?
Be witness for me all ye powers.
The cloth is laid at eight, and then
We sit till half an hour past ten;
One bottle well might serve for three
If Mrs. Robinson drank like me.
Ask how I fret when she has beckon'd
To Robert to bring up a second;
I hate to have it in my sight,
And drink my share in perfect spite.
If Robin brings the ladies word
The coach is come, I 'scape a third;
If not, why then I fall a talking
How sweet a night it is for walking;
For in all conscience, were my treasure able,
I'd think a quart a-piece unreasonable;
It strikes eleven, — get out of doors. —
This is my constant farewell.

October 18, 1724, nine in the morning.

You had best hap yourself up in a chair, and dine with me than with the provost.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE.

Resolve me this, ye happy dead,
Who've lain some hundred years in bed,
From every persecution free
That in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And choose once more to live on earth?

THE UPSTART.

The character of haughty, presuming, tyrannising upstarts always kindled the indignation of the dean. A person of this description resided in the parish of Laracor. The following lines were written by the dean upon this man.

"———— The rascal! that's too mild a name;
Does he forget from whence he came?
Has he forgot from whence he sprung?
A mushroom in a bed of dung;
A maggot in a cake of fat,
The offspring of a beggar's brat;

As eels delight to creep in mud,
To eels we may compare his blood;
His blood delights in mud to run,
Witness his lazy lousy son!
Puff'd up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense.
See with what consequence he stalks!
With what pomposity he talks!
See how the gaping crowd admire
The stupid blockhead and the liar!
How long shall vice triumphant reign?
How long shall mortals bend to gain?
How long shall Virtue hide her face,
And leave her votaries in disgrace?
— Let indignation fire my strains,
Another villain yet remains.—
Let purse-proud C——n next approach;
With what an air he mounts his coach!
A cart would best become the knave,
A dirty parasite and slave!
His heart in poison deeply dipp'd,
His tongue with oily accents tipp'd,
A smile still ready at command,
The pliant bow, the forehead bland—"
* * * * *

VERSES ON BLENHEIM.

Atria longe patent, sed nec conantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habitas!
MART. lib. 12. ep. 50.

SEE, here's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock;[1]
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well design'd
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

[1] A lion tearing a cock to pieces was placed in front of Blenheim house; a wretched pun in architecture, deservedly criticised in the Spectator.

TO THE CITIZENS.

And shall the patriot who maintain'd your cause,
From future ages only meet applause?
Shall he, who timely rose t'his country's aid,
By her own sons, her guardians, be betray'd?
Did heathen virtues in your hearts reside,
These wretches had been damn'd for parricide.
Should you behold, whilst dreadful armies threat
The sure destruction of an injured state,
Some hero, with superior virtue bless'd,
Avert their rage, and succour the distress'd!
Inspired with love of glorious liberty,
Do wonders to preserve his country free;
He like the guardian shepherd stands, and they
Like lions spoil'd of their expected prey,
Each urging in his rage the deadly dart,
Resolved to pierce the generous hero's heart;
Struck with the sight, your souls would swell with grief,
And dare ten thousand deaths to his relief.
But if the people he preserved should cry,
He went too far, and he deserved to — die,
Would not your soul such treachery detest,
And indignation boil within your breast?
Would not you wish that wretched state preserved,
To feel the tenfold ruin they deserved?
If, then, oppression has not quite subdued
At once your prudence and your gratitude,
If you yourselves conspire not your undoing,
And don't deserve, and won't draw down, your ruin,
If yet to virtue you have some pretence,
If yet ye are not lost to common sense,
Assist your patriot in your own defence:
That stupid cant, "he went too far," despise,
And know that to be brave is to be wise:
Think how he struggled for your liberty,
And give him freedom whilst yourselves are free.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY.

This is an address of congratulation to the grand jury who threw out the bill against Harding the printer.

Poor Monsieur his conscience preserved for a year,
Yet in one hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it? — A judge or a peer.[1]
Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.

[1] Whitshed or Carteret.

O Monsieur, to sell it for nothing was nonsense,
For, if you would sell it, it should have been long since,
But now you have lost both your cake and your conscience.
Which nobody can deny.

So Nell of the dairy before she was wed,
Refused ten good guineas for her maidenhead,
Yet gave it for nothing to smooth-spoken Ned.
Which nobody can deny.

But, Monsieur, no vonder dat you vere collogue,
Since selling de contre be now all de vogue,
You be but von fool after seventeen rogue.
Which nobody can deny.

Some sell it for profit 'tis very well known,
And some but for sitting in sight of the throne,
And other some sell what is none of their own.
Which nobody can deny.

But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.
Which nobody can deny.

There 's Donevan, Hart, and Archer, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerrard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland and haters of Wood.
Which nobody can deny.

But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on 't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We 'll paint 'em in colors as black as their crime.
Which nobody can deny.

But P——r and copper L——h we 'll excuse;
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse;
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.
Which nobody can deny.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Dr. King, archbishop of Dublin, rose high in Swift's estimation, by his opposition to Wood's coinage.

BY HONEST JO, ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL.

To the tune of ——

I sing not of the drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood,
But I sing of a famous lord, who seeks his country's good;
Lord William's grace of Dublin town, 'tis he that first appears,
Whose wisdom and whose piety do far exceed his years.
In every council and debate he stands for what is right,
And still the truth he will maintain, whate'er he loses by 't.

And though some think him in the wrong, yet still there comes a season
When ev'ry one turns round about, and owns his grace had reason.
His firmness to the public good, as one that knows it swore,
Has lost his grace for ten years past ten thousand pounds and more.
Then come the poor and strip him so, they leave him not a cross,
For he regards ten thousand pounds no more than Woods's dross.
To beg his favor is the way new favors still to win,
He makes no more to give ten pounds than I to give a pin.
Why, there's my landlord now, the squire, who all in money wallows,
He would not give a groat to save his father from the gallows.
"A bishop," says the noble squire, "I hate the very name,
To have two-thousand pounds a-year — O 'tis a burning shame!
Two thousand pounds a-year! good lord! and I to have but five!"
And under him no tenant yet was ever known to thrive:
Now from his lordship's grace I hold a little piece of ground,
And all the rent I pay is scarce five shillings in the pound.
Then master steward takes my rent, and tells me, "Honest Jo,
Come, you must take a cup of sack or two before you go."
He bids me then to hold my tongue, and up the money locks.
For fear my lord should send it all into the poor man's box.
And once I was so bold to beg that I might see his grace,
Good lord! I wonder how I dared to look him in the face:
Then down I went upon my knees, his blessing to obtain;
He gave it me, and ever since I find I thrive amain.
"Then," said my lord, "I'm very glad to see thee, honest friend,
I know the times are something hard, but hope they soon will mend,
Pray never press yourself for rent, but pay me when you can;
I find you bear a good report, and are an honest man."
Then said his lordship with a smile, "I must have lawful cash,
I hope you will not pay my rent in that same Woods's trash!"
"God bless your grace!" I then replied, "I'd see him hanging higher,
Before I'd touch his filthy dross, than is Clandalkin spire."
To every farmer twice a-week all round about the Yoke,
Our parsons read the drapier's books, and make us honest folk.
And then I went to pay the squire, and in the way I found
His bailie driving all my cows into the parish pound;
"Why, sirrah," said the noble squire, "how dare you see my face?
Your rent is due almost a week, besides the days of grace."
And yet the land I from him hold is set so on the rack,
That only for the bishop's lease 'twould quickly break my back.
Then God preserve his lordship's grace, and make him live as long
As did Methusalem of old; and so I end my song.

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

A POEM.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo.——HOR.

GREAT, GOOD, and JUST, was once applied
To one who for his country died;
To one who lives in its defence
We speak it in a happier sense.

O may the fates thy life prolong!
Our country then can dread no wrong:
In thy great care we place our trust,
Because thou'rt great, and good, and just:
Thy breast unshaken can oppose
Our private and our public foes:
The latent wiles and tricks of state
Your wisdom can with ease defeat;
When power in all its pomp appears,
It falls before thy rev'rend years,
And willingly resigns its place
To something nobler in thy face.
When once the fierce pursuing Gaul
Had drawn his sword for Marius' fall,
The godlike hero with a frown
Struck all his rage and malice down;
Then how can we dread William Wood,
If by thy presence he's withstood?
Where wisdom stands to keep the field,
In vain he brings his brazen shield;
Though like the sibyl's priest he comes,
With furious din of brazen drums,
The force of thy superior voice
Shall strike him dumb and quell their noise.

PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES.

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis.
Auri sacra fames?——

Fair ones who do all hearts command,
And gently sway with fan in hand
Your favorite—Punch a suppliant falls,
And humbly for assistance calls;
He humbly calls and begs you'll stop
The gothic rage of Vander Hop,
Wh' invades without pretence and right,
Or any law but that of might,
Our Pigmy land—and treats our kings
Like paltry idle wooden things;
Has beat our dancers out of doors,
And call'd our chastest virgins whores;
He has not left our queen a rag on,
Has forced away our George and Dragon,
Has broke our wires, nor was he civil
To doctor Faustus nor the devil;
E'en us he hurried with full rage,
Most hoarsely squalling off the stage;
And faith our fright was very great
To see a minister of state,
Arm'd with power and fury come
To force us from our little home—

We fear'd, as I am sure we had reason,
An accusation of high treason;
Till, starting up, says Banamiere,
"Treason, my friends, we need not fear,
For 'gainst the Brass we used no power,
Nor strove to save the chancellor.[1]
Nor did we show the least affection
To Rochford or the Meath election;
Nor did we sing, 'Machugh he means.'"
"You villain, I'll dash out your brains.
'Tis no affair of state which brings
Me here — or business of the king's;
I'm come to seize you all as debtors,
And bind you fast in iron fetters,
From sight of every friend in town,
Till fifty pound's to me paid down."
"Fifty?" quoth I, "a devilish sum;
But stay till the brass farthings come,
Then we shall all be rich as Jews,
From castle down to lowest stews:
That sum shall to you then be told,
Though now we cannot furnish gold."
Quoth he, "Thou vile mis-shapen beast,
Thou knave, am I become thy jest?
And dost thou think that I am come
To carry nought but farthings home?
Thou fool, I ne'er do things by halves,
Farthings are made for Irish slaves;
No brass for me, it must be gold,
Or fifty pounds in silver told,
That can by any means obtain
Freedom for thee and for thy train."
"Votre très humble serviteur,
I'm not in jest," said I, "I'm sure;
But from the bottom of my belly,
I do in sober sadness tell you,
I thought it was good reasoning
For us fictitious men to bring
Brass counters made by William Wood,
Intrinsic as we flesh and blood;
Then since we are but mimic men,
Pray let us pay in mimic coin."
Quoth he, "Thou lovest, Punch, to prate,
And could'st for ever hold debate;
But think'st thou I have nought to do
But to stand prating thus with you?
Therefore to stop your noisy parley,
I do at once assure you fairly
That not a puppet of you all
Shall stir a step without this wall,

[1] Lord-chancellor Middleton, against whom a vote of censure passed in the house of lords for delay of justice occasioned by his absence in England.

Nor merryandrew beat thy drum,
Until you pay the foresaid sum."
Then marching off with swiftest race
To write despatches for his grace,
The revel-master left the room,
And us condemn'd to fatal doom.
Now, fair ones, if e'er I found grace
Or if my jokes did ever please,
Use all your interest with your sec[1]
(They say he's at the ladies' beck);
And though he thinks as much of gold
As ever Midas did of old,
Your charms I'm sure can never fail,
Your eyes must influence, must prevail;
At your command he'll set us free,
Let us to you owe liberty.
Get us a licence now to play,
And we'll in duty ever pray.

BALLAD.

To the tune of Commons and Peers.

I.

A WONDERFUL age
Is now on the stage:
I'll sing you a song if I can,
How modern Whigs
Dance forty-one jigs,[2]
But God bless our gracious queen Anne.

II.

The kirk with applause
Is establish'd by laws
As the orthodox church of the nation;
The bishops do own
It's as good as their own;
And this, sir, is call'd moderation.

III.

It's no riddle now
To let you see how
A church by oppression may speed;
Nor is't banter or jest,
That the kirk faith is best
On the other side of the Tweed.

IV.

For no soil can suit
With every fruit;

---

[1] Abridged from secretary, *rhythmi gratia.*
[2] The year of the rebellion, 1641.

Even so, sir, it is with religion;
The best church by far
Is what grows where you are,
Were it Mahomet's ass or his pigeon.

V.

Another strange story
That vexes the Tory,
But sure there's no mystery in it,
That a pension and place
Give communicants grace,
Who design to turn tail the next minute.

VI.

For if it be not strange
That religion should change
As often as climates and fashions;
Then sure there's no harm
That one should conform
To serve their own private occasions.

VII.

Another new dance,
Which of late they advance,
Is to cry up the birth of pretender,
And those that dare own
The queen heir to the crown,
And traitors not fit to defend her.

VIII.

The subject's most loyal
That hate the blood royal,
And they for employment have merit;
Who swear queen and steeple
Were made by the people,
And neither have right to inherit.

IX.

The monarchy's fix'd
By making on't mix'd,
And by non-resistance o'erthrown;
And preaching obedience
Destroys our allegiance,
And thus the Whigs prop up the throne.

X.

That viceroy [lord Wharton] is best
That would take off the test,
And made a sham speech to attempt it;
But being true blue,
When he found 'twould not do,
Swore, damn him, if ever he meant it.

XI.

'Tis no news that Tom Double
The nation should bubble,
Nor is't any wonder or riddle
That a parliament rump
Should play hop, step, and jump,
And dance any jig to his fiddle.

XII.

But now, sir, they tell
How Sacheverell,
By bringing old doctrines in fashion,
Hath, like a damn'd rogue,
Brought religion in vogue,
And so open'd the eyes of the nation.

XIII.

Then let's pray without spleen,
May God bless the queen,
And her fellow-monarchs the people:
May they prosper and thrive
Whilst I am alive,
And so may the church with the steeple.

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

Illustrious prince, we're come before ye,
Who, more than in our founders, glory
To be by you protected;
Deign to descend and give us laws,
For we are converts to your cause,
From this day well-affected.[1]

II.

The noble view of your high merits
Has charm'd our thoughts and fix'd our spirits,
With zeal so warm and hearty,
That we resolved to be devoted,
At least until we be promoted,
By your just power and party.

III.

Urged by a passionate desire
Of being raised a little higher,
From lazy cloister'd life,
We cannot flatter you nor fawn,
But fain would honor'd be with lawn,
And settled by a wife.[2]

[1] The rev. Dr. Benjamin Pratt was, at this time, April, 1716, provost of Trinity college.

[2] The statutes of the university enjoin celibacy.

IV.

For this we have before resorted,
Paid levees punctually, and courted,
Our charge at home long quitting:
But now we're come just in the nick,
Upon a vacant[1] bishopric,
This bait can't fail of hitting.

V.

Thus, sir, you see how much affection,
Not interest, sways in this election,
But sense of loyal duty;
For you surpass all princes far,
As glow-worms do exceed a star,
In goodness, wit, and beauty.

VI.

To you our Irish commons owe
That wisdom which their actions show,
Their principles from ours springs,
Taught, ere the deil himself could dream on't
That of their illustrious house a stem on't
Should rise the best of kings.

VII.

The glad presages with our eyes
Behold a king, chaste, vigilant, and wise,
In foreign fields victorious,
Who in his youth the Turks attacks,
And [made] them still to turn their backs;
Was ever king so glorious?

VIII.

Since Ormond's like a traitor gone,
We scorn to do what some have done,
For learning much more famous;[2]
Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
And stick to the unfortunate;
We laugh while they condemn us.

IX.

For, being of that gen'rous mind,
To success we are still inclined,
And quit the suffering side;
If on our friends cross planets frown,
We join the cry and hunt them down,
And sail with wind and tide.

[1] The see of Killaloe was then vacant, and to this bishopric the new Dr. George Carr, chaplain to the Irish house of commons, was nominated.

[2] Alluding to the sullen silence of Oxford upon the accession.

X.

Hence 'twas this choice we long delay'd,
Till our rash foes the rebels fled,
Whilst fortune held the scale;
But [since] they're driven like mist before you,
Our rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.

XI.

Descend then from your lofty seat,
Behold th' attending Muses wait
With us to sing your praises;
Calliope now strings up her lyre,
And Clio[1] Phœbus does inspire,
The theme their fancy raises.

XII.

If then our nursery you will nourish,
We and our Muses too will flourish,
Encouraged by your favor;
We'll doctrines teach the times to serve,
And more five thousand pounds deserve
By future good behavior.

XIII.

Now take our harp into your hand,
The joyful strings, at your command,
In doleful sounds no more shall mourn.
We, with sincerity of heart,
To all your tunes shall bear a part,
Unless we see the tables turn.

XIV.

If so, great sir, you will excuse us,
For we and our attending Muses
May live to change our strain;
And turn, with merry hearts, our tune,
Upon some happy tenth of June,
To "the king enjoys his own again."

RIDDLES.

Written in or about the year 1724.

PETHOX THE GREAT. 1723.

From Venus born thy beauty shows;
But who thy father no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;

---

[1] This is spelled Chloe, but evidently should be Clio.

Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin singed the soil
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honorable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighboring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vespuccio's name,
For so conjectures would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.
  Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strew'd.
The bird of Pallas[1] knows his post,
Thee to attend where'er thou goest.
  Byzantians boast that on the clod
Where once their sultan's horse hath trod
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
  The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colors seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
  With half a word, when you require,
The man of business must retire.
  The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait,
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.
  Thou darest the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of thy power,
Enclose him in a wooden tower,

[1] Bubo, the owl.

With pungent pains on every side:
So Regulus in torments died.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secresy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long conversed with you,
Knows how to scrawl a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refined,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust and voice that stuns:
But you have moulded them afresh,
Removed the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep 'tother half for private use.
How famed thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Outnumber'd, half encompass'd round
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retired to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he traced,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march:
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell:
You, in your capital secured,
A siege as long as Troy endured.

ON A PEN. 1724.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white.
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced;

Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd:
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
Nay; man my master is my slave;
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten-thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

ON GOLD.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth,
How is the greatest monarch bless'd,
When in my gaudy livery dress'd!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favorite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refused to lend them fire.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I stand with double face:
Superior none on earth I find;
But see below me all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look.
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
I am a courtier in my way;
For those who raised me I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, to luxury, and dice,
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.
By riding post I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

ON THE POSTERIORS.

Because I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense,
And yet my speaking gives offence;
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppress'd;
And my oppression gives them rest.
Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still:
An humble hanger-on at best;
Of whom all people make a jest.
In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind;
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.

'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I last get up, and first a-bed;
Though, if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

ON A HORN.

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee raised to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Meantime, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art,
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain:
But the sly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

ON A CORKSCREW.

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white;
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out;
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who, from materials hard and dry,
Have taught men to extract with skill,
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not ashamed to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat,
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleased till I make one;
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a day a-hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And when I have him by the poll,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forced to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS. 1724.

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and look behind;
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride
To turn the true impartial side!

How will your eyes contain their tears
When all the sad reverse appears!
  This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors, who their country sold.
  This gulf insatiate imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For, while the bashful sylvan maid,
As, half ashamed and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart,
The courtly dame, unmoved by fear,
Profusely pours her offering here.
  A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works,
Labors of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
  In at this gulf all offerings pass
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones behind;
So those who here the gifts convey
Are forced to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.
  Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave!
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls;
The food of worms and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.
And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen;
In royal garments each was dress'd,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stripp'd,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ripp'd;
Twice were they buried, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of opposing winds;
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth
He feels at once both north and south;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, opening all his stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.
Yet, from this mingled mass of things,
In time a new creation springs.
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounced among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

LOUISA[1] TO STREPHON. 1724.

Ah! Strephon, how can you despise
Her who without thy pity dies!
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred;
Embraced thee closer than a wife:
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?

[1] This riddle is solved by an anagram.

Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.
Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For, should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin (a numerous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains;
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourged to death that scourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dyed,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

A MAYPOLE. 1725.

Deprived of root and branch and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind:
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour:
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand.
I join'd them fairly with a ring;
Nor can our parson blame the thing.

And though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke:
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol raised on high;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restored all three —
I mean the church, the king, and me.

ON THE MOON.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine;
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain,)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

ON A CIRCLE.

I'M up and down and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

ON INK.

I AM jet black, as you may see,
The son of pitch and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
  Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
  Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
  To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
  And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power:
  For with one color I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
  Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
  Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly show a reason why
  There should be quarrels among kings;

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
  When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
  And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
  'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip their clients to their coats;
  Nay, give their very souls away.

ON THE FIVE SENSES.

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
  One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.
  If wine's bought or victuals dress'd,
One enjoys them for the rest.
  Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

FONTINELLA [A FOUNTAIN] TO FLORINDA.

When on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love surprise,
Yet endless tears flow down in streams;
There's nought so beautiful in thee
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;
In me you see them full as white:
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, since I show as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
And so am I, while thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time
When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may:
Treat not your lovers with disdain:
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

AN ECHO.

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the laborers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;

Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice:
Both are welcome, grief or joy;
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vexed, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear;
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet everything that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet everywhere I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same — but never new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood — no ghost:
All colors, without paint, put on,
And change like the chameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone:
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myself:
Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor ne'er can die,
Then, pr'ythee, tell me what am I?

Most things by me do rise and fall,
And, as I please, they're great and small;
Invading foes, without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance:
Again, as I'm disposed, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.

Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gamesome goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greatest whale that swims the sea
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies,
The quickest ship I can surprise,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it against tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child, and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant:
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

ON TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

ON THE GALLOWS.

There is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heaven and earth and hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter:
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way;
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greatest ease
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There's not a soul that does resort here
But strips himself to pay the porter.

ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;

I'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

ON SNOW.

From heaven I fall, though from earth I begin;
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candor and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

ON A CANNON.

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain.
Many to our counters run,
Some are made and some undone:
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favor.

ON A CANDLE.

To lady Carteret.

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he:

I, a virtue strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair;
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dosed with smoke and smear'd with snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the fair am I,
Polish'd neck and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too;
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart;
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Bess, and small like Sue:
Now brown and burnish'd like a nut,
At other times a very slut;
Often fair, and soft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender:
Like Flora, deck'd with fairest flowers
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-sick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head;
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I live to please;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. DELANY.

With half an eye your riddle I spy,
I observed your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes is strain'd through glasses.
You say it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without stirring out;
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magic,
When you say it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound, and they live above ground;
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such, it cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt;
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

TO LADY CARTERET.

From India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Nor Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can show more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast;
I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

A RIDDLE.

I'm wealthy and poor,
  I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
  I'm witty and dull.
I'm foul and yet fair;
  I'm old, and yet young:
I lie with Moll Kerr,
  And toast Mrs. Long.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

Sir,

Pray discruciate what follows.

The dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast, when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distress'd,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

The dullest beast, and famed college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast, and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with a crust
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast, and mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dullest beast, and fish for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday Night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

PROBATUR ALITER.

A LONG-EAR'D beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals doth often rattle.

A long-ear'd beast a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms' first gifts to their mates,

Is by all pious christians thought
In clergymen the greatest fault.

A long-ear'd beast, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beast, and medicine's use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beast, and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Flanders college,
Is Dr. T——l, to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spite.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We sinners are too apt to slight.

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark and give a smart.

A long-ear'd beast, in mud to lie,
No bird in air so swift can fly.

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At whist they will make a desperate sweep.

A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than play.

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest for jest.

A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all unless I look'd better.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.

A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies' skins there nothing comes so near.

A long-ear'd beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.

A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.

A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving.

POEMS COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford knight,[1]
While each with stubbed knife removed the roots
That raised between the stones their daily shoots,
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew,
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fix'd
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt;
My spud these nettles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake
(I spare the thistles for sir Arthur's[2] sake):
Sharp are the stones: take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

---

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson.

[2] Who was a great lover of Scotland.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside:
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanced to tug,
When the dean threw me this tobacco-plug;
A longer ha'p'orth[1] never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door this morn I slipp'd,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipp'd;
Dennis[2] was out, and I got thither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sate and loused him all a sunshine day;
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch:
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide:
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
But if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold,
Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my wedding-knife — and thee!

DERMOT.

O could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues[3] to bear thee dry to mass!
But see, where Norah with the sowins[4] comes —
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

---

[1] Halfpenny-worth.
[2] Sir Arthur's butler.
[3] Shoes with flat low heels.
[4] A sort of flummery.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

THUS spoke to my lady the knight[1] full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn,[2] while it sticks in my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack or malt-house we now must consider.
"First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labor and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored,
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humor, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife
"It must and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus;* no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums.[3]
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain I'm sure will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah,[4] who listen'd to all that was pass'd,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's possess'd.

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.
[2] A large old house, two miles from sir Arthur's seat.
[3] A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.
[4] My lady's waiting-woman.

Sir Arthur the malster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.[1]
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat — O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
"Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,
You might have a barrack whenever you please;
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An' I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this to be sure, sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
"Now see when they meet how their honors behave:
'Noble captain, your servant' — 'Sir Arthur your slave;
You honor me much' — 'The honor is mine.'—
''Twas a sad rainy night' — 'But the morning is fine.'—
'Pray, how does my lady?' — 'My wife's at your service.'—
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—
'Good morrow, good captain' — 'I'll wait on you down'—
'You shan't stir a foot' — 'You'll think me a clown.'—
'For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther'—
'You must be obeyed — Your servant, sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
'I hope you will use my house as your own.'"
"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
"Pray madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeteers follow.
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys holla.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;

[1] Two of sir Arthur's managers.

And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With a fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at his tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Draw up in your court; when the captain cries, STAND
For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
The captain, to show he is proud of the favor,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver
(His beaver is cock'd: pray, madam, mark that;
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle):
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin
'Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.'
The captain salutes you with congée profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honor you do us;
And, captain, you'll do us the favor to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year;
If I had expected so worthy a guest—'
'Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant—'
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant!'"—
"Hist, hussey, I think I hear somebody coming"—
"No, madam, 'tis only sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story,)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor[1] have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose;
But the devil's as welcome, wherever he goes:
G—d d—n me! they bid us reform and repent;
But, z—s! by their looks, they never keep Lent:

[1] Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighborhood.

Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock and smoothing your band.'
(For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
But the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny),
'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G—d d—n me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs,[1] and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cook of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and sniff'd at the dean,
As who should say, 'Now am I skinny[2] and lean?'
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, "Hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains? —
Come hither and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730.

We give the world to understand
Our thriving dean has purchased land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year;

[1] Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. [2] Nicknames for my lady.

Provided to improve the ground
He will but add two hundred pound;
And from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house five hundred more.
Sir Arthur, too, shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's-hill;
That, when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved,
When none the drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs[1] are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of drapier;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's-hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promised or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended;
Nor can you tax me as unsteady—
I have a hundred causes ready;
All risen since that flattering time
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind;
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
But here my lady will object;
Your deanship ought to recollect
That, near the knight of Gosford placed,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plums;

[1] Medals were cast (see the Drapier's halfpenny in this edition), many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made, with devices in honor of the dean, under the name of M. B., Drapier.

Though I should see him twice a-day,
And am his neighbor 'cross the way:
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
  Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friend withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold,
Their knowledge to themselves confined
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still wrapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or with his fingers beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
  But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber
To understand Malebranche or Cambray:
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirit's with my body progging,
Both hand-in-hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crack'd head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
  Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting kale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.

The neighbors wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy-chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I used to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after pound;
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire;
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage;
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves;
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine;
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH.[1] 1730.

Resolved my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favors left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind:
Nine more such champions as the dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign;
How well to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!

[1] The lady of sir Arthur Acheson.

How have I felt my spirits raised,
By you so oft, so highly praised!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to choose
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
My heart with emulation burns,
To make you suitable returns;
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By Lady Anne, of Market-Hill!"
I thus begin: my grateful Muse
Salutes the dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's[1] coadjutor;
And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit;[2]
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give dean Daniel place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me snipe and slattern;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
Proceed we to your preaching[3] next:
How nice you split the hardest text!

[1] The names of two overseers.
[2] My lady's footman.
[3] The author preached but once while he was there.

How your superior learning shines
Above our neighboring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen as when you mount our pulpit.
  Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er were known, by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well becomes St. Patrick's dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighboring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port
As clearly shows you bred at court!
  Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's mate:
You next to Dennis bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well what botle holds a quart:
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink sir Arthur's health and mine:
Your master's honor to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
  Your usher's post must next be handled;
How blest am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship;
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
  Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;

By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There's none so ignorant and weak
To take offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphy, or an earl;
A duchess or a kitchen-girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan[1] take every joke.
I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improved so well,
That I have almost learn'd to spell:
The neighbors who come here to dine
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night,
As soon as gone will show their spite:
Good lord! what can my lady mean
Conversing with that rusty dean?
She's grown so nice, and so penurious,
With Socrates and Epicurius!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
But I admire your patience most;
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily;
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient sties;
Or ponder long with ancient thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavory smelling.

[1] The clown that cut down the old thorn at **Market-hill.**

Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter[1] never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace:
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it,[2]
But with his hand the dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ache;
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceased:
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labor less,)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
But you have raised your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envied by the Greeks;
Raised up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells, the he's and she's
Here pay their vows on bended knees:
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush,

[1] A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.

[2] It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it.

Here unobserved she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.
Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come
Return with unpolluted thumb!

Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize awhile.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?
When Saturn ruled the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown,)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Received the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd;
And here thy daily votaries placed
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert pleased to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favorite flowers of yellow hue:
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove,
Then Gluttony, with greasy paws,
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chops, and wagging chin,
Braced like a drum her oily skin;
Wedged in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoûts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;

And for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caviare.
This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confined thee, goddess, to a cell;
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap;
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapp'd up in fur,
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavory vapors rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches' side;
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box?
Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, placed in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred bramble tinged,
My petticoat is doubly fringed.
Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injured offering out.

But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus, in a midnight dream
Accosting, said, "Go shake your cream,[1]
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style;
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile;[2]
With Peggy Dixon[3] thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth and pare thy nails;
At nicely carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit;
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
"But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as her right;
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall sing the dean in Smedley's lines."

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavor.

III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

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[1] In the bottle, to make butter.
[2] The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.
[3] Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper.

VIII. Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs:
That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 1730.

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite
A dean,[1] a Spaniard,[2] and a knight;[3]
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The dean and Spaniard find it too well.
Condemn'd to live in service hard;
On either side his honor's guard:
The dean, to guard his honor's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-Hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted sentry;
While in his lordly castle fix'd,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
O Fortune! tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
Proud baronet of Nova Scotia!
The dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:

[1] Dr. Swift. [2] Colonel Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.
[3] Sir Arthur Acheson.

Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place and saved a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here,
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
And fierce against the Whigs harangued?
You never ventured to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compared with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms:
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-river walk, with friendly shade,
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;
While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes deprived,
I have a stratagem contrived.
By these embroider'd high-heel shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose:
So well-contrived her toes to pinch,
She 'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress,
While tortured madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone;
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault;
The valiant Dennis[1] you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon:[2]
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion!
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two;
Then (let me see), we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write.
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer[3] to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her;
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise,
Despatch the rogues by whom they rise.

ROBIN AND HARRY. 1730.

SONS OF DR. LESLY.

Robin to beggars with a curse
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
But always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate;
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.
It so fell out that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,

[1] The butler. [2] The housekeeper [3] The agent.

And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the World well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house if anybody come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum;
Where goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.
Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach-and-six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour;
If gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birthright for a mess of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espoused, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade and shining armor
Was metamorphosed to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a-week will shave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress
Which I must leave the world to guess.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

The dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said — "Why let him, if he will;"
And so I bade sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected,
And so we see him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say — "My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, sir, I know you hate a crowd."

Or, "Mr. Dean — I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnecloy,[1]
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill."

The house accounts are daily rising;
So much his stay doth swell the bills:
My dearest life, it is surprising,
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horses too eat all our hay.

O! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle brows and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause!

Must I be every moment chid
With *Skinnybonia, Snipe,* and *Lean?*[2]
O! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting tyrant dean!

ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN AT MARKET-HILL, 1727.

At Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from satyrs, sat and sung.

[1] The seat of Acheson Moore, esq., in the county of Tyrone.
[2] The dean used to call lady Acheson by those names.

Sir Archibald,[1] that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and listen with delight;
For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose favorite name
Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's lord.[2])

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining toward the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel dean in scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
Stood chattering with incessant din:
And with her beak gave many a knock
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trolled forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant,)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care,
Received its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

[1] Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.
[2] Drummond of Hawthornden, and sir William Alexander, earl of Stirling, who were both friends of sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murderer's ears:
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
Relentless dean, to mischief born;
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
And wound her legs with every brier.

"Nor thou, lord Arthur,[1] shalt escape;
To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape;
Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain:

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
Or chid the dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;
Since you could see me treated so,
(An old retainer to your house,)

"May that fell dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
Nor leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows and Teagues,
Through all my empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, suspended high in air,
Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare,)
Then, bloody caitiff! think on me."

EPITAPH.

IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Here lies the earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make fools laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried, June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S[1] LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

JULY 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teazed day and night
By a dean and a knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the dean.
The dean never stops,
When he opens his chaps;
I'm quite overrun
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here,
To sponge for good cheer,
I sat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbow he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chaps,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen
A useless machine.
If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast out of spite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er should be said
I was better for him
In stomach or limb.
But now to my diet;—
No eating in quiet,
He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick,
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
Next, for his diversion,
He rails at my person.
What court breeding this is!
He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,

[1] Lady Acheson.

Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To 'scape them, sir Arthur
Is forced to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.
Now changing the scene,
But still to the dean;—
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which spoils every feature
Bestow'd her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil divine!
I suppose, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome.
I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums
At last out it comes:
What, madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hussies will fleer
Where'er you appear;
"That silly old puss
Would fain be like us:
What a figure she made
In her tarnish'd brocade!"
And then he grows mild
Come be a good child;
If you are inclined
To polish your mind,
Be adored by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen,
I'll show you the way,
Read six hours a-day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
To make you learn faster,
I'll be your schoolmaster,
And leave you to choose
The books you peruse.
Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am serious
Is very imperious;
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind
Than thus be confined.
But while in an ill tone
I murder poor Milton,
The dean, you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.
He's all the day sauntering,
With laborers bantering,
Among his colleagues.
A parcel of Teagues,
Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus.
He little believes,
How they laugh in their sleeve,
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
Now see how he sits
Perplexing his wits
In search of a motto
To fix on his grotto.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks,

And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, O! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter
To his harbor for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The dean has been doing.
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:

No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
Dear friend doctor Jinny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No squire to be found
The neighborhood round;
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those;)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen;
May Walmsley give wine
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may yet three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses!

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN,[1] 1718.

Delany reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-dung;
We lie cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first,
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Though Delany advised you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor;
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, or four,
But, because the three former are long ago pass'd,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay them,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te Deum*.
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round:

[1] The humor of this poem is partly lost by the impossibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our farther advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood;
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modester language your duty:
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye;
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends
To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;
And I'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll first take you up, and then take you down;
And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school till he's heaved from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business. I will send you the rest when I have leisure; but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Dear Tom, I'm surprised that your verse did not jingle;
But your rhyme was not double, 'cause your sight was but single.
For, as Helsham observes, there's nothing can chime
Or fit more exact than one eye and one rhyme.
If you had not took physic, I'd pay off your bacon,
But now I'll write short, for fear you're short-taken;
Besides, Dick[1] forbid me, and call'd me a fool;
For he says, short as 'tis, it will give you a stool.
In libris bellis, tu parum parcis ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpâ cæcior ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina lædis:
Sed tibi cœnanti sunt collyria tanti?
Nunquid eges visu, dum comples omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan cœcus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus
Nunc benè nasutus mittet tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet abundà,
Nec Phœbi fili versum quis mittere Ryly.
Quid tibi cum libris? relavet tua lumina Tybris
Mixtus Saturno; penso sed parcè diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scriptis utere noctu.
Nonnulli mingunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mî bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni falior, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani:
Heu tibi si scribant, aut si tibi fercula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera pocula fortis.

[1] Dr. Richard Helsham.

Hæc tibi pauca dedi, sed consule Betty my lady,
Huic te des solæ, nec egebis pharmacopolæ.
Hæc somnians cecini.

Oct. 23, 1718.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

Whate'er your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humor than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand,[1] just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics: first Euripides
(An author where I sometimes nip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least I'm well assured that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Eschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
And now I find my muse but ill able
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I close those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labor the matter I crack'd,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.
A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin,)
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.

---

[1] N. B. The Strand in London. The fact may not be true, but the rhyme cost some trouble. — Swift.

And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid,[1] was the first man's damnation;
If your worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11, 1716,
past 12 at noon.

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

SIR —

I CANNOT but think that we live in a bad age,
O tempora, O mores! as 'tis in the adage.
My foot was but just set out from my cathedral,
When into my hands comes a letter from the droll.
I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses;
But now let us hear what the Muse from your car says.
Hum — excellent good — your anger was stirr'd;
Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word.
But let me advise you, when next I hear from you,
To leave off this passion which does not become you;
For we who debate on a subject important,
Must argue with calmness, or else will come short on't.
For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle,
For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
And think of the sex as you please, I'd as lieve
You call them a riddle as call them a sieve.
Yet still you are out, (though to vex you I'm loth,)
For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
A schoolboy knows this, for it plainly appears
That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
For you can't but have heard of a trick among wizards,
To break open riddles with shears or with scissors.
Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
You'll dare not to question my minor or major.[2]
A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out.
Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a-jar
By riding this morning too long in your car:
And I wish your few friends, when they next see your cargo,
For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous,
And you durst not talk thus if I saw you at our alehouse.
But as for your threats, you may do what you can;
I despise any poet that truckled to Dan.
But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart,
From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.

[1] A damsel, *i. e. Adam's hell.*

[2] Ut tu perperam argumentaris.

You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine twitter;
You hit it, you say; — you're a delicate hitter.
How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
And if you be my Phœbus, pray who was your Pallas,
As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux,
I will either explain, or repay it by trucks;
Though your lords, and your dogs, and your catches, methinks,
Are harder than ever were put by the sphinx.
And thus I am fully revenged for your late tricks,
Which is all at present from the

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

From my closet, Sept. 12, 1718, just 12 at noon.

THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

SIR, — When I saw you to-day, as I went with lord Anglesey,
Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly dangles he!
When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
To the very coach side, and threaten your letters.
Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws, trow?
Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plaustro?*
But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be foil'd in,
For scolding is just *quasi diceres* — school-din:
And I think I may say you could many good shillings get,
Were you dress'd like a bawd, and sold oysters at Billingsgate;
But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
I'll write, though I'm forced to write in a wheelbarrow;
Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me stanch,
And you and your cart shall give me *carte blanche.*
Since you write in a cart, keep it *tecta et sarta.*
'Tis all you have for it; 'tis your best Magna Carta;
And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago.*
Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art,
You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierce* and in *cart:*
Your ink is your poison,[1] your pen is what not;
Your ink is your drink,[2] your pen is your pot.
To my goddess Melpomene, pride of her sex,
I gave, as you beg, your must humble respects:
The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
For she never descends so low as the cellar;
But before you can put yourself under her banners,
She declares from her throne you must learn better manners.
If once in your cellar my Phœbus should shine,
I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it,
What he ripens above ground he sours below it.
But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear,
With three hundred and sixty-five poems a-year?

[1] Viz. ut tu prædicas. [2] Viz. ut ego assero verius.

Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George Rochfort.
Will laugh in their sleeves: I can tell you they watch for't.
Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing high-day:
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atridæ.

JON. SWIFT.

Written, signed, and sealed, five minutes and eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, allowing seven seconds for sealing and superscribing, from my bed-side, just eleven minutes after eleven, Sept. 15, 1718.

Erratum in your last, 1. antepenult, pro "fear a *Dun*," lege "fear a *Dan*;" ita omnes MSS. quos ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam veritati.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.[1]

Dec. 14, 1719, nine at night.

SIR, — It is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain English tell us so?

For my part it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies[2] this night;

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man Alexander had not gone and come back from the deanery, and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone about ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnston say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mrs. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and soul; upon my word and honor:

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

1st P.S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated like a bear to be baited:

---

[1] In this letter, though written in prose, the reader, upon examining, will find each second sentence rhymes to the former.

[2] Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

Your man is belated: the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unslated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teazing me.

2d P. S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly
Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of your converse, and cannot send one verse.

3d P. S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling:
But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart:
I wish you would sign't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing,[1] I'd be glad of a knoggin:[2]
But I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a mouth moon-ful, you won't part with a spoonful;
And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop.
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor supernaculum;
Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if we smell it.

STELLA.

DR. SWIFT'S REPLY TO SHERIDAN.

The verses you sent on your bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspired by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examined them every line,
And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine;
O, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine,[3]
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine;
So I wish you were toothless, like lord Masserine.
But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If when you return your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,

[1] A phrase used in Ireland for a specious appearance of kindness without sincerity.

[2] A name used in Ireland for the English quartern.

[3] The seat of lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.

Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite, circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine:
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got I hear is a chine;
But if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a pasquine.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN TO SHERIDAN.

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are),
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines:
Smooth as our basin's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our ——,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses;
Compared with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station placed,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly braced.
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in:
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth nor hold their stitches.
Thy verses, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedged and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar;
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each grooved and dovetail'd like a box;
Thy muse is tuck'd up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are link'd:
Thy words together tied in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic, to his grief will find
How firmly these indentures bind.

So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to show their learned labor, you
May backward be perused like Hebrew,
In which they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2, 1721.

Dear Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet
in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your friends
you'd meet here.
For why should you stay in the filthy hole, I mean the city so smoky
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least not one that's
witty, to joke w' ye?
For as for honest John,[1] though I'm not sure on't, yet I'll be hang'd,
lest he
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the lord
Anglesey.[2]
O! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town,
but I don't know whether he be friend or foe, Delany:
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you shall go back
in a fortnight, for I know there's no delaying ye.
O! I forgot too: I believe there may be one more, I mean that great
fat joker, friend Helsham, he
That wrote the prologue,[3] and if you stay with him, depend on't, in
the end he'll sham ye.
Bring down Longshanks Jim[4] too; but now I think on't, he's not yet
come from Courtown,[5] I fancy;

---

[1] Supposed to mean Dr. Walmsley.
[2] Arthur, earl of Anglesey.
[3] It was customary with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head class just before they entered the university.
[4] Dr. James Stopford, bishop of Cloyne.
[5] The seat of ——— Hussay, esq., in the county of Kildare.

For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a-courting sly Nancy.
However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all; for, to say it we may venture,
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy centre.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun, and own it;
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.
And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (though written somewhat at large) trim and clean;
And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual, your most dutiful and obedient,

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

IT never was known that circular letters
By humble companions were sent to their betters:
And as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is,
That we walk all about like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
In each single verse, took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre?[1]
'Twill appear to your cost you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fix'd in a tether,
As his betters are used, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombast;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
Lady Betty[2] presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble
That she make of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam.[3]
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

[1] Their figures were in the centre of the verses.
[2] Daughter of the earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, esq.
[3] Miss Tomason, lady Betty's daughter.

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE.

Whilst you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern sapphic,

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rockfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forced to botch for't.

Bid lady Betty recollect her,
And tell who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre?

I must confess that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissors,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise — *ut pictura poesis.*

Three merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combined in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,

Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white,
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspired by what they drew.
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture farce:
The squire, in French, as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envied be by De-el-any:
And yet much more that half-namesake
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be anything to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he should be decried
By Dan, with Sherry by his side.
But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

JACKSON'S REJOINDER.

Wearied with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to't:

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter—
Ah! slyboot!

It must be so! what else, alas!
Can mean my culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout me,

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes,
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me:

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half!
O there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir:

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold sir.

Dan's noble metal, Sherry base;
So Dan's the better, though the less;
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant!

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry,
Good spelling-master; your crany
has lead in't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have baited;
And art thou forced to yield, ill-fated
poetaster?

Henceforth acknowledge that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Rathmines;[1]
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern your roar,
And flying think to quit the score
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm grieved to hear your banishment,
But pleased to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

"Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum."

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan, the victorious,
Presents as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I, vanquish'd, fled the town,
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie;*
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd squire with the hard name;
The de'il too that owed me a shame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t'attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch:

[1] A village near Dublin.

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you.

THE PARDON.

The suit which humbly you have made
Is fully and maturely weigh'd;
And as 'tis your petition,
I do forgive, for well I know,
Since you're so bruised, another blow
Would break the head of Priscian.

'Tis not my purpose or intent
That you should suffer banishment;
I pardon, now you've courted;
And yet I fear this clemency
Will come too late to profit thee,
For you're with grief transported.

However, this I do command,
That you your birch do take in hand,
Read concord and syntax on;
The bays, you own, are only mine,
Do you then still your nouns decline,
Since you've declined Dan Jackson.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DANIEL JACKSON.

My dear countrymen,

——Mediocribus esse poetis
Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnæ.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from "Horace's Art of Poetry," which I have chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:—

For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanza, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made:—

You'll have a gosling — call it Dan,
And do not make your goose a swan.
'Tis true, because the god of wit
To get him in that shape thought fit,
He'll have some glowworm sparks of it.

Venture you may to turn him loose,
But let it be to another goose.
The time will come, the fatal time,
When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
The tow'ring swan comes sousing down,
And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
From that sad time, and sad disaster,
He'll be a lame, crack'd poetaster.
At length, for stealing rhymes and triplets,
He'll be content to hang in giblets.

You see now, gentlemen, this is fatally and literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of borrowed wings; though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Durfey, &c., for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet; and this ladder shall be my Gradus ad Parnassum; and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung,
And then I'll make a line for every rung;[1]
There's nine, I see,—the Muses, too, are nine.
Who would refuse to die a death like mine?

1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name;
2. Euterp, in tragic numbers do the same.
3. This rung, I see, Terpsichore's thy flute;
4. Erato, sing me to the gods; ah, do't;
5. Thalia, don't make me a comedy;
6. Urania, raise me tow'rds the starry sky:
7. Calliope, to ballad-strains descend,
8. And, Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend;
9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end.

POOR DAN JACKSON.

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON.

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

DEAR DAN,

Here I return my trust, nor ask,
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak,
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

[1] The Yorkshire term for the rounds or steps of a ladder.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before;
And, when he's lash'd an hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on schoolboys' bums,
The more they frisk and skip:
The schoolboys' top but louder hums
The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut and cry *Victoria!*

At every stroke of mine he fell;
'Tis true he roar'd and cried;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I saw him last week on his horse awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, in spite of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses,
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison),
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man,) I should be glad then of it.

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN.

Tom, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They're fit for nothing else but pasquils,
I've often heard it from the wise,
That inflammation in the eyes
Will quickly fall upon the tongue.
And thence, as famed John Bunyan sung,
From out the pen will presently
On paper dribble daintily.
Suppose I call'd you goose, it is hard
One word should stick thus in your gizzard;
You're my goose, no other man's;
And you know, all my geese are swans:
Only one scurvy thing I find,
Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
But now I smoke where lies the slander,—
I call'd you goose instead of gander:
For that, dear Tom, ne'er fret and vex,
I'm sure you cackle like the sex.
I know the gander always goes
With a quill stuck across his nose:
So your eternal pen is still
Or in your claw, or in your bill.
But whether you can tread or hatch,
I've something else to do than watch.
As for your writing I am dead,
I leave it for the second head.

Deanery-house, Oct. 27, 1718.

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN.

Poor Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
Though I dare you to more than quadruple alliance?
You're so retrograde, sure you were born under Cancer;
Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an answer?
If this be your practice, mean scrub I assure ye,
And swear by each Fate and your new friends, each Fury,
I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk;
I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk:
Nay, further, the moment you're free from your scalding,
I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound up my head!
You a gentleman! Marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words does not become a man of your cloth.
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.

Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master one day in anger call'd you a goose:
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
But that's as much as to say that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Everybody knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil;
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking;
Mary, said he (one day as I was mending my master's stocking),
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school —
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dishclout to his tail.
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a bad scrawl; but my sister Marget she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand;
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command. MARY.

A PORTRAIT

FROM THE LIFE.

COME, sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas,[1] Ford,[2] Grattan,[3] and Merry Dan,[4]
Has this any likeness to good madam Sheridan?

[1] Dr. Thos. Sheridan.
[2] Chas. Ford, of Woodpark.
[3] Rev. John Garttan.
[4] Rev. Daniel Jackson.

ON STEALING A CROWN,

WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

Dear dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have ope'd your mouth and closed your eyes,
Like ghost I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlor door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose:
Since oftentimes it has been found
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend: dear dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk:
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat:
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens[1] and sixpence-ha'penny.
To eat my meat and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observed, that men in gowns
Are most inclined to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady[2] at St. Catherine's
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham,[3]
And for his victuals, let a ragman dish 'em.

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY

PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL.

Spoken by one of the scholars.

As in a silent night a lonely swain,
'Tending his flocks on the Pharsalian plain,
To heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
And every look finds out a new surprise;
So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
Our lower sphere made more serene by you,

[1] A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland. [2] Lady Mountcashel.
[3] Agmondisham Vesey, esq., of Lucan, in the county of Dublin, comptroller and accomptant-general of Ireland.

O! could such light in my dark bosom shine,
What life, what vigor, should adorn each line!
Beauty and virtue should be all my theme,
And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
The advent'rous painter's fate and mine are one,
Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;
Majestic light his feeble art defies,
And for presuming, robs him of his eyes.
Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
Sink far below your too exalted praise:
Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain:
No, we're sincere, — to flatter you were vain.
You spurn at fine encomiums misapplied,
And all perfections but your beauties hide.
Then, as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
Nor frown on those you see so well inclined
To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and then
Those sweet rewards will make us act like men.

THE EPILOGUE.

Now all is done, ye learn'd spectators, tell,
Have we not play'd our parts extremely well?
We think we did, but if you do complain,
We're all content to act the play again:
'Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
And time well spent in school cannot be lost.
But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
We guess'd long since you all desired to move:
But that's in vain, for we'll not let a man stir
Who does not take up Plautus first, and construe.
Him we'll dismiss that understands the play;
He who does not, i'faith, he's like to stay.
Though this new method may provoke your laughter,
To act plays first, and understand them after;
We do not care, for we will have our humor,
And will try you, and you, and you, sir, and one or two more.
Why don't you stir? there's not a man will budge;
How much they've read, I'll leave you all to judge.

THE SONG.

A parody on the popular song beginning,

"My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent."

My time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent
When Bacchus went with me wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily bless'd?
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;

To the fondling and toying of "honey," and "dear,"
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.
My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife, too, was pleased, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now, out of humor, I with a sour look
Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my book;
And I'll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends, are away?
Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become,
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plum?
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while?
Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I'll drink till I die.

TO QUILCA.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725.

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimneys, with scorn rejecting smoke,
Stools, stables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah[1] toil.
Fire will not roast nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE. 1725.

Far from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Nor seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news; a great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat or choose; a church without pews;
Our horses astray; no straw, oats, or hay;
December in May; our boys run away; all servants at play.

[1] The name of an Irish servant.

A FAITHFUL INVENTORY

ON THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO N——ROOM.

In T. C. D.

IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER.

Written in the year 1725.

—— Quæque ipse miserrima vidi. — Virg.

Imprimis, there's a table blotted,
A tatter'd hanging all bespotted.
A bed of flocks, as I may rank it
Reduced to rug and half a blanket
A tinder-box without a flint
An oaken desk with nothing in't;
A pair of tongs bought from a broker,
A fender and a rusty poker;
A penny pot and basin, this
Design'd for water, that for piss;
A broken-winded pair of bellows,
Two knives and forks, but neither fellows;
Item, a surplice, not unmeeting
Either for table-cloth or sheeting;
There is likewise a pair of breeches,
But patch'd and fallen in the stitches,
Hung up in study very little,
Plaster'd with cobweb and spittle,
An airy prospect all so pleasing,
From my light window without glazing.
A trencher and a college bottle
Piled up on Locke and Aristotle.
A prayer-book, which he seldom handles;
A save-all and two farthing candles.
A smutty ballad, musty libel,
A Burger's dicius and a bible.
The C * * * * Seasons and the Senses
By Overton, to save expenses.
Item (if I am not much mistaken),
A mouse-trap with a bit of bacon.
A candlestick without a snuffer,
Whereby his fingers often suffer.
Two odd old shoes I should not skip here,
Each strapless serves instead of slipper.
And chairs a couple, I forgot 'em,
But each of them without a bottom.
Thus I in rhyme have comprehended
His goods, and so my schedule's ended.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. QDE XVI.

GREAT sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays outshine,
  Look down upon your quondam foe:
O! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, dean,
  Should you compassion show.

Take those iambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
  And give them to your cook,
To singe your fowl or save your paste
The next time when you have a feast;
  They'll save you many a book.

To burn them you are not content;
I give you then my free consent
  To sink them in the harbor:
If not, they'll serve to set off blocks
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
  So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
  A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts and many more,
  Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
  A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
  While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
  And let their husbands hector:
But when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak:
  Witness the curtain lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find;
All day you could conceal your mind;
  But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awaked your muse, (my midnight curse,
When I engaged for better for worse,)
  You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field,
To you as to my wife, I yield:
  As she must wear the breeches:
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it and wear it, 'tis your own;
  The poet's only riches.

ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE,[1]

WITH THE DOCTOR[2] AT THEIR HEAD.

N.B. The ladies treated the doctor.

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728.

Fair ladies, number five,
Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks;

While he sits by a grinning
To see you safe in Sot's hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole;

Alas! I never thought
A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces,
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe
To think such ladies fine
Should be reduced so low
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits choose gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs,
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I'd wear a gown.

---

[1] An alehouse in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks. [2] Doctor Thomas.

Then leave him to his birch;[1]
And at the Rose on Sunday
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

THE BEAU'S REPLY.

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

Why, how now, dapper black!
I smell your gown and cassock,
As strong upon your back
As Tisdall smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold, nor keep a splutter;
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk cheese.

AN ANSWER TO SHERIDAN.

Dare you dispute, you saucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling:
But dull intrigues twixt jades and tongues
You met at Ballyspellin.

---

[1] Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowins make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipp'd when Sheelah stripp'd,
To wash herself our well in,
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins their smocks hempen wear;
Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling:
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskellin;
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare to see her there,
The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

AN ANSWER TO SHERIDAN.

BY DR. SWIFT.

Presumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show,
Inferior mortals there below.

And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
  We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt discharged, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
How useful were a woman's thunder,
If she, like us, would burst asunder:
Yet, though her stays hath often cursed her,
And, whisp'ring, wish'd the devil burst her—
For hourly thund'ring in his face,
She ne'er was known to burst a lace.
  Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blamed for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compared for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
  You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.
  A cloud in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
  When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages:
But woman is a cursed inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
  For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
  Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
  Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honors we possess'd of old.
  To disappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape;

Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleased him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen;
His cloud produced a race of Centaurs,
Famed for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors called *nubigenæ;*
But say, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him dyed in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet,)
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smoked the beau.
Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favorite maid.
'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Adored us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain:
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams or low as hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es!

While we, o'er Teneriffa placed,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair;
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace
That Phœbus ever shows his face;
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side;
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Celia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung, but we know better things.
'Tis true a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;

And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
  But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compared to Venus;
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.
Observe the case — I state it thus:
Though you compare your trull to us,
But think how damnably you err
When you compare us clouds to her;
From whence you draw such bold conclusions;
But poets love profuse allusions.
And, if you now so little spare us,
Who knows how soon you may compare us
To Chartres, Walpole, or a king,
If once we let you have your swing?
Such wicked insolence appears
Offensive to all pious ears.
To flatter women by a metaphor!
What profit could you hope to get of her?
And, for her sake, turn base detractor
Against your greatest benefactor.
  But we shall keep revenge in store
If ever you provoke us more:
For, since we know you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly drench your frieze surtout;
Or may we never thunder throw,
Nor souse to death a birthday beau.

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS.[1]

TO DR. HELSHAM.[2]

Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

Sir, — When I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I'm so full of pity I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick;
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church[3] when she grew sick,
And as fast as she could to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can you assure 'tis true) sick:

[1] This medley, for it cannot be called a poem, is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the dean has been too severely censured.

[2] Richard Helsham, M.D., Professor of Physic and Natural Philosophy in the University of Dublin.

[3] St. Patrick's cathedral, where the music on St. Cecilia's day was performed.

For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.
Nor, is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick:
But you learned doctors can made whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick:
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a clew, sick.
Yet hoped to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick,
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

The doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Kilbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick,
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick:
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopp'd the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick;
A lady that long'd is by eating of glue sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.
Of rhymes I have plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

"Can you match with me,
Who send thirty-three?
You must get fourteen more,
To make up thirty-four:
But, if me you can conquer,
I'll own you a strong cur."[1]

This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear from good hands that my poor cousin Hugh's sick;
By quaffing a bottle and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse) sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word music.
I'll do my best
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I'll stand the test.
These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick;
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick;
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick.
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick;
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You see I've mounted thirty-four.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY

OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR;

Upon lending his house to the bishop of Meath, until his own was built.

An oaken broken elbow-chair;
A caudle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging grown quite grey;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish, which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;

[1] The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift at the bottom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines.

A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all;
And thus his household goods you have all.
These, to your lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not as well as doctor Swift?

PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION.

THOUGH the name of this place may make you to frown,
Your deanship is welcome to *Glassnevin* town;
[1]A glass and no wine to a man of your taste,
Alas! is enough, sir, to break it in haste;
Be that as it will, your presence can't fail
To yield great delight in drinking our ale;
Would you but vouchsafe a mug to partake,
And as we can brew, believe we can bake.
The life and the pleasure we now from you hope,
The famed Violante can't show on the rope;
Your genius and talents outdo even Pope.
Then while, sir, you live at Glassnevin, and find
The benefit wish'd you, by friends who are kind;
One night in the week, sir, your favor bestow,
To drink with Delany and others you know:
They constantly meet at Peg Radcliffe's together,
Talk over the news of the town and the weather;
Reflect on mishaps in church and in state,
Digest many things as well as good meat;
And club each alike that no one may treat.
This if you will grant without coach or chair,
You may, in a trice, cross the way and be there;
For Peg is your neighbor, as well as Delany,
An housewifely woman full pleasing to any.

EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:

---

[1] A pun on *Glassnevin* — *Glass* — *ne, no* — and *vin, wine.*

His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the fi
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pra
of his manners, than successful in accumulati
WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only person of his time
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY;
Retain his primeval MEANNESS when possessed of
TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

END OF VOL. I.

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